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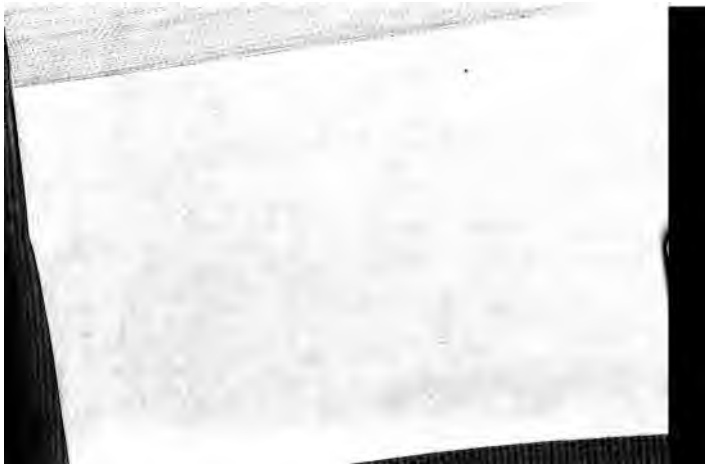

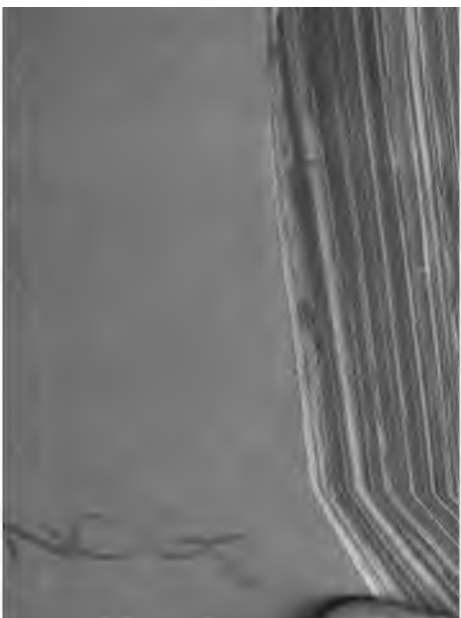

THE

WORKS

OF

RD BYRON.

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PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, NO. 6.

THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON,

COMPRISING THE SUPPRESSED POEMS.

VOL. VIII.

PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
No 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1826.

)NTENTS.

VOL. VIII.

Page.
9
115

CAIN,

A MYSTERY.

e than any beast of the field which the ade.*—Gen. iii. 1.

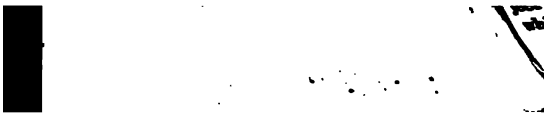
TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

This "Mystery of Cain" is Inscribed,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND, AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR

ıre entitled « a Mystery,» in con-
ent title annexed to dramas upon
:h were styled « Mysteries, or Mo-
has by no means taken the same
:ct which were common former-
r any reader curious enough to
·ofane productions, whether in
n, or Spanish. The author has
·e the language adapted to his
: is (and this is but rarely) taken
ıe has made as little alteration,
rhythm would permit. The
t the book of Genesis does not
ed by a demon, but by « the
because he was « the most
the field.» Whatever



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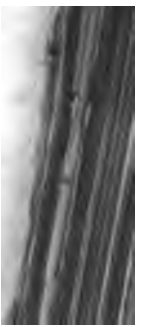


a; but I had read ...
may make little difference. Gesner's
I have never read since I was eight
Aberdeen. The general impression of
s delight; but of the contents I remem-
in's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's
following pages I have called them
illah,» the earliest female names which
; they were those of Lamech's wives:
nd Abel are not called by their names.
, a coincidence of subject may have
ie in expression, I know nothing, and

will please to bear in mind (what few
lect) that there is no allusion to a future
the books of Moses, nor indeed in the
. For a reason for this extraordinary
nay consult «Warburton's Divine Lega-
r satisfactory or not, no better has yet

...ous and un-
a in them, is not contrary to the
rather confirms it; as no human
a discovered in those strata, al-
ıy known animals are found near
known. The assertion of Lucifer,
world was also peopled by rational
ıtelligent than man, and propor-
the mammoth, etc. etc. is, of
on to help him to make out his

it there is a «Tramelogedie» of
—I have never read that nor any
ous works of the writer, except

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ADAM.
CAIN.
ABEL.

WOMEN.

EVE.
ADAH.
ZILLAH.

SPIRITS.

ANGEL OF THE LORD.
LUCIFER.

CAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Land without Paradise.—Time, Sunrise.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH, *offering a Sacrifice.*

ADAM.

)D, the Eternal! Infinite! All-Wise!—
ho out of darkness on the deep didst make
:ht on the waters with a word—all hail!
ovah, with returning light, all hail!

EVE.

! who didst name the day, and separate
ning from night, till then divided never—
didst divide the wave from wave, and call
of thy work the firmament—all hail!

ABEL.

who didst call the elements into
—ocean—air—and fire, and with
ght, and

, more than all, save thee—
ee and them:—All hail! all hail!

ZILLAH.

loving, making, blessing all,
nit the serpent to creep in,
father forth from Paradise,
further evil:—Hail! all hail!

ADAM.

first-born, wherefore art thou silent?

CAIN.

I speak?

ADAM.

To pray.

CAIN.

Have ye not pray'd?

ADAM.

Wherefore so?

I have nought to ask. CAIN.

ADAM.

Nor aught to thank for?

CAIN.

Dost thou not live? ADAM. No.

CAIN.

Must I not die?

EVE.

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins
To fall. Alas!

ADAM.

And we must gather it again.
h, God! why didst thou plant the tree of knowledge?

CAIN.

d wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?
might have then defied him.

ADAM.

Oh! my son,
pheme not: these are serpents' words.

CAIN.

nake spoke *truth*: it *was* the tree of knowledge
s the tree *of life*;—*know*[illegible]

EVE.

My boy! thou speakest as I spoke in sin,
Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd
My misery in thine. I have repented.
Let me not see my offspring fall into
The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,
Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his parents.
Content thee with what *is*. Had we been so,
Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh, my son!

ADAM.

Our orisons completed, let us hence,
Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though
Needful: the earth is young, and yields us kindly
Her fruits with little labour.

EVE.

Cain, my son,
Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,
And do as he doth.

[*Exit* ADAM *and* E

ZILLAH.

Wilt thou not, my brother?

ABEL.

Why wilt thou wear this gloom upon thy brow,
Which can avail thee nothing, save to rouse
The Eternal anger?

Abel, I'm sick at heart; but it will pass:
Precede me, brother—I will follow shortly.
And you, too, sisters, tarry not behind;
Your gentleness must not be harshly met:
I 'll follow you anon.

ADAH.

If not, I will
Return to seek you here.

ABEL.

The peace of God
Be on your spirit, brother!

[*Exit* ABEL, ZILLAH, *and* ADAH

CAIN (*solus*).

And this is
Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?—because
My father could not keep his place in Eden.
What had *I* done in this?—I was unborn,
I sought not to be born; nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew,
The fairest in the centre? They have but
One answer to all questions, «'t was *his* will,
And *he* is good.» How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful must all-good too follow?

ses o'er the inhibited walls
al trees which overtop
efended battlements?
om these, the fire-arm'd angels,
ail from him who now approaches?
ghtier far than them, nor less
et not all as beautiful
and might be: sorrow seems
rtality. And is it
at grieve save humanity?

Enter LUCIFER.

hich speaks w

his has not bee
as withheld fr
hile that of ki
as pluck'd too

ey have decei

ut live to die: a
o make death l

CAIN.

How!

ou know my thoughts?

LUCIFER.

They are the thoughts of all
/orthy of thought;—'t is your immortal part
hich speaks within you.

CAIN.

What immortal part?
his has not been reveal'd: the tree of life
/as withheld from us by my father's folly,
/hile that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,
/as pluck'd too soon; and all the fruit is death!

LUCIFER.

hey have deceived thee; thou shalt live.

CAIN.

I live,
ut live to die: and, living, see no thing
o make death hateful, save an innate clinging.
loathsome and yet all invincible
stinct of life, which I abhor, as I
espise myself, yet cannot overcome—
nd so I live. Would I had never lived!

LUCIFER.

hou livest, and must live for ever: think not
he earth, which is thine outward cov'ring, is
xistence—it will cease, and thou wilt be
o less than thou art now.

CAIN.

And ye?

LUCIFER.

Are everlasting.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

We are mighty.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

No: art thou?

CAIN.

How should I be so? Look on me!

LUCIFER.

Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

CAIN.

I am:—and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

LUCIFER.

One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Would not have made thee what thou art.

CAIN.

Ah!
Thou look'st almost a god; and—

LUCIFER.

I am none:
And having fail'd to be one, would be nought
Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him reign.

LUCIFER.

ſ sire's Maker, and the earth's.

CAIN.

And heaven's,

at in them is. So I have heard
ıs sing; and so my father saith.

LUCIFER.

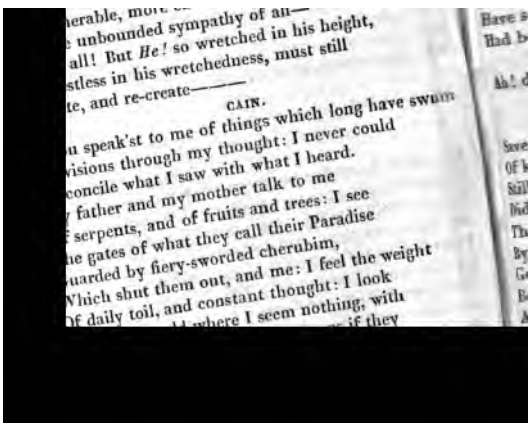
—what they must sing and say, on pain
hat which I am—and thou art—
and of men.

CAIN.

And what is that?

LUCIFER.

ɔ dare use their immortality—
o dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
ısting face, and tell him, that
s not good! If he has made,
th—which I know not, nor believe—



-- would consort with spirits.

LUCIFER.

not been fit by thine own soul
nionship, I would not now
e thee as I am: a serpent
to charm ye, as before.

CAIN.

npt my mother?

LUCIFER.

I tempt none,
h: was not the tree, the tree
l was not the tree of life
I bid her pluck them not?
prohibited within
innocent, and curious
ence? I would have made ye
who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
not eat the fruits of life,
we.» W...

Would they had snatched a [illegible]
The fruits, or neither!

LUCIFER.

One is yours already,
The other may be still.

CAIN.

How so?

LUCIFER.

By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things—'t is made
To sway.

CAIN.

But didst thou tempt my parents?

LUCIFER.

I?
Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?

CAIN.

They say the serpent was a spirit.

LUCIFER.

Who
Saith that? It is not written so on high:
The proud One will not so far falsify,
Though man's vast fears and little vanity
Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature
His own low failing. The snake was the snake—
No more; and yet not less than those he tempted,
In nature being earth also—more in wisdom,

CAIN.

d a demon?

LUCIFER.

He but woke one
to with his forky tongue.
e serpent was no more
ent: ask the cherubim
mpting tree. When thousand ages
ur dead ashes, and your seed's,
en world may thus array
in fable, and attribute
orn, as I scorn all
who made things but to bend
ole eternity;
e truth, must speak it. Thy
'd to a creeping thing,
t should spirits tempt them? What
n the narrow bounds
rits who

LUCIFER.

Dar'st thou to look on Death?

CAIN.

He has not yet

Been seen.

LUCIFER.

But must be undergone.

CAIN.

My father

Says he is something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he 's named; and Abel lifts his eyes
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me,
And speaks not.

LUCIFER.

And thou?

CAIN.

Thoughts unspe

Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?
I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

LUCIFER.

It has no shape, but will absorb all things
That bear the form of earth-born being.

CAIN.

Ah!

thought it was a being: who could do

With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 't was which shook us all—but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

LUCIFER.

Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

CAIN.

'm glad of that; I would not have them die,
hey are so lovely. What is death? I fear,
feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,
cannot compass: 't is denounced against us,

CAIN.

Have I not said it?—need I say it?
Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?

LUCIFER.

He who bows not to him has bow'd to me!

CAIN.

But I will bend to neither.

LUCIFER.

Ne'er the less,
Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping
Him makes thee mine the same.

CAIN.

And what is that?

LUCIFER.

Thou 'lt know here—and hereafter.

CAIN.

Let me but
Be taught the mystery of my being.

LUCIFER.

Follow
Where I will lead thee.

CAIN.

But I must retire
To till the earth—for I had promised——

LUCIFER.

What?

CAIN.

LUCIFER.

Saidst thou not
'er hadst bent to him who made thee?

CAIN.

Yes—
l's earnest prayer has wrought upon me;
:ring is more his than mine—and Adah——

LUCIFER.

ɜt thou hesitate?

CAIN.

She is my sister,
he same day, of the same womb; and
g from me, with tears, this promise, and
ın see her weep, I would, methinks,
and worship aught.

LUCIFER.

Then follow me!

CAIN.

CAIN.

See'st thou not?

ADAH.

I see an angel;
We have seen many: will he share our hour
Of rest?—he is welcome.

CAIN.

But he is not like
The angels we have seen.

ADAH.

Are there, then, othe
But he is welcome, as they were: they deign'd
To be our guests—will he?

CAIN (*to Lucifer*).

Wilt thou?

LUCIFER.

I ask
Thee to be mine.

CAIN.

I must away with him.

ADAH.

And leave us?

CAIN.

Ay.

ADAH.

And *me?*

CAIN.

Beloved Adah!

ADAH.

CAIN.

He speaks like
A god.

ADAH.

So did the serpent, and it lied.

LUCIFER.

Thou errest, Adah!—was not the tree that
Of knowledge?

ADAH.

Ay—to our eternal sorrow.

LUCIFER.

And yet that grief is knowledge—so he lied not:
And if he did betray you, 'twas with truth;
And truth in its own essence cannot be
But good.

ADAH.

But all we know of it has gather'd
Evil on ill: expulsion from our home,
And dread, and *toil, and* sweat, and heaviness;
Remorse of that which was, and hope of that
Which cometh not. *Cain!* walk not with this spirit.

More than thy mother and thy sire c

ADAH.

that a sin, too?

LUCIFER.

No, not yet;
y will be in your children.

ADAH.

What!
my daughter love her brother Enoch?

LUCIFER.

ou lovest Cain!

ADAH.

Oh, my God!
y not love and bring forth things that love
eir love? have they not drawn their milk
[illegible] their father,

LUCIFER.

ıings than ye are slaves: and higher
ould be so, did they not
ency of torture
ıies of adulation
ngs, and self-seeking prayers
nipotent, because
[not from love,
ope.

ADAM.

Omnipotence

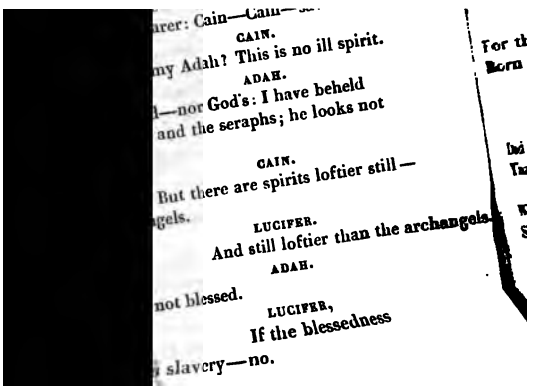
LUCIFER.

Was it so in Eden?

ADAM.

ith beauty; thou art fairer
ınd as false.

LUCIFER.



ıner knowledge quenches love,
: *be* you cannot love when known?
ınowing cherubim love least,
ove can be but ignorance:
not compatible, the doom
ırents, for their daring, proves.
t love and knowledge—since there is
:e: your sire hath chosen already;
but fear.

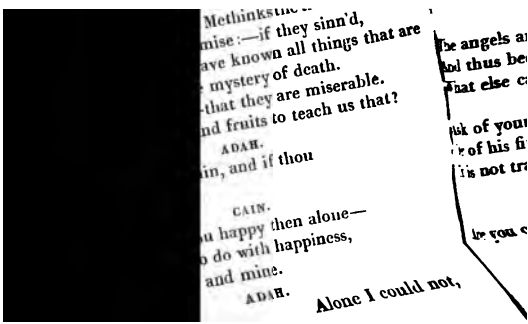
ADAH.

Oh, Cain! choose love.

CAIN.

dah, I choose not—it was
-but I love nought else.

ADAH.



LUCIFER.

And thou couldst not
be happy?

ADAH.

Alone! Oh, my God!
y and alone, or good?
eems sin; unless
oon I shall see my brother,
children, and our parents.

LUCIFER.

; and is he happy?

ADAH.

: is not so; he hath
ortals to make happy,
in diffusing joy:
but the spreading joy?

LUCIFER.

:xile fresh from Eden,

of life and living things, --
ret, and he keeps it. We must bear,
me of us resist, and both in vain,
aphs say; but it is worth the trial,
better may not be without: there is
lom in the spirit, which directs
ht, as in the dim blue air the eye
, young mortals, lights at once upon
ar which watches, welcoming the morn.

ADAH.

beautiful star; I love it for
auty.

LUCIFER.

And why not adore?

ADAH.

Our father

ADAM.

No—

father, who is God's own image;
gels, who are like to thee—
r, yet less beautiful and powerful
as the silent sunny noon,
ey look upon us; but thou seem'st
:real night, where long white clouds
eep purple, and unnumber'd stars
wonderful mysterious vault
that look as if they would be suns;
, unnumber'd, and endearing,
, and yet drawing us to them,
eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
t unhappy; do not make us so,
eep for thee.

LUCIFER.

Alas! those tears!
i but know what oceans will be shed—

ADAM.

LUCIFER.

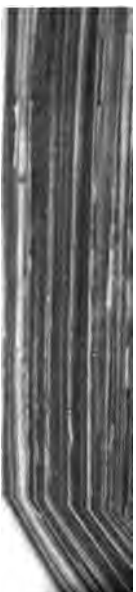
ll.

ADAM.

What all?

LUCIFER.

The million millions—



Him will I follow.

ADAH.

Whither?

LUCIFER.

To a place
Whence he shall come back to thee in an hour;
But in that hour see things of many days.

ADAH.

How can that be?

LUCIFER.

Did not your Maker make
Out of old worlds this new one in few days?
And cannot I, who aided in this work,
Show in an hour what he hath made in many,
Or hath destroy'd in few?

CAIN.

Lead on.

ADAH.

Will he
In sooth return within an hour?

LUCIFER.

He shall.
With us acts are exempt from time, and we

LUCIFER.

Ay, woman! he alone
that place (the first and last
, save ONE)—shall come back to thee
nt and expectant world
is: at present there
ts.

ADAH.

Where dwellest thou?

LUCIFER.

e. Where should I dwell? Where are
there am I; all things are
fe and death—and time—
:n and earth—and that
nor earth, but peopled with
)led or shall people both—
! So that I do divide
ngdom

thirst: nor ask thee to p...
h shall deprive thee of a single good
onqueror has left thee. Follow me.

CAIN.

, I have said it. [*Exeunt* LUCIFER *and*
ADAH (*follows, exclaiming*).
Cain! my brother! Cain!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Abyss of Space.

CAIN.

and sink not; yet I fear

LUCIFER.

aith in me, and thou shalt be
r, of which I am the prince.

CAIN.

hout impiety?

LUCIFER.

ık not! doubt—and perish! thus
edict of the other God

in *me*, as a conditional creed
thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf
e an equal flight, and I will show
hou dar'st not deny, the history
, and present, and of future worlds.

CAIN.

l, or demon, or whate'er thou art,
our earth?

LUCIFER.

Dost thou not recognize
st which form'd your father?

CAIN.

Can it be?
ıall blue circle, swinging in far ether,
n inferior circlet near it still,
looks like that which lit our earthly night?
our Paradise? Where are its walls,
ey who guard them?

...still,
...merable stars
...und us; and, as we move on,
myriads.

LUCIFER.

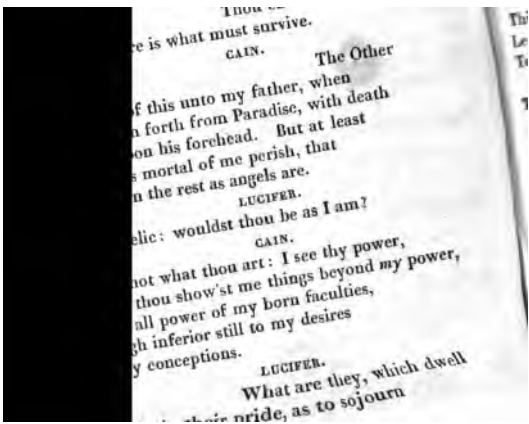
And if there should be
r than thine own, inhabited
...gs, and they themselves far more
...n the dust of thy dull earth,
lied to animated atoms,
...ll doom'd to death, and wretched,
hou think?

CAIN.

I should be proud of thought
h things.

LUCIFER.

But if that kind



Thou
e is what must survive.

CAIN.

The Other
f this unto my father, when
n forth from Paradise, with death
on his forehead. But at least
s mortal of me perish, that
n the rest as angels are.

LUCIFER.

elic: wouldst thou be as I am?

CAIN.

not what thou art: I see thy power,
thou show'st me things beyond *my* power,
all power of my born faculties,
gh inferior still to my desires
y conceptions.

LUCIFER.

What are they, which dwell
pride, as to sojourn

ıl?

LUCIFER.

I seem that which I am;
I ask of thee, if thou
›rtal?

CAIN.

Thou hast said, I must be
:e of me. I knew not
›ut since it must be,
r unhappy, learn
ımortality.

LUCIFER.

came upon thee.

CAIN.

How?

LUCIFER.

CAIN.

Spirit: let me expire, or see them nearer.

LUCIFER.

Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

CAIN.

Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
Of most innumerable lights.

LUCIFER.

Look there!

CAIN.

I cannot see it.

LUCIFER.

Yet it sparkles still.

CAIN.

What, yonder?

LUCIFER.

Yea.

CAIN.

And wilt thou tell me so?
Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight, brighter than the world
Which bears them.

LUCIFER.

Thou hast seen both worms and
Each bright and sparkling,—what dost think of

CAIN.

That they are beautiful in their own sphere,
And that the night, which makes both beautiful
The little shining fire-fly in its flight,
And the immortal star in its great course,
Must both be guided.

LUCIFER.

But by whom or what?

CAIN.

Show me.

LUCIFER.

Dar'st thou behold?

CAIN.

How know
I *dare* behold? as yet, thou hast shown nought
I dare not gaze on further.

LUCIFER.

:xt thy heart?

CAIN.

The things I see.

LUCIFER.

But what

nearest it?

CAIN.

The things I have not seen,
:ver shall—the mysteries of death.

LUCIFER.

t if I show to thee things which have died,
have shown thee much which cannot die?

CAIN.

).

LUCIFER.

Away, then! on our mighty wings.

CAIN.

how we cleave the blue! The stars fade fron

LUCIFER.

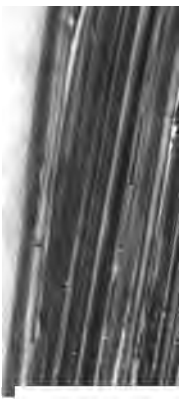
To what was before thee!
of the world; of which thy world
t.

CAIN.

What! is it not then new?

LUCIFER.

e is: and that was ere thou
things which seem to us
er: many things will have
ıe, which would pretend to have
, have had one as mean
ıtier things have been extinct
much meaner than we can
nts only and the *space*
ıt be all *unchangeable.*
ıot death, except to clay;
ınd canst but comprehend
, and such thou shalt [illegible]



How the lights ...

LUCIFER.

the world of phantoms, which
and shadows still to come.

CAIN.

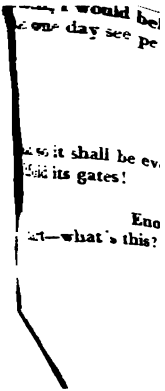
k, and dark—the stars are gone!

LUCIFER.

est.

CAIN.

'T is a fearful light!
n, no lights innumerable.
f the empurpled night
ry twilight; yet I see
sses, but unlike the worlds
ching, which, begirt with light,
fe even when their atmosphere



... would be
one day see pe

so it shall be ev
its gates!

Eno
—what's this?

girt
eits, and floating moons, which took
atures of fair earth:—instead,
ark and dreadful.

LUCIFER.

But distinct.
behold death, and dead things?

CAIN.

as I know there are
r sire's sin makes him and me,
ierit, liable
ehold at once, what I
erforce.

LUCIFER.

Behold!

CAIN.

Oh ye interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?
Live ye, or have ye lived?

LUCIFER.

Somewhat of both.

CAIN.

Then what is death?

LUCIFER.

What? Hath not He who made
Said 't is another life?

CAIN.

Till now He hath
Said nothing, save that all shall die.

LUCIFER.

Perhaps
He one day will unfold that further secret.

CAIN.

Happy the day!

LUCIFER.

Yes, happy! when unfolded
Through agonies unspeakable, and clogg'd
With agonies eternal, to innumerable
Yet unborn myriads of unconscious atoms,
All to be animated for this only!

CAIN.

What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating around me?—they wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,

It is the realm
ave it present?

CAIN.

Till I know
I cannot answer.
:ard my father
nilies, 't is a thing—
ık on 't! Cursed be
at leads to death!
that being life
:ds must forfeit it—

'CIFER.

)ost thou curse thy father?

AIN.

ȝ me my birth?
ıy birth, in daring
n?

t is another life?

CAIN.

Till now He hath
nothing, save that all shall die.

LUCIFER.

Perhaps
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All to be animated for this only!

CAIN.

What are these mighty phantoms which I see
loating around me?—they wear not the form

Judge

LUCIFER.

And true. Behold these phantoms! they were once
Material as thou art.

CAIN.

And must I be

Like them?

LUCIFER.

Let He who made thee answer that.
I show thee what thy predecessors are,
And what they *were* thou feelest, in degree
Inferior as thy petty feelings and
Thy prettier portion of the immortal part
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.
What ye in *common have with* what they had
Have, *and what ye shall have*—death; the rest
Of *your poor attributes is such* as suits

Things whose enjoyment was to be in blindness—
A Paradise of Ignorance, from which
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold
What these superior beings are or were;
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.

CAIN.

No: I'll stay here.

LUCIFER.

How long?

CAIN.

For ever! Since
I must one day return here from the earth,
I rather would remain; I am sick of all
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in shadows.

LUCIFER.

ıe, too, can they ne'er repass

LUCIFER.

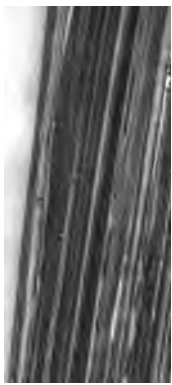
heir earth is gone for ever—
convulsion, they would not
ngle present spot
harden'd surface—'t was—
l world it *was!*

CAIN.

And is;
th, though I must till it,
t I may not profit
eautiful untoiling,
and swelling thoughts
allay my thousand fears

LUCIFER.

ıat thy world is thou see'st.



; flashing like the [illegible]
. tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd of
ir bark and branches—what were they?

LUCIFER.

That which
: mammoth is in thy world;—but these lie
myriads underneath its surface.

CAIN.

But
ne on it?

LUCIFER.

No: for thy frail race to war
ith them would render the curse on it useless—
would be destroy'd so early.

CAIN.

But why *war*?

too, without having shared the apple;
oo, without the so dear-bought *knowledge!*
ıg tree—for we *know* nothing.
romised knowledge at the *price*
ıt *knowledge* still: but what *knows* man?

LUCIFER.

ıth leads to the *highest* knowledge;
all things the sole thing certain,
to the *surest* science: therefore
true, though deadly.

CAIN.

These dim realms!
t I know them not.

LUCIFER.

Because
afar, and matter cannot
irit wholly—but 't is something
ıre such realms.

But all
eems dim and shadowy.

LUCIFER.

Be content; it will
seem clearer to thine immortality.

CAIN.

And yon immeasurable liquid space
Of glorious azure which floats on beyond us,
Which looks like water, and which I should deem
The river which flows out of Paradise
Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless
And boundless and of an ethereal hue—
What is it?

LUCIFER.

There is still some such on earth,
[illegible] children shall

LUCIFER.

Eve, thy mother, best
ıape of serpent tempted her.

CAIN.

errible. No doubt the other
uty.

LUCIFER.

Hast thou ne'er beheld him?

CAIN.

kind (at least so call'd),
ecisely which persuaded
r even of the same aspect.

LUCIFER.

im not?

CAIN.

No: 't ...

CAIN.

derstand not this.

LUCIFER.

The happier thou!—

world and thou are still too young! Thou this
self most wicked and unhappy: is it
so?

CAIN.

For crime I know not; but for pain,
ve felt much.

LUCIFER.

First-born of the first man!
present state of sin—and thou art evil,
orrow—and thou sufferest, are both Eden,
ll its innocence, compared to what
u shortly may'st be; and that state again,
ts redoubled wretchedness, a paradise
what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating

CAIN.

Not of all things. No:
I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

LUCIFER.

And who and what doth not? *Who* covets evil
For its own bitter sake?—*None*—nothing! 't is
The leaven of all life and lifelessness.

CAIN.

Within those glorious orbs which we behold,
Distant and dazzling, and innumerable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,
I can not come; they are too beautiful.

LUCIFER.

You have seen them from afar.

CAIN.

And what of that?
Once can but *diminish glory*—they

And judge their beauty near.

CAIN.

I have done this—
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

LUCIFER.

Then there must be delusion.—What is that,
Which being nearest to thine eyes is still
More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

CAIN.

My sister Adah.—All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him

Why do I exist?

Why art *thou* wretched? why are all things so?
Even He who made us must be as the maker
Of things unhappy! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says He 's omnipotent:
Then why is evil—He being good? I ask'd
This question of my father; and he said,
Because this evil only was the path
To good. Strange good, that must arise from out
Its deadly opposite. I lately saw
A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor suckling
Fell foaming on the earth, beneath the vain
And *piteous* bleating of its restless dam:
My father *pluck'd some herbs*, and laid them to
The *wound; and by degrees* the helpless wretch
Calmed *its careless life*, and rose to drain

mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous
od licking its reviving limbs with joy.
hold, my son! said Adam, how from evil
prings good!

LUCIFER.

What didst thou answer?

CAIN.

Nothing; for

He is my father: but I thought, that 't were
A better portion for the animal
Never to have been *stung at all*, than to
Purchase renewal of its little life
With agonies unutterable, though
Dispell'd by antidotes.

LUCIFER.

But as thou saidst
Of all beloved things thou lovest her
Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
Unto thy children——

CAIN.

Most assuredly:
What should I be without her?

LUCIFER.

What am I?

CAIN.

Dost thou love nothing?

LUCIFER.

What does thy G

CAIN.

my father says; but I confes
lotment here.

vast and general purpose,
particular things must melt like snows.

CAIN.

it are they?

LUCIFER.

Be happier in not knowing
noter offspring must encounter;
eath the clime which knows no winter!

CAIN.

not love something like thyself?

LUCIFER.

love *thyself*?

CAIN.

Yes, but love more
feelings more endurable,
myself, because I love it.

LUCIFER.

ause 't is beautiful,
thy moth

LUCIFER.

All that must pass away

l her.

CAIN.

I 'm sorry for it; but

nceive my love for her the less.

l her beauty disappears, methinks

reates all beauty will lose more

in seeing perish such a work.

LUCIFER.

ıee who lovest what must perish.

CAIN.

hee who lov'st nothing.

LUCIFER.

And thy brother—

ear thy heart?

LUCIFER.

his father's?

CAIN.

What is that
I not love that which all love?

LUCIFER.

h—the indulgent Lord,
planter of barr'd Paradise—
ilingly on Abel.

CAIN.

I
ad I know not if He smiles.

LUCIFER.

his angels.

CAIN

lise—or

LUCIFER.

and o'er all space.

CAIN.

But ye

d dwelling—as all things;

, and other worlds their tenants;

reathing creatures their

t; and things which have

breathe *our* breath, have theirs, thou

;

ah and thyself have thine—

ll together?

LUCIFER.

No, we reign

our dwellings are asunder.

s which seem now jarr'd in ...
ye, being spirits, wise and infinite,
le? Are ye not as brethren in
nce, and your nature, and your glory?

LUCIFER.

not Abel's brother?

CAIN.

We are brethren,
ve shall remain; but were it not so,
like to flesh? can it fall out?
with immortality?
and turning space to misery—
at?

LUCIFER.

To reign.

CAIN.

Did ye not tell me that
; both eternal?

LUCIFER.

LUCIFER.

We *both* reign.

CAIN.

But one of you makes evil.

LUCIFER.

Which?

CAIN.

Thou! for
If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not?

LUCIFER.

And why not he who made? *I* made ye not;
Ye are *his* creatures, and not mine.

CAIN.

Then leave us
His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or show me
Thy dwelling, or *his* dwelling.

LUCIFER.

I could show thee
Both; but the time will come thou shalt see one
Of them for evermore.

CAIN.

And why not now?

LUCIFER.

Thy human mind hath scarcely grasp to gather
The little I have shown thee into calm
And clear thought; and *thou* wouldst go on aspiring
To the great double mysteries! the *two Principles!*
And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!
Dust! limit thy ambition, for to see

CAIN.

And let me perish, so I see them!

LUCIFER.

There
The son of her who snatch'd the apple spake!
But thou wouldst only perish, and not see them;
That sight is for the other state.

CAIN.

Of death?

LUCIFER.

That is the prelude.

CAIN.

Then I dread it less,
Now that I know it leads to something definite.

LUCIFER.

And now I will convey thee to thy world,
Where thou shalt multiply the race of Adam,
Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep, sleep, and die.

CAIN.

And to what end have I beheld these things
Which thou hast shown me?

LUCIFER.

Didst thou not require
Knowledge? And have I not, in what I show'd,
Taught thee to know thyself?

CAIN.

Alas! I seem
Nothing.

LUCIFER.

s of space,
ges,
d world by world,
rse by universe
ce, till the great
r it shall cease,
e or I be quench'd!
r immortality,
le hate?
ll the conquer'd
he *good* He gives?
orks would be deem'd
d you, ye new
ls, what have been his gifts
little world?

those —

LUCIFER. Back

me earth, and try the rest
s to ye and yours.
ings in their own essence,
. or evil by the giver;
good—so call him; if
Him, do not name it *mine*,
r its true fount; and judge
ough of spirits, but the fruits
, such as it must be.
; the fatal apple given—
et it not be over-sway'd
reats to force you into faith
nal sense and inward feeling:
ure,—and form an inner world
osom—where the outward fails:
rer be the spiritual
with your own.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter CAIN *and* ADAH.

ADAH.

Hush! tread softly, Cain.

CAIN.

I will; but wherefore?

ADAH.

Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

CAIN.

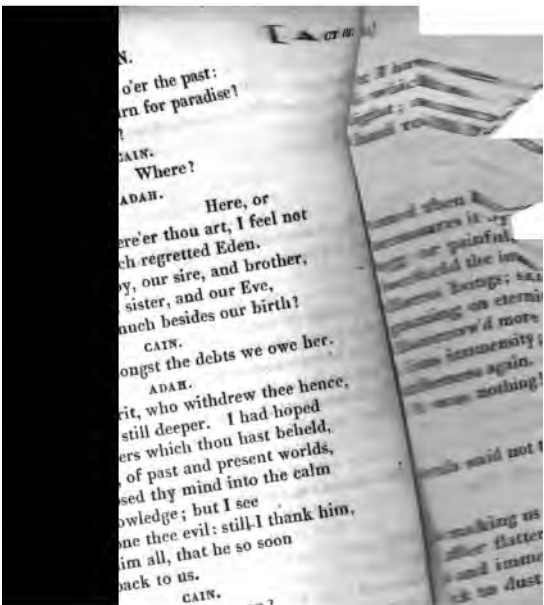
Cypress! 't is
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadows: wherefore didst thou choose it

CAIN.

You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—
Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'T is but a dream;
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

ADAM.

Hark Cain! *Nay, do* not whisper o'er our son



ce, whereupon to offer
n thy return.

CAIN.

that *I* would be so ready
rings, which he daily brings
whose base humility
han worship, as a bribe

ADAM.

r, 't is well done.

CAIN.

I ha[illegible]ffering.

utiful
rs, and fr[illegible]

ADAH.

know we that some such atonement one day
not redeem our race?

CAIN.

By sacrificing
harmless for the guilty? what atonement
re there? why, *we* are innocent: what have we
ne, that we must be victims for a deed
fore our birth, or need have victims to
tone for this mysterious, nameless sin—
it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

ADAH.

Alas! thou sinnest now my Cain; thy words
Sound impious in mine ears.

CAIN.

Then leave me!

ADAH.

Never,

ADAM.

Surely, 't is well done.

CAIN.

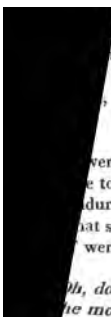
One altar may suffice; *I* have no offering.

ADAM.

The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful
Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers, and fruits;
These are a goodly offering to the Lord,
Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

CAIN.

I have toil'd, and till'd, and sweaten in the sun
According to the curse:—must I do more?
For what should I be gentle? for a war
With all the elements ere they will yield
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?
For being dust, and groveling in the dust,
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing—
For nothing shall I be an hypocrite,



pt! for all the stars,
sways them, I would not accost
ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

ADAH.

, why so awful in thy speech?

CAIN.

I said,
were better that he ceased to live, than give
e to so much of sorrow as he must
dure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since
hat saying jars you, let us only say—
were better that he never had been born.

ADAH.

h, do not say so! Where were then the joys,
he mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
d loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!
[She goes to the child.

or bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
ne—how like to thee, when gentle,
are *all* alike; is 't not so, Cain?
ire, and son, our features are
ach other; as they are
aters, when *they* are *gentle*, and
gentle. Love us, then, my Cain!
lf for our sakes, for we love thee.
laughs and stretches out his arms,
his blue eyes upon thine,
er; while his little form
'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
erubs well might envy thee
a parent! Bless him, Cain!
words to thank thee, but
d thine own too.

CAIN.

Bless thee, boy!

CAIN.

Thy brother Abel.

Enter ABEL.

ABEL.

Welcome, Cain! My brother,
The peace of God be on thee!

CAIN.

Abel! hail!

ABEL.

Our sister tells me that thou hast been wandering,
In high communion with a spirit, far
Beyond our wonted range. Was he of those
We have seen and spoken with, like to our father?

CAIN.

No.

ABEL.

Why then commune with him? he may be
A foe to the Most High.

CAIN.

And friend to man.
Has the Most High been so—if so you term him?

ABEL.

Term him! your words are strange to-day, my bro
My sister Adah, leave us for a while—
We mean to sacrifice.

ADAH.

Farewell, my Cain;
But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,
And Abel's pious ministry, recal thee
To peace and holiness!

[*Exit* ADAH, with her

now not.

ABEL.

Nor what thou hast seen?

CAIN.

The dead,
he immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
he overpowering mysteries of space—
he innumerable worlds that were and are—
a whirlwind of such overwhelming things,
uns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-voiced spheres
inging in thunder round me, as have made me
Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.

ABEL.

Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light—
Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural hue—
Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound—
What may this mean?

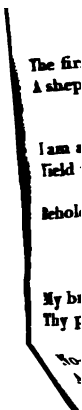
BEL.
grief; I pray thee
ems labouring in
will calm thee.

AIN.
No;
re. *Calm!* say I? Never
n the soul, although
still'd. My Abel, leave me!
hy pious purpose.

ABEL.
m our task together.

CAIN.
t be so——well, then,

ABEL.
e one of those two altars.



The fir
A shep

I am a
Field

Behol

My br
Thy f

CAIN.

Choose for me: they to me are so muc
And stone.

ABEL.

Choose thou!

CAIN.

I have chosen

ABEL.

And suits thee, as the elder. Now pre
Thine offerings.

CAIN.

Where are thine?

ABEL.

Beh
The firstlings of the flock, and fat ther
A shepherd's humble offering.

CAIN.

I have n
I am a tiller of the ground, and must
Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its
[I
Behold them in their various bloom ar
[*They dress their altars, ar*
upon them.

ABEL.

My brother, as the elder, offer first

us, and who [illegible]
nostrils, who hath blessed us,
, despite our father's sin, to make
n all lost, as they might have been,
y justice been so temper'd with
which is thy delight, as to
ardon like a paradise,
with our great crimes:—Sole Lord of light!
ıd glory, and eternity;
hom all were evil, and with whom
n err, except to some good end
nnipotent benevolence—
', but still to be fulfill'd—
m out thy humble first of shepherd's
e first-born flocks—an offering,
thing—as what offering can be

Take them! If thou must be induced with
And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them
Two beings here erect them unto thee.
If thou lovest blood, the shepherd's shrine, w
On my right hand, hath shed it for thy ser
In the first of his flock, whose limbs now r
In sanguinary incense to thy skies;
Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth
And milder seasons, which the unstain'd tu
I spread them on now offers in the face
Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may
Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
A sample of thy works, than supplication
To look on ours! If a shrine without victi
And altar without gore, may win thy favou
Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,
He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks
Which must be won by kneeling: if he's e
Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may
For what can he oppose? If he be good,
Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! sin
Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
To have no power themselves, save in thy v
And whether that be good or ill I know no
Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge
Omnipotence, but merely to endure

abroad upon the earth.

ABEL (*kneeling*).

ther, pray! Jehovah 's wroth with thee!

CAIN.

?

ABEL.

Thy fruits are scatter'd on the earth.

CAIN.

earth they came, to earth let them return;
seed will bear fresh fruit there ere the summer:
urnt flesh-offering prospers better; see
heaven licks up the flames, when thick with blood!

ABEL.

k not upon my offerings' acceptance,
nake another of thine own before
too late.

CAIN.

I will build no more altars,

pleasure of Jehovah,
of the victims.

CAIN.

His!

at was his high pleasure in
rching flesh and smoking blood,
e bleating mothers, which
eir dead offspring? or the pangs
nt victims underneath
Give way! this bloody record
u the sun, to shame creation!

ABEL.

k! thou shalt not touch my altar
' that thou wilt adopt it,
crifice, 't is thine.

CAIN.

! Give way, or else
y be——

ABEL.

What meanest thou?

CAIN.

Give—
od loves blood!—then look to it:—
hath *more!*

ABEL.

In *his* great name,
thee and the shrine which hath
ce.

CAIN

-Cain, give me—give me—

ah——

CAIN (*after a moment's stupefaction*).

My hand! 't is all red, and with—

[*A long pause.—Looking slowly round.*

Where am I? alone! Where's Abel? where
Can it be that I am he? My brother,
e!—why liest thou so on the green earth?
not the hour of slumber:—why so pale?
t hast thou?——thou wert full of life this morn!
! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote
fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why
ildst thou oppose me? This is mockery;
only done to daunt me:—'t was a blow—
ut a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only stir!

Why, so—that 's well!—thou breath'st! breathe upon me!
Oh, God! Oh, God!

ABEL (*very faintly*).

What 's he who speaks of God?

CAIN.

Thy murderer.

ABEL.

Then may God forgive him! Cain,
Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother
Now. [ABEL *dies.*

CAIN.

And I none! Who makes me brotherless?
His eyes are open! then he is not dead!
Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.
His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathes!
And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!—
Let me see, doth it beat?—methinks——No!—no!
This is a vision, else I am become
The native of another and worse world.
The earth swims round me:—what is this?—'t is wet:
[*Puts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.*
And yet there are no dews! 'T is blood—my blood—
My brother's and my own; and shed by me!
What have I further to do with life,
I have taken life from my own flesh?
He cannot be dead!—Is silence death?
He will wake: then let me watch by him.
Cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd
So quickly!—he hath spoken to me since—

Enter ZILLAH.

ZILLAH.

heard a heavy sound: what can it be?
is Cain; and watching by my husband. What
ost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep? Oh! heaven
/hat means this paleness, and yon stream?—No! no
is not blood; for who would shed his blood?
bel! what 's this?—who hath done this? He mov
not;
le breathes not: and his hands drop down from mi
Vith stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!
Vhy cam'st thou not in time to save him from
'his violence? Whatever hath assail'd him,
'hou wert the stronger, and should'st have stepp'd in
ietween him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—
ıdah!—come hither! Death is in the world!

[*Exit* ZILLAH, *calling on her parents, e*

CAIN (*solus*).

brethren
ak to me.
ice,
!

d. What
Oh! heaven!
n?—No! no!
lood?
s? He moves

n from mine

rom
,
stepp'd in

ents, etc.

Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH,

ADAM.

A voice of woe from Zillah brings
What do I see?—'T is true!—My so
Woman, behold the serpent's work,

EVE.

Oh! speak not of it now: the serpen
Are in my heart. My best beloved,
Jehovah! this is punishment beyond
A mother's sin, to take *him* from me!

ADAM.

Or what hath done this deed?—speak,
Were present: was it some more hostil
Who walks not with Jehovah? or some
Brute of the forest?

EVE.

Ah! a livid light
Breaks through, as from a thunder-clou
Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the
And black with smoke, and red with——

ADAM.

Speak, and assure us, wretched as
That we are not

Hold!
other, for he is thy son—
other, for he is my brother,
.

EVE.

He hath left thee no brother—
d—me *no son!*—for thus
my sight for evermore!
between us, as he broke
e, in yon—Oh death! death!
ot take *me,* who first incurr'd thee?
ot so now?

ADAM.

Eve! let not this,
, lead to impiety!
s long forespoken to us;
egins, let it be borne

n which
With scor
his wakin
May the cl
Stoops dov
May every
May he liv
And death
To him wh
Hence, frat
Through al
Who shall
May the gr
Deny thee
A grave! th

Cain! ge

servants to his holy will.

EVE (*pointing to Cain*).

will of yon incarnate spirit
om I have brought upon the earth
with the dead. May all the curses
n him! and his agonies
forth o'er the wilderness, like us
a, till his children do by him
by his brother! May the swords
s of fiery cherubim pursue him
d night—snakes spring up in his path—
nits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves
he lays his head to sleep be strew'd
rpions! May his dreams be of his victim!
ng a continual dread of death!
clear rivers turn to blood as he
wn to stain them with his raging lip!
element shun or change to him!
which others die with!
death

)art not with him thus, my father: do not
thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

ADAM.

se him not: his spirit be his curse.
e, Zillah!

ZILLAH.

I must watch my husband's corse.

ADAM.

will return again, when he is gone
o hath provided for us this dread office.
ne, Zillah!

ZILLAH.

Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,
d those lips once so warm—my heart! my heart!

[*Exeunt* ADAM *and* ZILLAH *weeping.*

ADAM

ADAH.

I fear
ept to leave thee, much as I
a the deed which leaves thee brotherless.
speak of this—it is between thee
at God.

A Voice from within exclaims,

Cain! Cain!

ADAH.

Hear'st thou that voice?

The Voice within.

ADAH.

It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the ANGEL *of the Lord.*

y brother Abel?

CAIN.

Am I then
s keeper?

ANGEL.

Cain! what hast thou done?
f thy slain brother's blood cries out,
he ground, unto the Lord!—Now art thou
a the earth, which open'd late her mouth
y brother's blood from thy rash hand.
when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not
r strength; a fugitive shalt thou
day, and vagabond on earth!

ADAH.

e and vagabond on earth,
ome to pass, that whoso findeth him
y him.

CAIN.

Would they could! but who are they
y me? where are these on the lone earth
peopled?

ANGEL.

Thou hast slain thy brother,
shall warrant thee against thy son?

ADAH.

light! be merciful, nor say
poor aching breast now nourishes
rer in my boy, and of his father.

ANGEL.

would but be what his father is.

Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for Eden.
That which I am, I am; I did not seek
For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
With my own death redeem him from the dust—
And why not so? let him return to day,
And I lie ghastly! so shall be restored
By God the life to him he loved: and taken
From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

ANGEL.

Who shall heal murder? what is done is done.
Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds
Unlike the last! [*The* ANGEL *disappears.*

ADAH.

I hear our little He 's gone, let us go forth;
Our bower. Enoch *cry within*

ADAH.

thee lonely with the dead;
gether.

CAIN.

Oh! thou dead
witness! whose unsinking
earth and heaven! what thou *now* art,
t if *thou* see'st what *I* am,
lt forgive him, whom his God
e, nor his own soul.—Farewell!
e not, touch what I have made thee.
rom the same womb with thee, drain'd
t, clasp'd thee often to my own,
otherly and boyish, I
thee more, nor even dare
thee, which thou shouldst have done
ose thy limbs into their grave—
yet dug for mortality.

ers which flowed round Eden, and consequently

and an early doom, my brother,
thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee,
ust not weep. My office is
h to dry up tears, and not to shed them;
f all who mourn, none mourn like me,
'or thyself, but him who slew thee.
! I will divide thy burden with thee.

CAIN.

'rom Eden will we take our way;
ost desolate, and suits my steps.

ADAH.

ı shalt be my guide, and may our God
Now let us carry forth our children.

CAIN.

o lieth there was childless.

WERNER,

OR,

E INHERITANCE;

A TRAGEDY.

IE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,

ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS,

This Tragedy is Dedicated.

PREFACE.

ving drama is taken entirely from the «*Ger-*
e, Kruitzner,» published many years ago in
terbury Tales;» written (I believe) by two
whom one furnished only this story and
oth of which are considered superior to the
of the collection. I have adopted the cha-
n, and even the language, of many parts of
Some of the characters are modified or
:w of the names changed, and one character
'alenheim) added by myself: but in the rest
l is chiefly followed. When I was young
rteen, I think) I first read this tale, which

han the drama which is founded upon its

gun a drama upon this tale so far back as
rst I ever attempted, except one at thirteen
lled «*Ulric and Ilvina*,» which I had sense
burn), and had nearly completed an act,
nterrupted by circumstances. This is some-
ngst my papers in England; but as it has
nd, I have re-written the first, and added the
acts.

le is neither intended, nor in any shape
the stage.

n names.
for every
dings. I
at he may
nd am not
pleasure in
d upon its

far back as
at thirteen
I had sense
eted an act
This is some-
out as it has
nd added the

Any shape

DRAMATIS PER

MEN.

WERNER.
ULRIC.
STRALENHEIM.
IDENSTEIN.
GABOR.
FRITZ.

WOM

JOSEPHINE
IDA STRAL

Scene—partly on the fronti
Siegendorf Castl

Time—the close of t

WERNER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the orthern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.

WERNER *and* JOSEPHINE *his wife.*

JOSEPHINE.

r love, be calmèr!

WERNER.

I am calm.

JOSEPHINE.

en canst thou wish for that which must break mine?

WERNER (*approaching her slowly*).

t for *thee* I had been—no matter what,
t much of good and evil; what I am,
ou knowest; what I might or should have been,
ou knowest not: but still I love thee, nor
all aught divide us.

[WERNER *walks on abruptly, and then approaches* JOSEPHINE.

The storm of the night,
rhaps, affects me; I 'm a thing of feelings,
d have of late been sickly, as alas!
ou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my love!
watching me.

JOSEPHINE.

To see thee well is much—
e thee happy——

But think
ı this hour of tempest shiver
biting wind and heavy rain,
drop bows them down nearer earth,
no chamber for them save beneath

WERNER.

nd that 's not the worst: who cares
? rest is all. The wretches whom
–ay, the wind howls round them, and
'ropping rain saps in their bones
ıarrow. I have been a soldier,
ı traveller, and am
hould know the thing thou talk'st of.

JOSEPHINE.

t now sheltered fro—

Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

WERNER.

It is not that, thou know'st it is not; we
Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,
Except in thee—but we have borne it.

JOSEPHINE.

Well!

WERNER.

Something beyond our outward sufferings (though
These were enough to gnaw into our souls)
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, *now*.
When, but for this untoward sickness, which
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and
Hath wasted not alone my strength, but means,
And leaves us,—no! this is beyond me!—but
For this I had been happy—*thou* been happy—
The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my name—
My father's name—been still upheld; and, more
Than those——

JOSEPHINE (*abruptly*).

My son—our son—our Ulric,
Been clasp'd again in these long-empty arms,
And all a mother's hunger satisfied.
Twelve years! he was but eight then: beautiful
He was, and beautiful he must be now.

it cannot turn at bay,—
onely.

JOSEPHINE.

Lonely! my dear husband?

WERNER.

ving all I love, in this
olitude. *Alone,* I had died,
:r in a nameless grave.

JOSEPHINE.

atlived thee; but pray take
ive struggled long; and they who strive
n or weary her at last,
l the goal, or cease to feel
comfort,—we shall find our boy.

WERNER.

t of him, of every thing
ng compensation for past sorrow—
d thus!

JOSEPHINE.

We are not baffled.

WERNER.

ryless?

JOSEPHINE.

We ne'er were wealthy.

WERNER.

to wealth, and rank, and power;
oved them, and, alas! abused them;

her stern prerogative, and visit
boy his father's faults and follies.

JOSEPHINE.

pe better still,—at least we have yet
e long pursuit of Stralenheim.

WERNER.

d have done, but for this fatal sickness,
l than a mortal malady,
takes not life, but life's sole solace:
I feel my spirit girt about
res of this avaricious fiend;—
now he hath not track'd us here?

JOSEPHINE.

ot know thy person; and his spies,
ng watch'd thee, have been left at Hamburgh.
ected journey, and this change
leaves all discovery far behind:
us here for aught save what we seem,

WERNER.

we seem! save what we *are*—sick beggars,
ır very hopes.——Ha! ha!

JOSEPHINE.

Alas!
r laugh!

WERNER.

Who would read in this form
ioul of the son of a long line?
iis garb, the heir of princely lands?
iis sunken, sickly eye, the pride
id ancestry; in this worn cheek,
ie-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls,
ly feast a thousand vassals?

JOSEPHINE.

You
ıot thus upon these worldly things,
r! when you deign'd to choose for bride
n daughter of a wandering exile.

WERNER.

daughter with an outcast son
marriage; but I still had hopes
e to the state we both were born for.

JOSEPHINE.

Your father did not think so, though 'twas noble;
But had my birth been all my claim to match
With thee, I should have deem'd it what it is.

WERNER.

And what is that in thine eyes?

JOSEPHINE.

All which it
Has done in our behalf,—nothing.

WERNER.

How,—nothing?

JOSEPHINE.

Or worse; for it has been a canker in
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,
We had not felt our poverty, but as
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Thou might'st have earn'd thy bread as thousands earn it;
Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,
Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

WERNER (*ironically*).

And been an Hanseatic burgher? Excellent!

JOSEPHINE.

Whate'er thou might'st have been, to me thou art,
What no state, high or low, can ever change,
My heart's first choice;—which chose thee, knowing

WERNER.

uch I have ever found thee;
his weakness of my temper,
aght to injure thee or thine.
ır my fortunes: my own nature
as to unmake an empire,
inheritance; but now,
d, out-worn, and taught to know
ıis for our son and thee!
n my two-and-twentieth spring,
ne from my father's house,
of a thousand sires
e last), it hurt me less
y boy and my boy's mother
innocence from what
exclusion: although then
all living serpents, and
›rgon's round me.

[*A knocking is heard.*

JOSEPHINE.

Hark!

WERNER.

A knocking!

JOSEPHINE.

this lone hour? we have

WERNER.

WERNER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ll of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the ern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.

WERNER *and* JOSEPHINE *his wife.*

JOSEPHINE.

, be calmer!

WERNER.

I am calm.

JOSEPHINE.

To me—

t not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,
one walks a chamber like to ours
eps like thine when his heart is at rest.
a garden, I should deem thee happy,
pping with the bee from flower to flower;
e!

WERNER.

JOSEPHINE.

Ah, no!

WERNER (*smiling*).

Why! wouldst thou have it so?

JOSEPHINE. I would

Have it a healthful current.

WERNER.

Let it flow

Until 't is spilt or check'd—how soon, I care not.

JOSEPHINE.

And am I nothing in thy heart?

WERNER.

All—all.

JOSEPHINE.

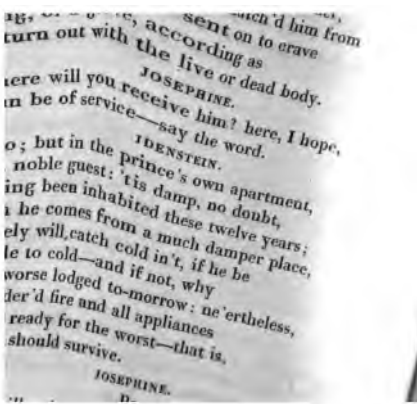
Then canst thou wish for that which must break mine?

WERNER (*approaching her slowly*).

I had been—no matter what,

I am,

have been,



sent on to crave
turn out with the live or dead body.
JOSEPHINE.
ere will you receive him? here, I hope,
n be of service—say the word.
IDENSTEIN.
o; but in the prince's own apartment,
noble guest: 'tis damp, no doubt,
ing been inhabited these twelve years;
he comes from a much damper place,
ely will catch cold in't, if he be
le to cold—and if not, why
worse lodged to-morrow: ne'ertheless,
der'd fire and all appliances
ready for the worst—that is,
should survive.
JOSEPHINE.

IDENSTEIN.

Why, what should bring me her

WERNER.

I know not, though I think that I could guess
That which will send you hence.

JOSEPHINE (*aside*).

Patience, dear Werne

IDENSTEIN.

You don't know what has happened, then?

JOSEPHINE.

How should w

IDENSTEIN.

The river has o'erflow'd.

JOSEPHINE.

Alas! we have known
That to our sorrow, for these five days; since
It keeps us here.

IDENSTEIN.

But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream, and three postillions' wishes
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post horses
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor creatures! are you sure?

IDENSTEIN.

Yes, of the mor

And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet
We know not if his excellency 's dead

But, what is certain is, that he has swa
Enough of the Oder to have burst two
And now a Saxon and Hungarian trave
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd hi
The whirling river, have sent on to cra
A lodging, or a grave, according as
It may turn out with the live or dead l

JOSEPHINE.

And where will you receive him? here
If we can be of service—say the word.

IDENSTEIN.

Here? no; but in the prince's own apar
As fits a noble guest: 'tis damp, no doi
Not having been inhabited these twelv
But then he comes from a much damp
So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he b
Still liable to cold—and if not, why
He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: ne'e
I have order'd fire and all appliances
To be got ready for the worst—that is.
In case he should survive.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor gentlen
I hope he will, with all my heart.

WERNER.

Int
Have you not learn'd his name? My Jo
[A

ir's upon his epitaph. Methought,
ow you chid me for demanding names?

WERNER.

true, I did so; you say well and wisely.

Enter GABOR.

GABOR.

trude, I crave——

IDENSTEIN.

Oh, no intrusion!
; the palace; this a stranger like
elf; I pray you make yourself at home:
here's his excellency, and how fares he?

GABOR.

and wearily, but out of peril;

His soaking in your river: but for fear
Your viands should be thrown away, I mean
To sup myself, and have a friend without
Who will do honour to your good cheer with
A traveller's appetite.

IDENSTEIN.

But are you sure
His excellency——but his name, what is it?

GABOR.

I do not know.

IDENSTEIN.

And yet you saved his life.

GABOR.

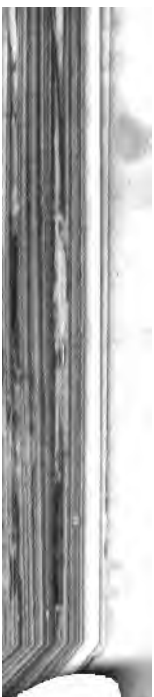
I help'd my friend to do so.

IDENSTEIN.

Well, that's strange,
To save a man's life whom you do not know.

GABOR.

Not so; for there are some I know so well,
I scarce should give myself the trouble.



IDENSTEIN.

Pray,
Good friend, and who may you be?

GABOR.

By my fa
Hungarian.

IDENSTEIN.

Which is call'd?

GABOR.

It matters little.

IDENSTEIN (*aside*).

I think that all the world are grown anonymo
Since no one cares to tell me what he's call'd!
Pray, has his excellency a large suite?

GABOR.

Sufficie

IDENSTEIN.

How many?

GABOR.

I did not count them.
We came up by mere accident, and just
In time to drag him through his carriage wind

IDENSTEIN.

Well, what would I give to save a great man!
No doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as reco

GABOR.

Perhaps.

IDENSTEIN.

Now, how much do you reckon on?

GABOR.

I have not yet put up myself to sale:

which I promise you, in case you e'er
a hazard of being drown'd (although I own
seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you),
I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my friend,
And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,
A wave the less may roll above your head.

IDENSTEIN (*aside*).

I don't much like this fellow—close and dry
He seems, two things which suit me not; however,
Wine he shall have; if that unlocks him not,
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[*Exit* IDENSTEIN.

GABOR (*to* WERNER).

This master of the ceremonies is
The intendant of the palace, I presume.
'Tis a fine building, but decay'd.

WERNER.

The apartment
Design'd for him you rescued will be found
In fitter order for a sickly guest.

GABOR.

I wonder then you occupied it not,
For you seem delicate in health.

WERNER (*quickly*).

Sir!

GABOR.

Pray
Excuse me: have I said aught to offend you?

WERNER.

Nothing: but we are strangers to each other.

GABOR.

And that's the reason I would have us less so:
I thought our bustling guest without had said
You were a chance and passing guest, the cour
Of me and my companions.

WERNER.

Very true.

GABOR.

Then, as we never met before, and never,
It may be, may again encounter, why,
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here
(At least to me) by asking you to share
The fare of my companions and myself.

WERNER.

Pray, pardon me; my health——

GABOR.

Even as you
I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt
In bearing.

WERNER.

I have also served, and can
Requite a soldier's greeting.

GABOR.

In what service?
The Imperial?

first Bohemia raised her banner 'gainst
Austrian.

GABOR.

Well, that's over now, and peace
has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts adrift
To live as they best may; and, to say truth,
Some take the shortest.

WERNER.

What is that?

GABOR.

Whate'er
They lay their hands on. All Silesia and
Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands
Of the late troops, who levy on the country
Their maintenance: the Chatelains must keep
Their castle walls—beyond them 't is but doubtful
Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.
My comfort is that, wander where I may,
I've little left to lose now.

WERNER.

And I—nothing.

GABOR.

That's harder still. You say you were a soldier.

WERNER.

I was.

GABOR.

You look one still. All soldiers are
Or should be comrades, even though enemies.
Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim
(While levell'd) at each other's hearts; but when
A truce, *a peace, or what* you will, remits

The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep
The spark which lights the matchlock, we are bret
You are poor and sickly—I am not rich but health
I want for nothing which I cannot want;
You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[GABOR *pulls out his*

WERNER.

Who
Told you I was a beggar?

GABOR.

You yourself,
In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

WERNER (*looking at him with suspicion*).

You know me not?

GABOR.

I know no man, not even
Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er
Beheld till half an hour since?

WERNER.

Sir, I thank you.
Your offer's noble, were it to a friend,
And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,
Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank yo
I am a beggar in all save his trade,
And when I beg of any one, it shall be
Of him who was the first to offer what
Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.

[*Exit* W

GABOR (*solus*).

A goodly fellow by his looks, though worn,
As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,

Which tear life out of us before our time:
I scarce know which most quickly; but he seems
To have seen better days, as who has not
Who has seen yesterday?—But here approaches
Our sage intendant, with the wine; however,
For the cup's sake, I'll bear the cup-bearer.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

IDENSTEIN.

'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years
Of age—if 't is a day.

GABOR.

Which epoch makes
Young women and old wine, and 'tis great pity
Of two such excellent things, increase of years,
Which still improves the one, should spoil the other.
Fill full—Here's to our hostess—your fair wife.
[*Takes the glass.*

IDENSTEIN.

Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in wine is equal
To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you
Nevertheless.

GABOR.

Is not the lovely woman
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with
An air, and port, and eye, which would have better
Beseem'd this palace in its brightest days
(Though in a garb adapted to its present

IDENSTEIN.

I would she were!
But you're mistaken—that's the stranger's wife.

GABOR.

And by her aspect she might be a prince's:
Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains
Much beauty, and more majesty.

IDENSTEIN.

And that
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,
At least in beauty: as for majesty,
She has some of its properties which might
Be spared—but never mind!

GABOR.

I don't. But who
May be this stranger. He too hath a bearing
Above his outward fortunes.

IDENSTEIN.

There I differ.
He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but
Who he may be, or what, or aught of him,
Except his name (and that I only learn'd
To-night), I know not.

GABOR.

But how came he here?

IDENSTEIN.

In a most miserable old calèche,
About a month since, and immediately
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have di

GABOR.

IDENSTEIN.

Why, what is life
a living? He has not a stiver.

GABOR.

ıse, I much wonder that a person
ıpparent prudence should admit
forlorn into this noble mansion.

IDENSTEIN.

ıe; but pity, as you know, *does* make
rt commit these follies; and besides,
some valuables left at that time,
ıid their way up to the present hour,
thought they might as well be lodged
t the small tavern, and I gave them
›f some of the oldest palace rooms.
ʼed to air them, at the least as long
ould pay for fire-wood.

GABOR.

Poor souls!

IDENSTEIN.

Ay,
g poor.

GABOR.

And yet unused to poverty,
.ke not. Whither were they going?

IDENSTEIN.

ven knows where, unless to heaven itself.
ys ago that look'd the likeliest journey

As destiny, his excellency 's come.
I must be at my post: will you not join me,
To help him from his carriage, and present
Your humble duty at the door?

GABOR.

I dragg'd him
From out that carriage when he would have gi
His barony or county to repel
The rushing river from his gurgling throat.
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof th
Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,
All roaring, « Help!» but offering none; and as
For *duty* (as you call it) I did mine *then,*
Now do *yours.* Hence, and bow and cringe hi

IDENSTEIN.

I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—
Plague take it! he 'll be *here,* and I *not there!*

[*Exit* IDENSTEIN

Re-enter WERNER.

WERNER (*to himself*).

I heard a noise of wheels and voices. How
All sounds now jar me!
(*Perceiving* GABOR). Still here! Is he not
A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer,
So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore
The aspect of a secret enemy;
For friends are slow at such.

GABOR.

You seem rapt,
And yet the time is not akin to thought.
These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron,
Or count (or whatsoe'er this half-drown'd noble
May be), for whom this desolate village, and
Its lone inhabitants, show more respect
Than did the elements, is come.

IDENSTEIN (*without*).

This way—
This way, your excellency:—have a care,
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected
So high a guest—pray take my arm, my lord!

Enter STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, *and Attendants, partly his own, and partly retainers of the domain, of which* IDENSTEIN *is Intendant.*

STRALENHEIM.

I 'll rest me here a moment.

IDENSTEIN (*to the servants*).

Oh! a chair!
Instantly, knaves! [STRALENHEIM *sits down.*

WERNER (*aside*).

'T is he!

STRALENHEIM.

I 'm better now.
Who are these strangers?

WERNER (*aloud and hastily*).
Who says that?
[*They look at him with sur*

IDENSTEIN.
Why, no one spoke *of you*, or *to you!*—but
Here's one his excellency may be pleased
To recognise. [*Pointing to*

GABOR.
I seek not to disturb
His noble memory.

STRALENHEIM.
I apprehend
This is one of the strangers to whose aid
I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?
[*Pointing to*
My state, when I was succour'd, must excuse
My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.

IDENSTEIN.
He!—no, my lord! he rather wants for resc
Than can afford it. 'T is a poor sick man,
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed
From whence he never dream'd to rise.

STRALENHEIM.
M
That there were two.

GABOR.
There were, in com
But, in the service render'd to your lords
I needs must say but one, and he is abs
of whatever aid was ren
Grst.

STRALENHEIM.

Where is he?

AN ATTENDANT.

he tarried in the cottage, where
ellency rested for an hour,
he would be here to-morrow.

STRALENHEIM.

Till
arrives, I can but offer thanks,

GABOR.

I seek no more, and scarce deserve
My comrade may speak for himself.
(*fixing his eyes upon* WERNER, *then aside*).
! and yet he must be look'd to.
years since I beheld him

ru pass ...
rror would spoil all.

IDENSTEIN.

Your lordship seems
ive. Will it not please you to pass on?

STRALENHEIM.

past fatigue which gives my weigh'd-down spirit
utward show of thought. I will to rest.

IDENSTEIN.

prince's chamber is prepared, with all
very furniture the prince used when
here, in its full splendour.

(*Aside*). Somewhat tatter'd,
devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light;
that 's enough for your right noble blood
wenty quarterings upon a hatchment;
... beam 'neath something like one

WERNER.

IDENSTEIN.

-! Lord!—oh, Lord! Why don't you say
r his excellency? Pray,
e this poor man's want of breeding:
ien accustom'd to admission
ence.

TRALENHEIM (*to* IDENSTEIN).

Peace, intendant!

IDENSTEIN.

Oh!

STRALENHEIM (*to* WERNER).

ive you been long here?

WERNER.

Long?

STRALENHEIM.

I sought
t an echo.

WERNER.

You may seek
walls. I am not used to answer
know not.

STRALENHEIM.

Indeed! ne'er the less,
ly with courtesy, to what
dness.

if I could aid you—journeying the same

WERNER (*quickly*).

I am not journeying the same way.

STRALENHEIM.

How

That, ere you know my route?

WERNER.

Because

But one way that the rich and poor must
Together. You diverged from that dread
Some hours ago, and I some days; hence
Our roads must lie asunder, though they
All to one home.

STRALENHEIM.

Your language is above
Your station.

WERNER (*bitterly*).

Is it?

STRALENHEIM.

WERNER.

ich:—Have you none?

STRALENHEIM.

None which can
e stranger.

WERNER.

Then forgive
lown and humble stranger, if
main so to the man
nought in common with him.

STRALENHEIM.

Sir,
our humour, though untoward:
t service—but, good night!
the way!
JABOR). Sir, you will with me?
ALENHEIM *and Attendants,* IDENSTEIN
.

WERNER (coll...)

I deem'd this humble garb, and route obscure,
Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.
What 's to be done? He knows me not by perso
Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehension,
Have recognised *him*, after twenty years,
We met so rarely and so coldly in
Our youth. But those about him! Now I can
Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who,
No doubt, is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim'
To sound and to secure me. Without means!
Sick, poor—begirt too with the flooding rivers,
Impassable even to the wealthy, with
All the appliances which purchase modes
Of overpowering peril with men's lives,—
How can I hope? An hour ago methought
My state beyond despair; and now, 't is such,
The past seems paradise. Another day,
And I 'm detected,—on the very eve
Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,
When a few drops of gold might save me still
In favouring an escape.

Enter IDENSTEIN *and* FRITZ *in conversation*

FRITZ.

Immediately.

IDENSTEIN.

I tell you, 't is impossible.

FRITZ.

It must

IDENSTEIN.

The baron is retired to rest?

FRITZ.

ı thrown himself into an easy chair
he fire, and slumbers; and has order'd
not be disturb'd until eleven,
ıe will take himself to bed.

IDENSTEIN.

Before
is past I 'll do my best to serve him.

FRITZ.

ır! [*Exit* FRITZ.

IDENSTEIN.

The devil take these great men! they
hings made for them. Now here must I
›me half a dozen shivering

IDENSTEIN.

Yes—he 's do
And seems to like that none should sleep besi
Here is a packet for the commandant
Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;
But I must not lose time: good night!

[*Exit*

WERNER.

« To Fr
So, so, it thickens! Ay, « the commandant.»
This tallies well with all the prior steps
Of this cool calculating fiend, who walks
Between me and my father's house. No dou
He writes for a detachment to convey me
Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than
This——

[WERNER *looks around, and snatches*
lying on a table in a recess.

Now I am master of myself at least
Hark!—footsteps! How do I know that Str
Will wait for even the show of that authorit
Which is to overshadow usurpation?
That he suspects me 's certain. I 'm alone;
He with a numerous train. I weak; he stro
In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.
I nameless, or involving in my name
Destruction, till I reach my own domain;
He full blown with his titles, which impose
Still fresh

... will serve me as a den
y for some hours, at the worst.
[WERNER *draws a pannel and exit, closing it after him.*

Enter GABOR *and* JOSEPHINE.

GABOR.

your husband?

JOSEPHINE.

Here, I thought: I left him
ince in his chamber. But these rooms
y outlets, and he may be gone
pany the intendant.

GABOR.

Baron Stralenheim
questions to the intendant on

Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,
Rather than that of him whose life you saved?

GABOR.

I help'd to save him, as in peril; but
I did not pledge myself to serve him in
Oppression. I know well these nobles, and
Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor.
I have proved them; and my spirit boils up when
I find them practising against the weak:—
This is my only motive.

JOSEPHINE.

It would be
Not easy to persuade my consort of
Your good intentions.

GABOR.

Is he so suspicious?

JOSEPHINE.

He was not once; but time and troubles have
Made him what you beheld.

GABOR.

I 'm sorry for it.
Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than protects.
Good night. I trust to meet with him at daybreak.
[*Exit* GAB

Re-enter IDENSTEIN *and some peasants.* JOSEPHIN *retires up the Hall.*

FIRST PEASANT.

But if I 'm drown'd?

IDENSTEIN.

Why, you 'll be well paid for
And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,
I doubt not.

SECOND PEASANT.

But our wives and families?

IDENSTEIN.

Cannot be worse off than they are, and may
Be better.

THIRD PEASANT.

I have neither, and will venture.

IDENSTEIN.

That 's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be
A soldier. I 'll promote you to the ranks
In the prince's body guard—if you succeed;
And you shall have besides in sparkling coin
Two thalers.

THIRD PEASANT.

No more?

IDENSTEIN.

Out upon your avarice!
Is that low vice alloy so much ambition?
I'll thee, fellow, that two thalers in
All change will subdivide into a treasure.
Not five hundred thousand heroes daily
Lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler?
Had you had half the sum?

THIRD PEASANT.

Never—but ne'er

THIRD PEASANT.

No—the prince

And not the stranger's.

IDENSTEIN.

Sirrah! in the prince's
Absence, I 'm sovereign; and the baron is
My intimate connexion;—«Cousin Idenstein!
(Quoth he) you 'll order out a dozen villains.»
And so, you villains! troop—march—march, I say:
And if a single dog's ear of this packet
Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!
For every page of paper, shall a hide
Of yours be stretch'd as parchment on a drum,
Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all
Refractory vassals, who can not effect
Impossibilities—Away, ye earth-worms!

[*Exit, driving them.*

JOSEPHINE (*coming forward*).

I fain would shun these scenes, too oft repeated,

...., but not such
ınd our all-ripe and gushing valleys
rty more cheerful, where each herb
lf a meal, and every vine
t were, the beverage which makes glad
of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun
clouded, and when clouded, leaving
ı behind in memory of his beams),
vorn mantle, and the thin robe, less
han an emperor's jewell'd purple.
e despots of the north appear
e ice-wind of their clime,
shivering vassal through his rags,
ıoul—as the bleak elements
ıd 't is to be amongst these sovereigns
ınts! and such his pride of

Will rescue us fr[illegible]

JOSEPH[illegible]

And how obtain'd?—that knife!

WERNER.

'T is bloodless—*yet.*

Away—we must to our chamber.

JOSEPHINE.

But whence com'st tho

WERNER.

Ask not! but let us think where we shall go—
This—this will make us way (*showing the gold.*)—
I'll fit them now.

JOSEPHINE.

I dare not think thee guilty of dishonour.

WERNER.

Dishonour!

JOSEPHINE.

I have said it.

WERNER.

Let us hence:
[illegible]ust, that we need p

us to our chamber.

JOSEPHINE.

Yet one question—

hast thou *done*?

WERNER. (*fiercely*).

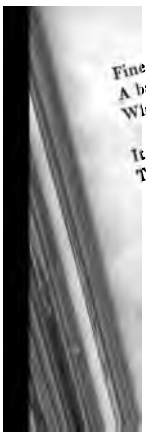
Left one thing *undone*, which

ade all well: let me not think of it!

!

JOSEPHINE.

Alas, that I should doubt of thee! [*Exeunt.*



IDEN[illegible]

Fine doings! goodly doings! honest [illegible]
A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!
Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of.

FRITZ.

It hardly could, unless the rats despoil'd
The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.

IDENSTEIN.

Oh! that I ere should live to see this day!
The honour of our city's gone for ever.

FRITZ.

Well, but now to discover the delinquent:
The baron is determined not to lose
This sum without a search.

IDENSTEIN.

And so am I.

FRITZ.

But whom do you suspect?

IDENSTEIN.

Suspect! all people
[illegible]—above—below—heaven

FRITZ.

Then it must be some one who
Had access to the antechamber.

IDENSTEIN.

Doubtless.

FRITZ.

The man call'd *Werner* 's poor!

IDENSTEIN.

Poor as a miser,
But lodged so far off, in the other wing,
By which there 's no communication with
The baron's chamber, that it can't be he:
Besides, I bade him « good night» in the hall,
Almost a mile off, and which only leads
To his own apartment, about the same time
When this burglarious, larcenous felony
Appears to have been committed.

FRITZ.

There 's another—
The *stranger*—

IDENSTEIN.

The Hungarian?

Not
Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have been
One of the suite?

FRITZ.

How? *We*, Sir!

IDENSTEIN.

No—not y
But some of the inferior knaves. You say
The baron was asleep in the great chair—
The velvet chair—in his embroider'd night-
His toilet spread before him, and upon it
A cabinet with letters, papers, and
Several rouleaux of gold; of which *one* only
Has disappear'd:—the door unbolted, with
No difficult access to any.

FRITZ.

Good sir,
Be not so quick: the honour of the corps,

...ouleau, but have swoop'd all;
he cabinet, if portable.

IDENSTEIN.

is some sense in that——

FRITZ.

No, Sir; be sure
lone of our corps; but some petty, trivial
nd stealer, without art or genius.
' question is—Who else could have
ave the Hungarian and yourself?

IDENSTEIN.

mean me?

FRITZ.

No, sir; I honour more
ts——

IDEN——

At least he shall have [illegible]
Of melting twice its substance in the raisin
The ghost of this rouleau. Here 's alchym
For your lord's losses!

FRITZ.

He hath found a bet

IDENSTEIN.

Where?

FRITZ.

In a most immense inheritance.
The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kir
Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and m
Is on his way to take possession.

IDENSTEIN.

Was the
No heir?

FRITZ.

Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd
Long from the world's eye, and perhaps

IDENSTEIN.

How so?

FRITZ.

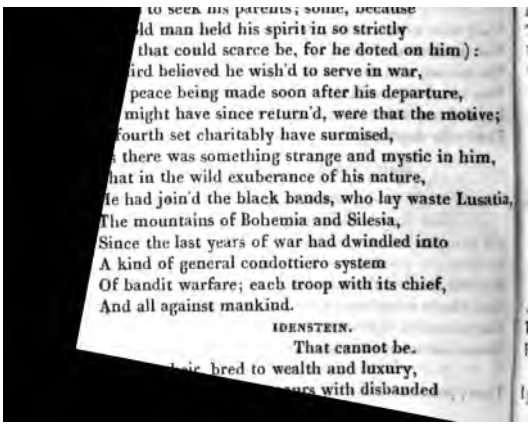
His sire made
imprudent sort of marriage,
ile 's dark-eyed daughter:
o; but no match for such
orfs. The grandsire ill
iance; and could ne'er be brought
hough he took the son.

IDENSTEIN.

'e, he may yet
nd weave a web that may
unravel.

FRITZ.

Why,
'e enough: they say,
ure of his sire


to seek his parents; some, because
ld man held his spirit in so strictly
that could scarce be, for he doted on him):
ird believed he wish'd to serve in war,
peace being made soon after his departure,
might have since return'd, were that the motive;
fourth set charitably have surmised,
there was something strange and mystic in him,
hat in the wild exuberance of his nature,
He had join'd the black bands, who lay waste Lusatia,
The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia,
Since the last years of war had dwindled into
A kind of general condottiero system
Of bandit warfare; each troop with its chief,
And all against mankind.

IDENSTEIN.

That cannot be.

bair, bred to wealth and luxury,
with disbanded

: savage love of enterprise,
y will seek for peril as a pleasure.
rd that nothing can reclaim your Indian,
the tiger, though their infancy
l on milk and honey. After all,
illenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus,
nnier, and your Torstenson and Weimar,
t the same thing upon a grand scale;
v that they are gone, and peace proclaim'd,
ıo would follow the same pastime must
t on their own account. Here comes
ɔn, and the Saxon stranger, who
chief aid in yesterday's escape,
not leave the cottage by the Oder
is morning.

Enter STRALENHEIM *and* ULRIC.

STRALENHEIM.

Since you have refused
pensation, gentle stranger, save
ate thanks, you almost check even them,
me feel the worthlessness of words,
sh at my own barren gratitude,
:m so niggardly, compared with what
urteous courage did in my behalf.

ULRIC.

ou press the theme no further.

WERNER.

ieap more obligations on me, till
w beneath them.

ULRIC.

You shall say so when
im the payment.

STRALENHEIM.

Well, sir, since you will not—
are nobly born?

ULRIC.

I 've heard my kinsmen say so.

STRALENHEIM.

r actions show it. Might I ask your name?

ULRIC.

e.

STRALENHEIM.

Your house's?

ULRIC.

When I 'm worthy of it.
answer you.

STRALENHEIM (*aside*).

Most probably an Austrian,
om these unsettled times forbid to boast
lineage on these wild and dangerous frontiers.
ere the name of his country is abhorr'd.
[*Aloud to* FRITZ *and* IDENSTEIN
sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?

IDENSTEIN.

fferent well, your excellency.

IDENSTEIN.

Humph!—not exactly.

STRALENHEIM.

Or at least su

IDENSTEIN.

Oh! for that matter, very much sus

STRALENHEIM.

Who may he be?

IDENSTEIN.

Why, don't *you* kn

STRALENHEIM.

How should I? I was fast asleep.

IDENSTEIN.

An

Was I, and that 's the cause I know
Than does your excellency.

STRALENHEIM.

Dolt!

IDENSTEIN.

W

Your lordship, being robb'd, don't
The rogue; how should I, not being
The thief among so many? In the
May it please your excellency, your
Exactly like the rest, or rather bett
'T is only at the bar and in the dun
That wise men know your felon by
But I 'll engage, that if seen there b
Whether he be found criminal or
His face shall be so.

STRALENHEIM (*to* FRITZ).

Prithee, Fritz, inform me
hat hath been done to trace the fellow?

FRITZ.

Faith!
r lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

STRALENHEIM.

sides the loss (which, I must own, affects me
st now materially), I needs would find
e villain out of public motives; for
dexterous a spoiler, who could creep
rough my attendants, and so many peopled
d lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch
e gold before my scarce closed eyes, would soon
ave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

IDENSTEIN.

True;
there were aught to carry off, my lord.

ULRIC.

at is all this?

STRALENHEIM.

You join'd us but this morning,
d have not heard that I was robb'd last night.

ULRIC.

me rumour of it reach'd me as I pass'd
e outer chambers of the palace, but
now no further.

STRALENHEIM.

Upon it [illegible]
Though in part only): [illegible]
Contrived to glide through all my own [illegible]
Besides those of the place, and bore away
An hundred golden ducats, which to find
I would be fain, and there 's an end; perhaps
You (as I still am rather faint), would add
To yesterday's great obligation, this,
Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these me
(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

ULRIC.

Most willingly, and without loss of time—
(*To* IDENSTEIN). Come hither, Mynheer!

IDENSTEIN.

Right little speed, and— But so much

ULRIC.

Standing motio

None; so let 's march, we 'll talk as we

STRALENHEIM.

take you old ass with you.

FRITZ.

Hence!

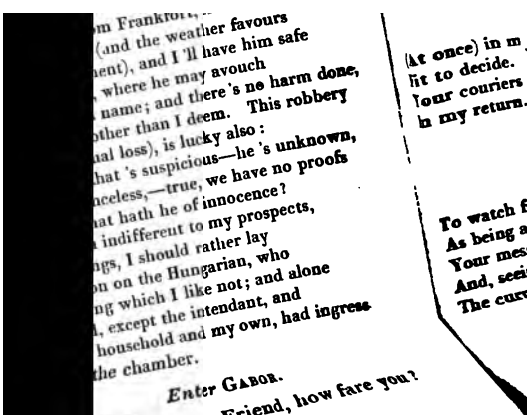
ULRIC.

ld oracle, expound thy riddle!

[*Exit with* IDENSTEIN *and* FRITZ.

STRALENHEIM (*solus*).

ictive, soldier-looking stripling,
is Hercules ere his first labour,
brow of thought beyond his years
ose, till his eye kindles up
yours. I wish I could engage him;
of some such spirits near me now,
ritance is worth a struggle.
I am not the man



GABOR.

I heard
Of your late loss: but 't is a trifle to
One of your order.

STRALENHEIM.

You would hardly think so
Were the loss yours.

GABOR.

I never had so much
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not
Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.
Your couriers are turn'd back—I have outstript them,
In my return.

STRALENHEIM.

You!—Why?

GABOR.

I went at day-break,
To watch for the abatement of the river,
Not being anxious to resume my journey.
Your messengers were all check'd like myself;
And, seeing the case hopeless, I await
The current's pleasure.

STRALENHEIM.

Would the dogs were in it!

Why did they not, at least, attempt the passag
I order'd this at all risks.

GABOR.

Could you order
The Oder to divide, as Moses did
The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood
Of the swoln stream), and be obey'd, perhaps
They might have ventured.

STRALENHEIM.

I must see to it:
The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall smart
[*Exit* STRA

GABOR (*solus*).

There goes my noble, feudal, self-will'd baron
Epitome of what brave chivalry
The preux chevaliers of the good old times
Have left us. Yesterday he would have given
His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,
His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air
As would have filled a bladder, while he lay
Gurgling and foaming half way through the v
Of his o'erset and water-logg'd conveyance;
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches
Because they love their lives too! Yet he 's ri
'T is strange they should, when such as he
them
To hazard at his pleasure. Oh! thou world!
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest! [*Ex*

ULRIC.

JOSEPHINE.

k, and let me look on thee again!
—my beloved!—can it be—
ve years?

ULRIC.

My dearest mother!

JOSEPHINE.

realized—how beautiful— Yes!
ıan all I sigh'd for! Heaven receive
ıanks!—a mother's tears of joy!
l thy work!—At such an hour, too,
only as a son but saviour.

ULRIC.

ait me, it must double
el, and lighten, from my heart,
ong debt of duty, not
t was ne'er withheld)—for—

JOSEPHINE.

No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

WERNER.

A stripling,

For the first time——

ULRIC (*kneeling*).

For twelve long years, my fatl

WERNER.

Oh, God!

JOSEPHINE.

He faints!

WERNER.

No—I am better now—

Ulric! (*Embraces him.*)

ULRIC.

My father, Siegendorf!

WERNER (*starting*).

Hush! boy—

should have been, and was not. Josephine!
Sure 't is no father's fondness dazzles me;
But had I seen that form amid ten thousand
Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen
This for my son!

ULRIC.

And yet you knew me not!

WERNER.

Alas! I have had that upon my soul
Which makes me look on all men with an eye
That only knows the evil at first glance.

ULRIC.

My memory served me far more fondly: I
Have not forgotten aught; and ofttimes in
The proud and princely halls of—(I 'll not name them,
As you say that 't is perilous), but i' the pomp
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
And wept to see another day go down
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.
They shall not part us more.

WERNER.

I know not that.
Are you aware my father is no more?

ULRIC.

Oh heavens! I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him. 'T was scarce three months since

Is he not *here?*

WERNER.

True; he hath sought his parents,
And found them; but, oh! *how*, and in what stat

ULRIC.

All shall be better'd. What we have to do
Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,
Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless
Your father has disposed in such a sort
Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremos
So that I must prefer my claim for form:
But I trust better, and that all is yours.

WERNER.

Have you not heard of Stralenheim?

ULRIC.

I saved
His life but yesterday: he 's here.

WERNER.

You saved

…, but his titles …y
amed before me—and what then?
t yield to ours.

WERNER.

Ay, if at Prague:
ll powerful: and has spread
ather, which, if hitherto
them, is by fortune, not

ULRIC.

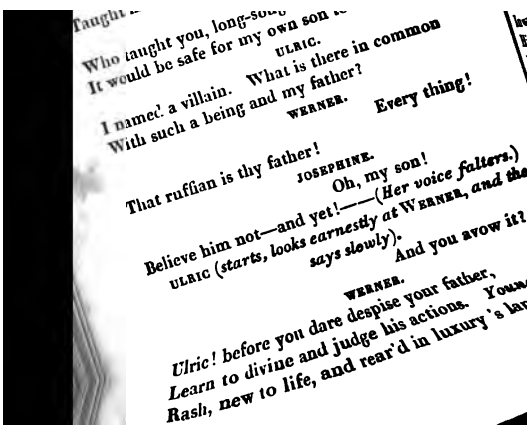
ie personally know you?

WERNER.

s shrewdly at my person,
night; and I, perhaps,
rary liberty

ULRIC.

think you wrong him
hrase); but Stral…



Taught
Who taught you, long-sou
It would be safe for my own son
ULRIC.
I named a villain. What is there in common
With such a being and my father?
WERNER. Every thing!
That ruffian is thy father!
JOSEPHINE. Oh, my son!
Believe him not—and yet!——(*Her voice falters.*)
ULRIC (*starts, looks earnestly at* WERNER, *and the*
says slowly).
And you avow it?
WERNER.
Ulric! before you dare despise your father,
Learn to divine and judge his actions. You
Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap

...ants of your cabin;
...u poverty your guests at table;
our bed-fellow—then rise, but not
:p, and judge! Should that day e'er arrive—
)u see then the serpent, who hath coil'd
round all that is dear and noble
id yours, lie slumbering in your path,
his folds between your steps and happiness,
who lives but to tear from you name,
itself, lies at your mercy, with
ır conductor; midnight for your mantle;
iife in your hand, and earth asleep,
r deadliest foe; and he as 't were
th, by looking like it, while
)ne can save you:—Thank your God!
me, content with petty plunder

From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse—
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
He was within my power—my knife was raised—
Withdrawn—and I 'm in his: are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you *not*? Who says
He hath not lured you here to end you? or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon?
[*He pauses.*

ULRIC.

Proceed—proceed!

WERNER.

Me he hath ever known,
And hunted through each change of time—name—
fortune—
And why not *you*? Are you more versed in men?
He wound snares round me; flung along my path
Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd
Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,
Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be
More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are crimes
Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
Which nature cannot master or forbear.

ULRIC (*looks first at him, and then at* JOSEPHINE).
My mother!

WERNER.

ULRIC.

But stay!

[WERNER *rushes out of the chamber.*

JOSEPHINE (*to* ULRIC).

ow him not, until this storm of passion
atch. Think 'st thou that were it well for him
had not follow'd?

ULRIC.

I obey you, mother,
lthough reluctantly. My first act shall not
e one of disobedience.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh! he is good!
ondemn him not from his own mouth, but trust
o me who have borne so much with him, and for him,
hat this is but the surface of his soul,
nd that the depth is rich in better things.

ULRIC.

hese then are but my father's principles?
y mother thinks not with him?

JOSEPHINE.

Nor doth he
hink as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief
ave made him sometimes thus.

ULRIC.

Explain to me
lore clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim,
hat—when I see the subject in its bearings

ch an intend...

GABOR.

Do not think

ou so much as save your throat

venstone,[1] by choking you myself.

DENSTEIN.

for the respite; but there are

have greater need of it than me.

ULRIC.

this vile wrangling, or—

GABOR.

At once, then,

...nstein," is the stone gibbet of Ge...

...ng on it.

baron has been robb'd, and upon me
worthy personage has deign'd to fix
kind suspicions—me! whom he ne'er saw
yester' evening.

IDENSTEIN.

Wouldst have me suspect
own acquaintances? You have to learn
: I keep better company.

GABOR.

You shall
p the best shortly, and the last for all men—
worms! you hound of malice!

[GABOR *seizes on him.*

ULRIC (*interfering*).

Nay, no violence:
d old, unarm'd—be temperate, Gabor!

GABOR (*letting go* IDENSTEIN).

True:
a fool to lose myself because
s deem me knave: it is their homage.

ULRIC (*to* IDENSTEIN).

How
you?

IDENSTEIN.

Help!

ULRIC.

I have help'd you.

IDENSTEIN.

Kill him! them

GABOR.

I am calm—live on!

IDENSTEIN.

That 's mo
Than you shall do, it there be judge or jud
In Germany. The baron shall decide!

GABOR.

Does *he* abet you in your accusation?

IDENSTEIN.

Does he not?

GABOR.

Then next time let him go sil
Ere I go hang for snatching him from dro
But here he comes!

Enter STRALENHEIM.

GABOR (*goes up to him*).

My noble lord, I 'm he

STRALENHEIM.

Well, sir!

GABOR.

Have you aught with me?

STRALENHEIM.

What
Have with you?

GABOR.

You know best, if yesterd
Flood has not wash'd away your memory
But that 's a trifle. I stand here accused

WERNER.

Intendant, of the pillage of your person,
Or chamber—is the charge your own, or his?

STRALENHEIM.

I accuse no man.

GABOR.

Then you acquit me, baron?

STRALENHEIM.

I know not whom to accuse, or to acquit,
Or scarcely to suspect.

GABOR.

But you at least
Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am insulted—
Oppress'd here by these menials, and I look
To you for remedy—teach them their duty!
To look for thieves at home were part of it,
If duly taught: but, in one word, if I
Have an accuser, let it be a man
Worthy to be so of a man like me.
I am your equal.

STRALENHEIM.

You!

GABOR.

Ay, sir; and for
ught that you know, superior; but proceed—
lo not ask for hints, and surmises,
d circumstance, and proofs; I know enough
what I have done for you, and what you owe me,
have at *least waited* your payment rather
paid myself, had I been eager of
gold. *I also know*

Such as would leave your scutcheon
But this is nothing; I demand of you
Justice upon your unjust servants, ar
From your own lips a disavowal of
All sanction of their insolence: thus
You owe to the unknown, who asks
And never thought to have ask'd so r

STRALENHEIM.

May be of innocence.

GABOR.

'S death! who c
Except such villains as ne'er had it?

STRALENHEIM.

Y
Are hot, sir.

GABOR.

Must I turn an icicle
Before the breath of menials, and th

STRALENHEIM.

Ulric! you know this man; I found l
Your company.

GABOR.

We found *you* in the
Would we had left you there!

STRALENHEIM.

I giv

GABOR.

I 've earn'd them; but might have earn'd more from others,
Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.

STRALENHEIM.

Ulric! you know this man?

GABOR.

No more than you do,
If he avouches not my honour.

ULRIC.

I
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my
Own brief connexion led me, honour.

STRALENHEIM.

Then
I 'm satisfied.

GABOR (*ironically*).

Right easily, methinks.
What is the spell in his asseveration
More than in mine?

STRALENHEIM.

I merely said that *I*
Was satisfied—not that you were absolved.

GABOR.

Again! Am I accused or no?

STRALENHEIM.

Go to!
You wax too insolent: if circumstance
And general suspicion be against you,
Is the fault mine? Is 't not enough that I

My lord, my ...
A vile equivocation: you well ...
Your doubts are certainties to all around y
Your looks, a voice—your frowns, a senten
Are practising your power on me—because
You have it; but beware, you know not wh
You strive to tread on.

STRALENHEIM.

Threat'st thou?

GABOR.

Not
As you accuse. You hint the basest injur
And I retort it with an open warning.

STRALENHEIM.

As you have said, 't is true I owe you son
For which you seem disposed to pay you

GABOR.

Not with your gold.

STRALENHEIM.

With bootless insol

GABOR.

Oppose me? Who shall

ULRIC.

Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.

GABOR.

Must I bear this?

ULRIC.

Pshaw! we all must bear
ıe arrogance of something higher than
ırselves—the highest cannot temper Satan,
r the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.
e seen you brave the elements, and bear
ngs which had made this silk-worm cast his skin—
! shrink you from a few sharp sneers and words?

GABOR.

: I bear to be deem'd a thief? If 't were
ndit of the woods, I could have borne it—
: 's something daring in it—but to steal
nonies of a slumbering man!—

ULRIC.

e *not* guilty? It seems, then,

GABOR.

)! Do I hear aright?

ULRIC.

I merely ask'd a sim-

GABOR.

If the judge ask'd me—I would answer "No"—
To you I answer *thus*. [*He*

ULRIC (*drawing*).

With all my heart!

JOSEPHINE.

Without there! Ho! help! help!—Oh, God! here's
[*Exit* JOSEPHINE, *sh*

GABOR *and* ULRIC *fight.* GABOR *is disarmed*
STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE, IDENSTEIN, *etc. re-e*

JOSEPHINE.

Oh! glorious Heaven! he's safe!

STRALENHEIM (*to* JOSEPHINE).

Who 's safe?

JOSEPHINE.

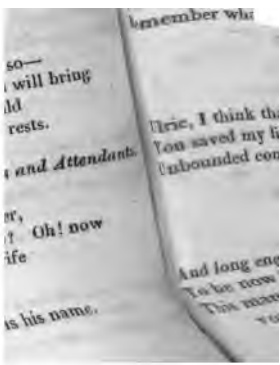
ULRIC (*interrupting her with a stern look, and afterwards to* STRALENHEIM).

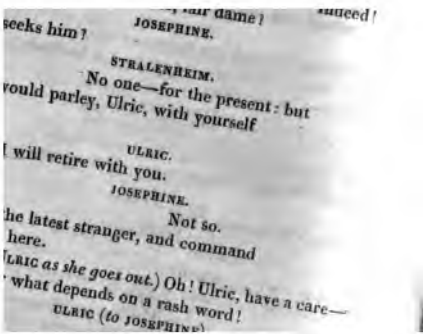
STRALENHEIM.

ls must end here. These

GABOR (*taking his sword*).

They *shall*. You have wrong'd me, Ulric,
with your unkind thoughts than sword; I would
st were in my bosom rather than
st in yours. I could have borne yon noble's
insinuations—Ignorance
ll suspicion are a part of his
ill last him longer than his lands.—
y fit *him* yet:—you have vanquish'd me.
fool of passion to conceive
uld cope with you whom I had seen
roved by greater perils than
is arm. We ma...





fair dame? indeed!
seeks him?

JOSEPHINE.

STRALENHEIM.

No one—for the present: but
would parley, Ulric, with yourself

ULRIC.

I will retire with you.

JOSEPHINE.

Not so.
he latest stranger, and command
here.
(ULRIC *as she goes out.*) Oh! Ulric, have a care—
what depends on a rash word!

ULRIC (*to* JOSEPHINE)

ULRIC.

Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

STRALENHEIM.

No—this «Werner»—
With the false name and habit.

ULRIC.

How can this be?
He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow
Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:
The man is helpless.

STRALENHEIM.

He is—'t is no matter—
But if he be the man I deem (and that
He is so, all around us here—and much
That is not here—confirm my apprehension),
He must be made secure, ere twelve hours further.

ULRIC.

And what have I to do with this?

STRALENHEIM.

I have sent
To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend—
(I have the authority to do so by
An order of the house of Brandenburgh)
For a fit escort—but this cursed flood
Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

ULRIC.

It is abating.

STRALENHEIM.

That is well.

ULRIC.

But how
Am I concern'd?

STRALENHEIM.

As one who did so much
For me, you cannot be indifferent to
That which is of more import to me than
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on *him!*
The man avoids me, knows that I now know him.—
Watch him!—as you would watch the wild boar when
He makes against you in the hunter's gap—
Like him he must be spear'd.

ULRIC.

Why so?

STRALENHEIM.

He stands
Between me and a brave inheritance.
Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

ULRIC.

I hope so.

STRALENHEIM.

It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,
Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near
The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword
Have skimm'd it lightly: so that now, besides
Its own exuberance, it bears double value
From fronted with whole realms afar and near
Wide deserts.

ULRIC.

You describe it faithfully.

As I have said, you shall.

ULRIC.

I accept the omen.

STRALENHEIM.

Then claim a recompense from it and me,
Such as *both* may make worthy your acceptance
And services to me and mine for ever.

ULRIC.

And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—
This way-worn stranger—stands between you and
This paradise?—(As Adam did between
The devil and his.)—[*Aside.*]

STRALENHEIM.

He doth.

ULRIC.

Hath he no right?

STRALENHEIM.

Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,
[illegible]enty years disgraced his lineage
[illegible]

ULRIC.

Is she not so?

STRALENHEIM.

No more
an he 's your father:—an Italian girl,
ne daughter of a banish'd man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

ULRIC.

They are childless, then?

STRALENHEIM.

There is or was a bastard,
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age
Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom,
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled,
No one knows whither; and if he had not,
His claims alone were too contemptible
To stand.——Why do you smile?

ULRIC.

At your vain fears:
A poor man almost in his grasp—a child
Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

STRALENHEIM.

All 's to be fear'd, where all is to be gain'd.

ULRIC.

Time, and aught done to save or to obtain it

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the secr Passage leads.

Enter WERNER *and* GABOR.

GABOR.

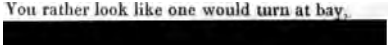
Sir, I have told my tale; if it so please you
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—
If not—I 'll try my fortune elsewhere.

WERNER.

How
Can I, so wretched, give to misery
A shelter?—wanting such myself as much
As e'er the hunted deer a covert——

GABOR.

Or
The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks
You rather look like one would turn at bay.



WERNER (*abruptly*).

Who told you that I was disgraced?

GABOR.

ne; nor did I say *you* were so: with-
r poverty my likeness ended; but
d *I* was so—and would add, with truth,
ndeservedly as *you*.

WERNER.

Again!

GABOR.

Or any other honest man.
the devil would you have? You don't believe me
of this base theft?

WERNER

GABOR.

You 're right; I ask for shelter at the
Which I call helpless; if you now den
I were well paid. But you, who seem
The wholesome bitterness of life, kno
By sympathy, that all the outspread g
Of the New World, the Spaniard boas
Could never tempt the man who knov
Weigh'd at its proper value in the bal
Save in such guise (and there I grant i
Because I feel it) as may leave no nigh
Upon his heart o' nights.

WERNER.

What do you

GABOR.

Just what I say; I thought my speech
You are no thief—nor I—and, as true
Should aid each other.

WERNER.

It is a damn'd

GABOR.

So is the nearest of the two next, as
The priests say (and no doubt they sh
Therefore I 'll stick by this—as being
To suffer martyrdom, at least with su
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.

GABOR.
There was

WERNER.
en we may be safe.

GABOR.
Are you

WERNER.
rty is ever so.

GABOR.
by long practice. Will you not
nake mine less?

WERNER.
Your poverty?

GABOR.
lon't look a leech for that disorder;
y peril only: you 've a roof,
e none; I merely seek a covert.

WERNER.
for how should such a wretch a l
ld?

GABOR.
Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,
gh I almost wish you had the baron's.

WERNER.

WERNER.

Are yo

To whom you speak?

GABOR.

No; and I a

Greatly to care. (*A noise heard* v

they come!

WERNER.

Who come?

GABOR.

The intendant and his man-hound

I 'd face them—but it were in vai

Justice at hands like theirs. Whe

But show me any place. I do ass

If there be faith in man, I am mos

Think if it were your own case!

WERNER (*aside*

O

Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I d

GABOR.

I see you 're moved; and it shows

I may live to requite it.

WERNER.

Are you n

A spy of Stralenheim's?

GABOR.

Not I! and

I were, what is there to espy in yo

Although I recollect his frequent q

About you and your spouse, mich

GABOR.

After such
atment for the service which in part
der'd him—I am his enemy;
u are not his friend, you will assist me.

WERNER.

GABOR.

But how?

WERNER (*showing the pannel*).

There is a secret spring;
nber, I discover'd it by chance,
sed it but for safety.

GABOR.

Open it,

How should I make my way in darkness, thro
A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings?

WERNER.

Yes, but who knows to what place it may lea
I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it m
Lead even into the chambers of your foe?
So strangely were contrived these galleries
By our Teutonic fathers in old days,
When man built less against the elements
Than his next neighbour. You must not adv
Beyond the two first windings; if you do
(Albeit I never pass'd them), I 'll not answer
For what you may be led to.

GABOR.

But I will.

A thousand thanks!

WERNER.

You 'll find the spring mo
On the other side; and, when you would retu
It yields to the least touch.

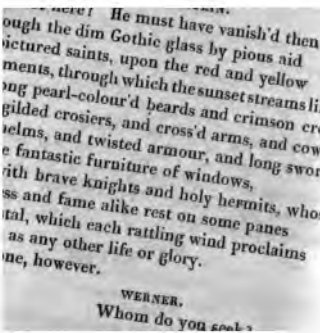
GABOR.

I 'll in—farewell!

[GABOR *goes in by the secr*

WERNER (*solus*).

What have I done? Alas! what *had* I done



He must have vanish'd then
ough the dim Gothic glass by pious aid
ictured saints, upon the red and yellow
ments, through which the sunset streams like sunrise
ng pearl-colour'd beards and crimson crosses,
gilded crosiers, and cross'd arms, and cowls,
elms, and twisted armour, and long swords,
e fantastic furniture of windows,
ith brave knights and holy hermits, whose
ss and fame alike rest on some panes
tal, which each rattling wind proclaims
as any other life or glory.
ne, however.

WERNER.

Whom do you seek?

WERNER.

Who?

IDENSTEIN.

He we sought.

WERNER.

You see he is not here.

IDENSTEIN.

And yet we traced him
Up to this hall: are you accomplices,
Or deal you in the black art?

WERNER.

I deal plainly,
To many men the blackest.

IDENSTEIN.

It may be
I have a question or two for yourself
Hereafter; but we must continue now
Our search for t' other.

WERNER.

You had best begin
Your inquisition now; I may not be
So patient always.

IDENSTEIN.

I should like to know,
In good sooth, if you really are the man
That Stralenheim 's in quest of?

WERNER.

Insolent!

—y boys! we are at fault. But, come!

[*Exit* IDENSTEIN *and Attendants.*

WERNER.

In what
hath my dim destiny involved me!
base sin hath done me less ill than
ng undone one far greater. Down,
y devil! rising in my heart!
oo late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter ULRIC.

ULRIC.

u, father.

WERNER.

Is 't not dangerous?

ULRIC.

eim is ignorant of ...

Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf rust
In the same thicket where he hew'd for bread:
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so;
We 'll overfly, or rend them.

WERNER.

Show me how?

ULRIC.

Can you not guess?

WERNER.

I cannot.

ULRIC.

That is strange.
Came the thought ne'er into your mind *last night*

WERNER.

I understand you not.

ULRIC.

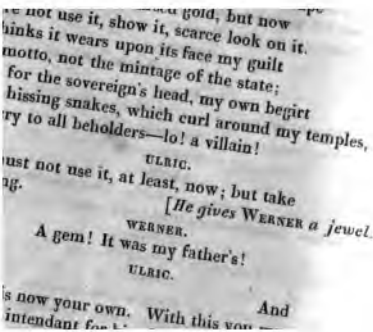
Then we shall never
More understand each other. But to change
The topic——

WERNER.

You mean, to *pursue* it, as
'T is of our safety.

ULRIC.

Right; I stand corrected.
I see the subject now more clearly, and
Our general situation in its bearings



e not use it, show it, scarce look on it.
hinks it wears upon its face my guilt
motto, not the mintage of the state;
for the sovereign's head, my own begirt
hissing snakes, which curl around my temples,
ry to all beholders—lo! a villain!

ULRIC.

ust not use it, at least, now; but take
ng.

[*He gives* WERNER *a jewel.*

WERNER.

A gem! It was my father's!

ULRIC.

s now your own. With this you
intendant for

Is not impassable; and when you gain,
A few hours' start, the difficulties will be
The same to your pursuers. Once beyond
The frontier, and you're safe.

WERNER.

My noble boy!

ULRIC.

Hush! hush! no transports: we'll indulge in th
In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold:
Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,
And have look'd through him): it will answer
A double purpose. Stralenheim lost *gold*—
No jewel: therefore, it could *not* be his;
And then, the man who was possess'd of this
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting
The baron's coin, when he could thus convert
This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost
By his last night's slumber. Be not over timi
In your address, nor yet too arrogant,
And Idenstein will serve you.

WERNER.

I will follow
In all things your direction.

ULRIC.

I would have

This overpays the past. But how wilt thou
Fare in our absence?

ULRIC.

Stralenheim knows nothing
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.
I will but wait a day or two with him
To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

WERNER.

To part no more!

ULRIC.

I know not that; but at
The least we'll meet again once more.

WERNER.

My boy!
My friend—my only child, and sole preserver!
Oh, do not hate me!

ULRIC.

Hate my father!

WERNER.

Ay,
My father hated me: why not my son?

ULRIC.

Your father knew you not as I do.

WERNER.

Scorpions
Are in thy words! Thou know me? In this guise
Thou canst not know me. I am not myself

In the mean time be sure that all a son
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

WERNER.

I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel
Further—that you despise me.

ULRIC.

Wherefore should I

WERNER.

Must I repeat my humiliation?

ULRIC.

No!
I have fathom'd it and you. But let us talk
Of this no more. Or if it must be ever,
Not *now*; your error has redoubled all
The present difficulties of our house,
At secret war with that of Stralenheim;
All we have now to think of, is to baffle
Him. I have shown *one* way.

WERNER.

The only one,
And I embrace it, as I did my son,
Who show'd *himself* and father's *safety* in
One day.

ULRIC.

You *shall* be safe: let that suffice.

ord of many meanings; in the veins
l out of them it is a different thing—
l so it should be, when the same in blood
it is call'd) are aliens to each other,
e Theban brethren: when a part is bad,
w spilt ounces purify the rest.

WERNER.

not apprehend you.

ULRIC.

That may be—
should, perhaps,—and yet—but get ye ready;
and my mother must away to-night.
comes the intendant; sound him with the gem,
ll sink into his venal soul like lead
the deep, and bring up slime, and mud,
ooze, too, from the

WERNER.

Accursed
Be he, who is the stifling cause, which smothers
The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts,
At such an hour too!

ULRIC.

Yes, curse—it will ease you!

Here is the Intendant.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Master Idenstein,
How fare you in your purpose? Have you caught
The rogue?

IDENSTEIN.

No, faith!

ULRIC.

Well, there are plenty more:
You may have better luck another chase.
Where is the baron?

IDENSTEIN.

Gone back to his chamber:
And now I think on't, asking after you
With nobly-born impatience.

ULRIC.

Your great men
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:
'Tis well they have horses, too; for if they had not,
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.

r Bohemian, 'tis the same,
pass by both names. And was he one?

ULRIC.

l so; but I must take leave. Intendant,
ant!—Werner (*to* WERNER, *slightly*), if that
be your name,

[*Exit* ULRIC.

IDENSTEIN.

well-spoken, pretty faced young man!
ly behaved! He knows his station,
r: how he gave to each his due
!

WERNER.

I perceived it, and applaud
cernment and your own.

IDENSTEIN.

Mine!—Name it!

WERNER.

That hereafter you pe
At thrice its value to redeem it; 't is
A family ring.

IDENSTEIN.

A family! *yours!* a gem!
I 'm breathless!

WERNER.

You must also furnish me,
An hour ere daybreak, with all means to
This place.

IDENSTEIN.

But is it real? let me look
Diamond, by all that 's glorious!

WERNER.

Come,
You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was b
My present seeming.

IDENSTEIN.

I can 't say I did,
Though this looks like it; this is the tru
Of gentle blood!

WERNER.

I have important rea
For wishing to continue privily
My journey hence.

conduct
embarrassment to me just now,
the baron's self hereafter—'t is
re both, that I would avoid all bustle.

IDENSTEIN.

the man or no, 'tis not my business:
I never should obtain the half
is proud, niggardly noble, who would raise
try for some missing bits of coin,
r offer a precise reward—
Another look!

WERNER.

Gaze on it freely;
wn it is yours.

IDENSTEIN.

Oh, thou sweet
than stone

Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?

WERNER.

Call me Werner still,
You may yet know me by a loftier title.

IDENSTEIN.

I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit
Of whom I long have dream'd, in a low garb.—
But come, I 'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
As air, despite the waters: let us hence,
I 'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!)
Thou shalt be furnished, Werner, with such means
Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds
Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze again!
I have a foster-brother in the mart
Of Hamburg, skill'd in precious stones—how many
Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will wing

[*Exe*

SCENE II.

STRALENHEIM'S *Chamber*.

STRALENHEIM *and* FRITZ.

FRITZ.

All 's ready, my good lord!

— and heaven, like envy between man
an, an everlasting mist;—I will
ıy pillow.

FRITZ.

May you rest there well!

STRALENHEIM.

ıd fear, I shall.

FRITZ.

And wherefore fear?

STRALENHEIM.

ɔt why, and therefore do fear more,
ɑ undescribable——but 'tis
Were the locks (as I desired)
ɔ-day, of this chamber? for last night's
makes it needful.

FRITZ.

Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside
The roaring torrent, and restored me to
Thank him—and despise you. « *You think!*» and sca
Can recollect his name! I will not waste
More words on you. Call me betimes.

FRITZ.

Good night
I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship
To renovated strength and temper.

[*The scene*

SCENE III.

The secret Passage.

GABOR, *solus.*

Four—
Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
Of outposts, on the never-merry clock:
That hollow tongue of time, which, even whe
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjo
With every clang. 'T is a perpetual knell,
Though for a marriage feast it rings: each s
Peals of a hope the less; the funeral note
Of love deep-buried without resurrection
In the grave of possession; while the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple time in the son's ear.
I 'm cold—
I 'm dark—I 've blown my fingers—numb
And o'er my steps—and knock'd my he

Some fifty buttresses—and roused the rats
And bats in general insurrection, till
Their cursed pattering feet and whirring wings
Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.
A light! It is at distance (if I can
Measure in darkness distance); but it blinks
As through a crevice or a key-hole, in
The inhibited direction; I must on,
Nevertheless, from curiosity.
A distant lamp-light is an incident
In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me
To nothing that may tempt me! Else Heaven aid me
To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!
Were it the star of Lucifer himself,
Or he himself girt with its beams, I could
Contain no longer. Softly! mighty well!
That corner 's turn'd—so—ah! no; right! it draws
Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so,
That 's weather'd.—Let me pause.—Suppose it leads
Into some greater danger than that which
I have escaped?—no matter, 't is a new one;
And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,
Wear more magnetic aspects: I will on,
And be it where it may—I have my dagger,
Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn still,
Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis fatuus*!
Will o' the wisp!—So! so!

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter WERNER.

I could not sleep—and now the hour 's at hand;
All 's ready. Idenstein has kept his word:
And, station'd in the outskirts of the town,
Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle
Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin
To pale in heaven; and for the last time I
Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never
Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,
But not dishonour'd: and I leave them with
A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in
My heart! A never-dying canker-worm,
Which all the coming splendour of the lands,
And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf,
Can scarcely lull a moment: I must find
Some means of restitution, which would ease
My soul in part; but how, without discovery?—
It must be done, however; and I 'll pause
Upon the method the first hour of safety.
The madness of my misery led to this
Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:

...come now! this filial—— ... welcome! ...ace.

ULRIC.

...oach, tell me—— Stop! before

WERNER.

Why look you so?

ULRIC.

...r father, or—— Do I

WERNER.

What?

ULRIC.

An assassin?

WERNER.

...solent!

ULRIC.

WERNER.

ULRIC.

You not t'*his* night (as the night before)
trace the secret passage? Did you not
gain revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and—

[ULRIC pau

WERNER.

Proceed.

ULRIC.

Died he not by your hand?

WERNER. Great God!

ULRIC.

You are innocent, then! my father 's innocent!
Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look—yes, y
Yet *say* so!

WERNER.

If I e'er, in heart or mind,
Conceived deliberately such a thought,
But rather strove to trample back to hell
Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment u
The irritation of my oppress'd spirit—
May Heaven be shut for ever from my hopes
As from mine eyes!

ULRIC.

But Stralenheim is dead.

WERNER.

'T is horrible! 't is hideous, as 't is hateful!
But what have I to do with this?

ULRIC.

No bolt

WERNER.

Oh, my boy! what unknown woes
ıtality, like clouds, are gathering
: house!

ULRIC.

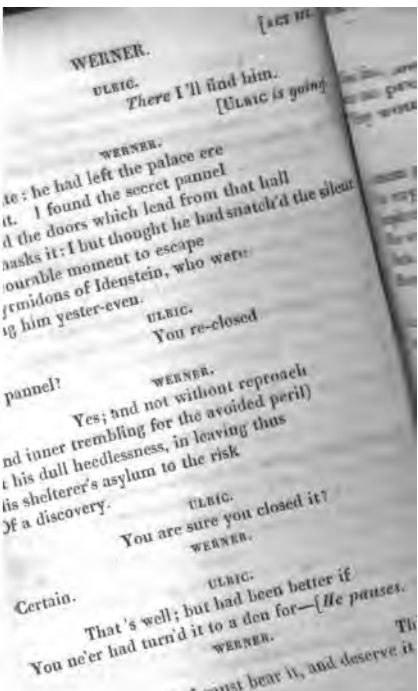
My father, I acquit you!
ıe world do so? Will even the judge,
you must away this instant.

WERNER.

No!
Who shall dare suspect me?

ULRIC.

Yet
› guests—*no* visitors—no life
ıround you. save my mother's?



WERNER. [ACT III.

ULRIC.
There I'll find him.
[ULRIC *is going*

WERNER.
te: he had left the palace ere
t. I found the secret pannel
d the doors which lead from that hall
nasks it: I but thought he had snatch'd the silent
ourable moment to escape
rmidons of Idenstein, who were
g him yester-even.

ULRIC.
You re-closed

pannel?

WERNER.
Yes; and not without reproach
nd inner trembling for the avoided peril)
his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus
lis shelterer's asylum to the risk
)f a discovery.

ULRIC.
You are sure you closed it?

WERNER.
Certain.

ULRIC.
That's well; but had been better if
You ne'er had turn'd it to a den for—[*He pauses.*

WERNER.
. I must bear it, and deserve it

WERNER.

Could I shun it?
.rsued by my chief foe; disgraced
wn crime; a victim to *my* safety,
a few hours' concealment from
vretch who was the cause he needed
ge. Had he been a wolf, I could not
ich circumstances, thrust him forth.

ULRIC.

ıe wolf he hath repaid you. But
:e to ponder this: you must
dawn. I will remain here to
he murderer, if 'tis possible.

WERNER.

ſ sudden flight will give the Moloch
two new victims, in the lion

WERNER.

Boy! since I fell into
ıe abyss of crime (though not of *such* crime), I
aving seen the innocent oppress'd for me,
lay doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart
s free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse
Appearances; and views a criminal
In innocence's shadow, it may be,
Because 't is dusky.

ULRIC.

And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I 'll make all easy. Idenstein
Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold
His peace—he also is a partner in
Your flight—moreover—

WERNER.

Fly! and leave my nam
Link'd with the Hungarian's, or preferr'd, as poor
To bear the brand of bloodshed?

ULRIC.

Pshaw! leave a
Except our fathers' sovereignty and castles,
For which you have so long panted and in vai
What *name*? You leave *no name*, since that y
Is feign'd.

WERNER.

Most true; but still I would not l

is rolly shall have such employment,
the unknown Werner shall give way
thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er
h'd this village) are all in abeyance
late general war of thirty years,
l, or rising slowly from the dust,
the march of armies trampled them.
m, although noble, is unheeded
as *such*—without lands, influence,
hath perish'd with him; few prolong
yond their funeral rites their sway
unless by relatives, whose interest
such is not here the case; he died
nown,—a solitary grave,
his deserts, without a scutcheon,
have, or wants. If *I* discover

To me; I'll answer for the e.
As regards *you*, and that is the chief point,
As my first duty, which shall be observed.
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once more
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,
Whose youth may better battle with them—Hence!
And may your age be happy!—I will kiss
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be with you!

WERNER.

This counsel's safe—but is it honourable?

ULRIC.

To save a father is a child's chief honour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

c Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, near Prague.

r ERIC *and* HENRICK, *retainers of the Count.*

ERIC.

r times are come at last; to these
new masters and high wassail, both
sideratum.

HENRICK.

Yes, for *masters*,
e unto those who long for novelty,
ade by a new grave: but as for wassail
he old Count Sieg-

Hardly a year o'erpast its [illegible]
And the first year of sovereigns is [illegible]
Anon. we shall perceive his real sway
And moods of mind.

ERIC.

Pray Heaven he keep the preser

Then his brave son, Count Ulric—there's a knight!
Pity the wars are o'er!

HENRICK.

Why so?

ERIC.

Look on him!

And answer that yourself.

HENRICK.

He's very youthful,

And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

ERIC.

That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

HENRICK.

But

Perhaps a true one.

ERIC.

Pity, as I said,

[illegible]er: in the hall, who like

[illegible]orted pride,

...or the thicket?
... a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears
. like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?

HENRICK.

s, I grant you: do not fear, if war
in coming, he is of that kind
ke it for himself, if he hath not
done as much.

ERIC.

What do you mean?

HENRICK.

deny his train of followers
ur fellow native vassals born
nain) are such a sort of knaves
uses)

ERIC.

What?

HENRICK.

I assure you I meant nothing, a mere sport
Of words, no more; besides, had it been otherwise
He is to espouse the gentle baroness,
Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's heiress,
And she no doubt will soften whatsoever
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars
Have given all natures, and most unto those
Who were born in them, and bred up upon
The knees of homicide; sprinkled, as it were,
With blood even at their baptism. Prithee, peace,
On all that I have said!

Enter ULRIC *and* RODOLPH.

Good morrow, count!

ULRIC.

Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric, is
All ready for the chase?

ERIC.

The dogs are order'd
Down to the forest, and the vassals out
To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising.
Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?
What courser will you please to mount?

ULRIC.

The dun,

ULRIC.

True, good Eric,
I had forgotten—let it be the gray, then.
Our Zisca: he has not been out this fortnight.

ERIC.

He shall be straight caparison'd. How many
Of your immediate retainers shall
Escort you?

ULRIC.

I leave that to Weilburgh, our
Master of the horse. [*Exit* ERIC.
Rodolph!

RODOLPH.

My lord!

ULRIC.

The news
Is awkward from the—(RODOLPH *points to* HENRICK).
How now, Henrick, why
Loiter you here?

HENRICK.

For your commands, my lord.

ULRIC.

Go to my father, and present my duty,
And learn if he would aught with me before
I mount. [*Exit* HENRICK.
Rodolph, our friends have had a check
Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and
'Tis rumour'd that the column sent against them
Is to be strengthen'd. I must join them soon,

It will be difficult
se your absence to the count, your father.

ULRIC.

the unsettled state of our domain
Silesia will permit and cover
ney. In the mean time, when we are
in the chase, draw off the eighty men
Volffe leads—keep the forests on your route:
w it well?

RODOLPH.

As well as on that night

ULRIC.

We will not speak of that until
epeat the same with like success;
you have join'd. give Rosenberg [illegible]

ULRIC.

Why,
I do so—but it follows not from that
I would bind in my youth and glorious years,
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,
Although 't were that of Venus;—but I love her,
As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

RODOLPH.

And constantly?

ULRIC.

I think so; for I love
Nought else.—But I have not the time to pause
Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things
We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good Rodol

RODOLPH.

On my return, however, I shall find
The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegendorf?

ULRIC.

Perhaps: my father wishes it, and sooth,
'T is no bad policy; this union with
The last bud of the rival branch at once
Unites the future and destroys the past.

RODOLPH.

Adieu!

ULRIC.

Yet hold—we had better keep togeth
Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,
And do as I have said.

RODOLPH.

I will. But to

er, to send up to Konigsberg
ir orphan of the baron, and
r as his daughter.

ULRIC.

Wondrous kind!
as little kindness till
between them.

RODOLPH.

The late baron died
, did he not?

ULRIC.

How should I know?

RODOLPH.

rd it whisper'd there was something strange
death—and even the place of it
known.

ULRIC.

Some obscure village on
or Silesian frontier.

RODOLPH.

He
testament—no farewell words?

ULRIC.

er confessor nor notary,
say.

RODOLPH.

Ah! here's the lady Ida.

Enter IDA STRALENHEIM.

IDA.

Not too early,
Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.
Why do you call me « *cousin*?»

ULRIC (*smiling*).

Are we not so?

IDA.

Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks
It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon
Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

ULRIC (*starting*).

Blood!

IDA.

Why does yours start from your cheeks?

ULRIC.

Ay! doth it?

IDA.

It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent
Even to your brow again.

ULRIC (*recovering himself*).

And if it fled,
It only was because your presence sent it
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cousin!

IDA.

«Cousin» again!

ULRIC.

Nay, then I'll call you sister.

IDA.

I like that name still worse—would we had ne'er
been aught of kindred!

wish that?

ULRIC.

Dearest Ida!
echo your own wish?

IDA.

Yes, Ulric,
wish'd it not with such a glance,
knew what I said; but let me be
ousin, what you will, so that
u am something.

ULRIC.

You shall be

IDA.

And you to *me are* so already;
t.

My father could but view our happir
Which wants but this!

ULRIC.

Indeed!

IDA.

You woul
He you; for the brave ever love each
His manner was a little cold, his spir
Proud (as is birth's prerogative), but
This grave exterior—would you had
Had such as you been near him on l
He had not died without a friend to
His last and lonely moments.

ULRIC.

Who s

IDA.

What?

ULRIC.

That he *died alone*.

IDA.

The gene
And disappearance of his servants, w
Have ne'er return'd: that fever was r
Which swept them all away.

ULRIC.

If they
He could not die neglected or alone.

IDA.

ULRIC.

is are false.

IDA.

And yet I see him as

ULRIC.

Where?

IDA.

In sleep—I see him lie
ling, and a man with a raised knife
l.

ULRIC.

But do you not see his *face?*

IDA (*looking at him*).

y God! do *you?*

IDA.

Child, indeed! I hav
Full fifteen summers! [*A bugle sou*

RODOLPH.

Hark, my lord, the bugle!

IDA (*peevishly to* RODOLPH).

Why need you tell him that? Can he not hear it
Without your echo?

RODOLPH.

Pardon me, fair baroness!

IDA.

I will not pardon you, unless you earn it
By aiding me in my dissuasion of
Count Ulric from the chase to-day.

RODOLPH.

You will not,
Lady, need aid of mine.

ULRIC.

I must not now
Forego it.

IDA.

But you shall!

ULRIC.

Shall!

IDA.

Yes, or be
No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric! yield to me
In this, for this one day; the day looks heavy,
And you are turn'd so pale and ill.

s changed more than I e'er saw you change

ULRIC.

T is nothing; but if 't were, the air
ion restore me. I'm the true cameleon,
but on the atmosphere; your feasts
halls, and social banquets, nurse not
—I 'm a forester and breather
:ep mountain-tops, where I love all
: loves.

IDA.

Except his prey, I hope.

ULRIC.

ı, wish me a fair chase, and I
g you six boars' heads for trophies home.

Enter WERNER, *as* COUNT SIEG

ULRIC.

My father, I salute you, and it grieves n
With such brief greeting.—You have h
The vassals wait.

SIEGENDORF.

So let them—you for
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague, for peace restored. You are
The chase with such an ardour as will s
Permit you to return to-day, or if
Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-
The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

ULRIC.

Yo
Will well supply the place of both—I a
A lover of these pageantries.

SIEGENDORF.

No, Ulric;
It were not well that you alone of all
Our young nobility——

IDA.

And far the n
In aspect and demeanour.

SIEGENDORF (*to* IDA).

True, dear ch
Though somewhat frankly said for a fai

would be mark'd in any house,
urs, that ONE should be found wanting
e and place. Besides, the Heaven
is back our own, in the same moment
eace o'er all, hath double claims
nksgiving; first, for our country,
t we are here to share its blessings.

ULRIC (*aside*).

Well, sir, I obey at once.

[*Then aloud to a servant.*

iss the train without!

[*Exit* LUDWIG.

IDA.

And so
once to him what I for hours
ate in vain.

SIEGENDORF (*smiling*).

You are not jealous
t, my pretty rebel! who
on disobedience against all
f? But fear not, thou shalt rule him
a fonder sway and firmer.

IDA.

like to govern *now*.

SIEGENDORF.

You shall,
hich by the way awaits you with

Then good mor...

Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

ULRIC.

By and by.

IDA.

Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles;
Then pray you be as punctual to its notes:
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

ULRIC.

And why not

Old Tilly's?

IDA.

Not that monster's! I should think
My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with mus
Could aught of *his* sound on it;—but come quickly
Your mother will be eager to receive you.

[*Exit* Ir

SIEGENDORF.

...speak with you alone.

... ULRIC. ... to Ro

—(*aside to* ULRIC). The Silesian, on
Where shall I say?

ULRIC (*aside to* RODOLPH).

To Hamburgh.
I think put a firm padlock on (*Aside to himself*). That
r inquisition.

RODOLPH.

Count, to Hamburgh.

SIEGENDORF (*agitated*).

no, I have nought to do there, nor
onnected with that city. Then
ou!

RODOLPH.

Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

[*Exit* RODOLPH.

SIEGENDORF.

, who has just departed, is
trange companion

If I must be plain,
The world speaks more than lightly of this Rodolph
They say he is leagued with the « black bands » who
Ravage the frontier.

ULRIC.

And will you believe
The world?

SIEGENDORF.

In this case—yes.

ULRIC.

In *any* case,
I thought you knew it better than to take
An accusation for a sentence.

SIEGENDORF.

Son!
I understand you: you refer to——but
My destiny has so involved about me
[illegible]der web, that I can only flutter
[illegible]reak it not. Take heed

ULRIC.

I behold
perous and beloved Siegendorf,
prince's appanage, and honour'd
ie rules, and those he ranks with.

SIEGENDORF.

Ah!
hou call me prosperous, while I fear
Beloved, when thou lovest me not!
ut one may beat in kindness for me—
n's is cold!——

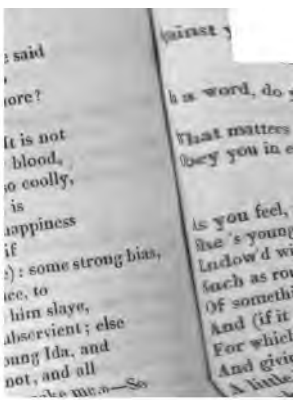
ULRIC.

Who *dare* say that?

SIEGENDORF.

I, who see it—*feel* it—keener
our adversary, who dared say so,
his heart! But mine survives

ULRIC



ULRIC.

Which miseries
lever been but for this love-match.

SIEGENDORF.

Still
t your age and nature! who at twenty
swer'd thus till now?

ULRIC.

Did you not warn me
your own example?

SIEGENDORF.

Boyish sophist!
!, do you love, or love not, Ida?

ULRIC.

ters it, if I am ready to
in espousing her?

Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,
According to the Orient tale. She is——

ULRIC.

The daughter of dead Stralenheim, your foe:
I 'll wed her, ne'ertheless; though, to say truth,
Just now I am not violently transported
In favour of such unions.

SIEGENDORF.

But she loves you.

ULRIC.

And I love her, and therefore would think *twice*.

SIEGENDORF.

Alas! Love never *did* so.

ULRIC.

Then 't is time
He should begin, and take the bandage from
His eyes, and look before he leaps: till now
He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.

SIEGENDORF.

But you consent?

ULRIC.

I did and do.

SIEGENDORF.

Then fix the day.

ULRIC.

'T is usual,
And, certes, courteous, to leave that to the lady.

SIEGENDORF.

ULRIC.

So will not *I*

my woman; and as what I fix,
a would see unshaken, when she gives
answer, I'll give mine.

SIEGENDORF.

But 't is your office

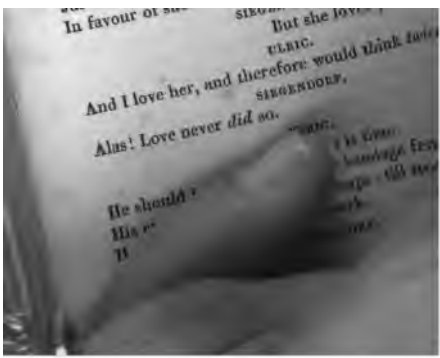
oo.

ULRIC.

Count, 't is a marriage of your making,
e it of your wooing; but to please you
l now pay my duty to my mother,
a whom, you know, the lady Ida is—
at would you have? You have forbid my stirring
manly sports beyond the castle walls,
I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,
ick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,
list to songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
smile at pretty prattle, and look into
eyes of feminie, as though they were
stars receding early to our wish
a the dawn of a world-winning battle—
at can a son or man do more? [*Exit* ULRIC

SIEGENDORF (*solus*).

Too much!—
much of duty and too little love!
ve me in the coin he owes me not:


In favour of
But she
PUBLIC.
And I love her, and therefore would think
SIEGENDORF.
Alas! Love never *did* so.
He should
His
It

Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears
To see my child again, and now I have found him!
But how! obedient, but with coldness; dutcous
In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious,
Abstracted—distant—much given to long absence,
And where—none know—in league with the most rioters
Of our young nobles; though, to do him justice,
He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures;
Yet there 's some tie between them which I cannot
Unravel. They look up to him—consult him—
Throng round him as a leader: but with me
He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it
After—what! doth my father's curse descend
Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near
To shed more blood, or—oh! if it should be!
Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these walls
To wither him and his—who, though they slew not,
Unlatch'd the door of death for thee? 'T was not
Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foe,
And yet I spared thee when my own destruction
Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening!
And only took—accursed gold! thou liest
Like poison in my hands; I dare not use thee,
Nor part from thee; thou camest in such a guise,
Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands
Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for thee,
Thou villanous gold! and thy dead master's doom,
Though he died not by me or mine, as much

ATTENDANT.

The abbot, if it please
mcy, whom you sent for, waits

[*Exit* ATTENDANT.

Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.

PRIOR ALBERT.

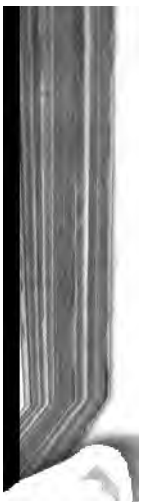
ace be with these walls, and all

SIEGENDORF.

Welcome, welcome, holy father!
rayer be heard!—all men have need
—

PRIOR ALBERT.

Have the first claim to all
ur community. Our convent,
ancestors, is still
r children.



Count, if I
Receive it, 't is because I know too well
Refusal would offend you. Be assured
The largess shall be only dealt in alms,
And every mass no less sung for the dead.
Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours
Which has of old endow'd it; but from you
And yours in all meet things 't is fit we obey.
For whom shall mass be said?

SIEGENDORF (*faltering*).

For—for—the d

PRIOR ALBERT.

His name?

SIEGENDORF.

'T is from a soul, and not a name,
I would avert perdition.

PRIOR ALBERT.

I meant not
To pry into your secret. We will pray
For one unknown, the same as for the proudes

PRIOR ALBERT.

A proper deed
behalf of our departed friends.

SIEGENDORF.

who 's gone, was not my friend, but foe,
dliest and the staunchest.

PRIOR ALBERT.

Better still!
oy our means to obtain heaven for the souls
lead enemies, is worthy those
a forgive them living.

SIEGENDORF.

But I did not
this man. I loathed him to the last,
d me. I do not love him now.

SIEGENDORF.

No matter whose—of this be sure, that he
Who own'd it never more will need it, save
In that which it may purchase from your altars
'T is yours, or theirs.

PRIOR ALBERT.

Is there no blood upon it?

SIEGENDORF.

No: but there 's worse than blood—eternal shar

PRIOR ALBERT.

Did he who own'd it die in his *bed*?

SIEGENDORF.

Alas!

He did.

PRIOR ALBERT.

Son! you relapse into revenge,
If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

SIEGENDORF.

His death was fathomlessly deep in blood.

PRIOR ALBERT.

You said he died in his bed, not battle.

SIEGENDORF.

He

Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabb'd i' th
And now you have it—perish'd on his pillow
By a cut-throat!—ay!—you may look upon me
I am *not* the man. I 'll meet your eye on that
As I can one day God's.

PRIOR ALBERT.

SIEGENDORF
ho sees and strikes!
PRIOR ALBERT.
Nor know you

SIEGENDORF.
:ould only guess at *one*,
ranger, unconnected,
Except by one day's knowledge,
an who was suspected.
PRIOR ALBERT.
from guilt.
IEGENDORF (*eagerly*).
Oh! *am* I?—say!
PRIOR ALBERT.
and know best.
SIEGENDORF.
Father! I have spoken
ught but truth, if *not* the *whole*:
uilty! for the blood
is on me, as if I shed it,
wer who abhorreth human blood,
nce spared it, when I might
:rhaps, *should*—(if our self-safety
n such defences
.s of over-potent foes);
for me, and all my house;

Be calm as innocence.

SIEGENDORF.

But calmness is not
Always the attribute of innocence:
I feel it is not.

PRIOR ALBERT.

But it will be so,
When the mind gathers up its truth within is.
Remember the great festival to-morrow,
In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
As well as your brave son; and smoothe your
Nor in the general orison of thanks
For bloodshed stopt, let blood, you shed not, r
A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to b
Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilt

ACT V.

SCENE I.

nificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of corated with Trophies, Banners, and Family.

and MEISTER, *Attendants of* COUNT SIEGENDORF.

ARNHEIM.

ut will soon return: the ladies
portal. Have you sent
search of him he seeks for?

MEISTER.

ctions, over Prague,
's dress and figure could
on track him. The devil take
processions! All the pleasure
must fall to the spectators.
th to us who make the show.

ARNHEIM.

ountess comes.

MEISTER.

I 'd rather

ARNHEIM.

Be gone! and rail [*Exeunt.*

Within.

Enter the COUNTESS JOSEPHINE SIEGENDORF *and* IDA STRALENHEIM.

JOSEPHINE.

Well, Heaven be praised, the show is over!

IDA.

How can you say so! Never have I dreamt
Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,
The banners, and the nobles, and the knights;
The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,
The coursers, and the incense, and the sun
Streaming through the stain'd windows, even the tombs,
Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns,
Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven
Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal
Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;
The white robes, and the lifted eyes; the world
At peace! and all at peace with one another!
Oh, my sweet mother! [*Embracing* JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

My beloved child!
For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

IDA.

Oh!
I am so already. Feel how my heart beats!

JOSEPHINE.

It does, my love; and never may it throb
With aught more bitter!

IDA.

Never shall it do so!
How should it? What should make us grieve? I hate
To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad,
Who love each other so entirely? You,
The count, and Ulric, and your daughter, Ida.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor child!

IDA.

Do you pity me?

JOSEPHINE.

No; I but envy,
And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense
Of the universal vice, if one vice be
More general than another.

IDA.

I 'll not hear
A word against a world which still contains
You and my Ulric. Did you ever see
Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them all!
How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell faster—
Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,
Than before all the rest, and where he trod
I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er
Will wither.

JOSEPHINE.

You will spoil him, little flatterer,
If he should hear you.

IDA.

But I can never
hape my thoughts *of* him into words to him.
esides, he sometimes frightens me.

JOSEPHINE.

How so?

IDA.

cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly,
et he says nothing.

JOSEPHINE.

It is nothing: all men,
specially in these dark troublous times,
ave much to think of.

IDA.

But I cannot think
f aught save him.

JOSEPHINE.

Yet there are other men,
[illegible] goodly. There 's, for instance,

gh I look'd on Ulric.

JOSEPHINE.

Come,
y will be here anon
banquet. We will lay
ing plumes and dragging trains.

IDA.

these stiff and heavy jewels,
y head and heart ache, as both throb
litter o'er my brow and zone.
am with you. [*Exeunt.*

r SIEGENDORF, *in full dress, from the solemnity, and* LUDWIG.

SIEGENDORF.

Is he not found?

And, if I err not, not a minute since
I heard his excellency, with his train,
Gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter ULRIC, *splendidly dress*

SIEGENDORF (*to* LUDWIG).

See th
Their quest of him I have described. (
Oh! Ulric,
How have I long'd for thee!

ULRIC.

Your wish i
Behold me!

SIEGENDORF.

I have seen the murderer.

ULRIC.

Whom? Where?

SIEGENDORF.

The Hungarian, who slev

ULRIC.

You dream.

SIEGENDORF.

I live! and as I live, I saw hir
Heard him! He dared to utter even my n

ULRIC.

What name?

SIEGENDORF.

Werner! *'t was* mine.

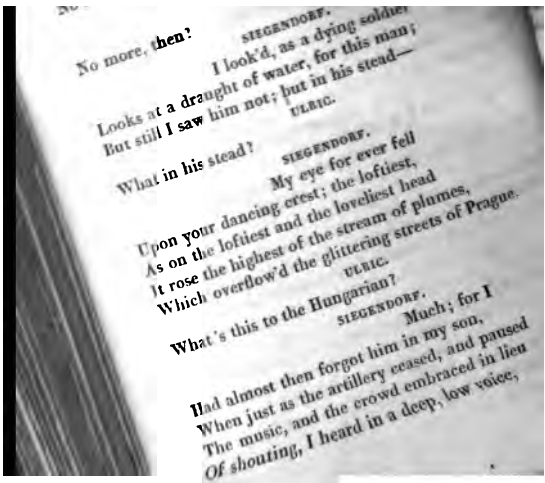
ULRIC.

ULRIC.

To the point—the Hungarian ?

SIEGENDORF.

—The church was throng'd; the hymn was raised!
um» peal'd from nations, rather than
hoirs, in one great cry of «God be praised»
day's peace, after thrice ten dread years,
oodier than the former: I arose,
l the nobles, and as I look'd down
ıe lines of lifted faces,—from
ner'd and escutcheon'd gallery, I
e a flash of lightning (for I saw
ıt, and no more), what struck me sightless
ɜe—the Hungarian's face; I grew
d when I recover'd from the mist
ırl'd about my



No more, then?

SIEGENDORF.

I look'd, as a dying soldier
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;
But still I saw him not; but in his stead—

ULRIC.

What in his stead?

SIEGENDORF.

My eye for ever fell
Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest,
As on the loftiest and the loveliest head
It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,
Which overflow'd the glittering streets of Prague.

ULRIC.

What 's this to the Hungarian?

SIEGENDORF.

Much; for I
Had almost then forgot him in my son,
When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,

HIM! I turn'd—and saw—and fell.

ULRIC.

herefore? Were you seen?

SIEGENDORF.

The officious care
se around me dragg'd me from the spot,
my faintness, ignorant of the cause;
oo, were too remote in the procession
d nobles being divided from their children)
me.

ULRIC.

But I 'll aid you now.

SIEGENDORF.

In what?

ULRIC.

hing for this man, or

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

A stranger, to wait on
:y.

SIEGENDORF.

Who?

ATTENDANT.

He gave no name.

SIEGENDORF.

e'ertheless.

ATTENDANT *introduces* GABOR, *and afterwards exit.*

Ah!

GABOR.

'T is, then, Werner!

SIEGENDORF (*haughtily*).

knew, sir, by that name; and *you!*

GABOR (*looking round*).

u both; father and son,
ant, I have heard that you, or yours,
en in search of me: I am here.

SIEGENDORF.

/ou, and have found you; you are cl
art may inform you why) with suc
— [*He*

GABOR.

GABOR.

First, who accuses me?

SIEGENDORF.

All things,
all men: the universal rumour—
n presence on the spot—the place—the time—
ery speck of circumstance unite
he blot on you.

GABOR.

And on *me only*?
e you answer: is no other name,
ie, stain'd in this business?

SIEGENDORF.

Trifling villain!
st with thine own guilt! C[illegible]
dost know [illegible]

GABOR.

By

The presence of the murderer.

SIEGENDORF.

Name him!

GABOR.

He

May have more names than one. Your lordship had
Once on a time.

SIEGENDORF.

If you mean me, I dare

Your utmost.

GABOR.

You may do so, and in safety:

I know the assassin.

SIEGENDORF.

Where is he?

GABOR (*pointing to* ULRIC).

Beside

[ULRIC *rushes forward to attack* GABOR;
DORF *interposes.*

SIEGENDORF.

Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within

[*He turns t*

Ulric, repel this calumny, as I
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrou
I could not deem it earth-born: but, be caln
It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[ULRIC *endeavours to compo*

GABOR.

t him, count, and then *hear me.*

IEGENDORF (*first to* GABOR, *and then looking at* ULRIC).

I hear thee.

l! you look——

ULRIC.

How?

SIEGENDORF.

As on that dread night

we met in the garden.

ULRIC (*composes himself*).

It is nothing.

GABOR.

you are bound to hear me. I came hither

:king you, but sought. When I knelt down

t the people in the church, I dream'd not

l the beggar'd Werner in the seat

ıtors and princes; but you have call'd me,

e have met.

SIEGENDORF.

Go on, sir.

GABOR.

Ere I do so,

me to inquire who profited

ılenheim's death? Was 't I—as poor as ever;

›orer by suspicion on my name.

ron lost in that last outrage neither

To honours and estates, scarce less than princely.

SIEGENDORF.

These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less
To me than to my son.

GABOR.

I can't help that.
But let the consequence alight on him
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
I know you innocent, and deem you just.
But ere I can proceed—*Dare* you protect me?—
Dare you command me?

[SIEGENDORF *first looks at the Hungarian, and then at* ULRIC, *who has unbuckled his sabre and drawing lines with it on the floor—still in sheath.*

ULRIC (*looks at his father and says*).

Let the man go on!

GABOR.

I am unarm'd, count—bid your son lay down
His sabre.

ULRIC (*offers it to him contemptuously*).

Take it.

GABOR.

No, sir; 't is enough
That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose
To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more
Blood than came there in battle.

ULRIC (*casts the sabre from him in contempt*).

h other weapon, in my hands—spared yours
e, when disarm'd and at my mercy.

GABOR.

True—
ve not forgotten it: you spared me for
r own especial purpose—to sustain
ignominy not my own.

ULRIC.

Proceed.
tale is doubtless worthy the relater.
is it of my father to hear further?

[*To* SIEGENDORF.

SIEGENDORF (*takes his son by the hand*).
son! I know mine own innocence—and doubt not
yours—but I have promised this man patience;
him continue.

GABOR.

I will not detain you
speaking of myself much; I began
early—and am what the world has made me.
Frankfort, on the Oder, where I pass'd
inter in obscurity, it was
chance at several places of resort
hich I frequented sometimes, but not often)
hear related a strange circumstance,
February last. A martial force,
it by the state, had, after strong resistance,
ured a band of desperate men, supposed
rauders from the hostile camp.—They proved.

Whom either accident or enterprise
Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests
Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
Many amongst them were reported of
High rank—and martial law slept for a time.
At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of *their* fate,
I know no more.

SIEGENDORF.

And what is this to Ulric?

GABOR.

Amongst them there was said to be one man
Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,
And courage as unrivall'd, were proclaim'd
His by the public rumour; and his sway,
Not only over his associates but
His judges, was attributed to witchcraft.
Such was his influence:—I have no great faith
In any magic save that of the mine—
I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my soul
Was roused with various feelings to seek out
This prodigy, if only to behold him.

SIEGENDORF.

And did you so?

GABOR.

You'll hear. Chance favour'd me:
A popular affray in the public square

Occasions, where men's souls look out of them,
And show them as they are—even in their faces:
The moment my eye met his—I exclaim'd
"This is the man!" though he was then, as since,
With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and nearly:
I noted down his form—his gesture—features,
Stature and bearing—and amidst them all,
'Midst every natural and acquir'd distinction,
I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye
And gladiator's heart.

ULRIC (*smiling*).

The tale sounds well.

GABOR.

And may sound better.—He appear'd to me
One of those beings to whom Fortune bends
As she doth to the daring—and on whom
The fates of others oft depend; besides,
An indescribable sensation drew me
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune
Was to be fix'd by him.—There I was wrong.

SIEGENDORF.

And may not be right now.

GABOR.

I follow'd him.
Solicited his notice—and obtain'd it—
Though not his friendship:—it was his intention

And Stralenheim was succour'd——Now
The verge—*dare* you hear further?

SIEGENDORF.

I mu

Or I have heard too much.

GABOR.

I saw in you
A man above his station—and if not
So high, as now I find you, in my then
Conceptions—'t was that I had rarely seen
Men such as you appear'd in height of mi
In the most high of worldly rank; you we
Poor—even to all save rags—I would have
My purse, though slender, with you—you

SIEGENDORF.

Doth my refusal make a debt to you,
That thus you urge it?

GABOR.

Still you owe me
Though not for that—and I owed you my
At least my seeming safety—when the sla
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the groun
That *I* had robb'd him.

SIEGENDORF.

I conceal'd you—
Whom, and whose house, you arraign, re

GABOR.

I accuse no man—save in my defence.

and *I* 'll be merciful.

SIEGENDORF.

You merciful!

ase calumniator!

GABOR.

I. 'T will rest

ıe at last to be so. You conceal'd me—

:t passages known to yourself,

d, and to none else. At dead of night,

with watching in the dark, and dubious

ing back my way—I saw a glimmer

h distant crannies of a twinkling light.

'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret

—which open'd to the chamber, where,

ıutious hand and slow, having first undone

:h as made a crevice of the fastening,

l through, and beheld a purple bed,

it Stralenheim!—

SIEGENDORF.

Asleep! And yet

:w him—wretch!

GABOR.

He was already slain,

:eding like a sacrifice. My own

)ecame ice.

SIEGENDORF.

But he was all alone!

GABOR.

No

He, whom you dare not name—nor even I
Scarce dare to recollect—was not then in
The chamber.

SIEGENDORF (*to* ULRIC).

Then, my boy! thou art guiltless
Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once—Oh! now
Do thou as much!

GABOR.

Be patient! I can *not*
Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember, or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were chang
Beneath *his* chief inspection—on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had enter'
He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar—I saw
A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

SIEGENDORF.

Oh! God of fathers!

GABOR.

I beheld his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them—behold them in Count Ulric's'
Distinct—as I beheld them—though the expressi
Is not now what it then was;—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime:—so I

SIEGENDORF.

dis is so——

GABOR (*interrupting him*).

Nay—but hear me to the end!
Now you must do so.—I conceived myself
Betray'd by you and *him* (for now I saw
There was some tie between you) into this
Pretended den of refuge, to become
The victim of your guilt; and my first thought
Was vengeance: but though arm'd with a short poignard
(Having left my sword without), I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either in address or force.
I turn'd, and fled—i' the dark: chance, rather than
Skill, made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept—if I
Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompted;
But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

SIEGENDORF.

And yet I had horrid dreams! and such brief sleep—
The stars had not gone down when I awoke—
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father—
And now my dream is out!

GABOR.

'Tis not my fault,
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me—
Chance led me here after so many moons—
And show'd me Werner in Count Siegendorf!
Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,

my secret, ...

SIEGENDORF (*after a pause*).

Indeed!

GABOR.

Is it revenge or justice which inspires
Your meditation?

SIEGENDORF.

Neither—I was weighing
The value of your secret.

GABOR.

You shall know it
At once—when you were poor, and I, though poor,
Rich enough to relieve such poverty
As might have envied mine, I offer'd you
My purse—you would not share it:—I'll be frankher
With you; you are wealthy, noble, trusted by
... —you understand me?

GABOR (*casts his eyes on* ULRIC, *who is leaning against a pillar*).
If I should do so?

SIEGENDORF.
I pledge my life for yours. Withdraw into
This tower. [*Opens a turret door.*

GABOR (*hesitatingly*).
This is the second *safe* asylum
You have offer'd me.

SIEGENDORF.
And was not the first so?

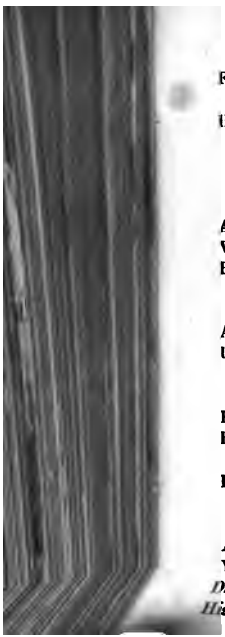
GABOR.
I know not that even now—but will approve
The second. I have still a further shield.—
I did not enter Prague alone—and should I
Be put to rest with Stralenheim—there are
Some tongues without will wag in my behalf.
Be brief in your decision!

SIEGENDORF.
I will be so.—
My word is sacred and irrevocable
Within *these* walls, but it extends no further.

GABOR.
I'll take it for so much.

SIEGENDORF (*points to* ULRIC'S *sabre, still upon the ground*).
Take also *that*—
You eye it eagerly, and him
Distrustfully.

GABOR (*takes up the sabre*).
I will and provide



[GABOR goes into the turret, [illegible]

SIEGENDORF (*advances to* ULRIC

Now, Count

For son I dare not call thee—What say'st

ULRIC.

His tale is true.

SIEGENDORF.

True, monster!

ULRIC.

Most true,

And you did well to listen to it: what

We know, we can provide against. He m

Be silenced.

SIEGENDORF.

Ay, with half of my domains;

And with the other half, could he and tho

Unsay this villany.

ULRIC.

It is no time

For trifling or dissembling. I have said

His story 's true; and he too must be silen

SIEGENDORF.

How so?

ULRIC.

As Stralenheim is. Are you so

As never to have hit on this before?

When we met in the garden, what except

Discovery in the act could make me know

His death? or had the prince's household

SIEGENDORF.

Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?

ULRIC.

Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured
Could *I* be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling? you
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself;
for whom or what else did you ever teach it?

SIEGENDORF.

Oh! my dead father's curse! 't is working now.

ULRIC.

Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!

Remember *who* hath taught me once too often
To listen to him! *Who* proclaim'd to me
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occa
That passion was our nature? that the goods
Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who show'd me his humanity secured
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a *felon's* brand! The man who is
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We ha
With right and wrong; and now must only pon
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved, from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I alw
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance.
Was a rock in our way, which I cut through,
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination—but not idly.
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed* me
His *life;* when due, I but resumed the debt.
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf, wherein
I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first
The torch—*you* show'd the path: now trace m
Of safety—or let me!

SIEGENDORF.

I have done with life!

ULRIC.

Let us have done with that which cankers life

iar feuds and vain recriminations
ngs which cannot be undone. We have
ore to learn or hide: I know no fear,
ave within these very walls men whom
ough you know them not) dare venture all things.
tand high with the state; what passes here
ot excite her too great curiosity:
your own secret, keep a steady eye,
ot, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:
ust have no *third* babblers thrust between us.

[*Exit* ULRIC.

SIEGENDORF (*solus*).

awake? are these my father's halls?
yon—my son? *My* son! *mine!* who have ever
rr'd both mystery and blood, and yet
lunged into the deepest hell of both!
st be speedy, or more will be shed—
Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans,
ms: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!
es prowl in company. He hath the key
too) of the opposite door which leads
the turret. Now then! or once more
e the father of fresh crimes—no less
of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!

[*Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.*

SCENE II.

SIEGENDORF.

I—Siegendorf! Take these, and
Lose not a moment!

Tears off a diamond star and other jewel them into GABOR's *hand.*

GABOR.

What am I to do
With these?

SIEGENDORF.

Whate'er you will: sell them,
And prosper; but delay not—or you are l

GABOR.

You pledged your honour for my safety!

SIEGENDORF.

Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not mas
It seems, of my own castle—of my own
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,
Or I would bid them fall and crush me!
Or you will be slain by——

GABOR.

Is it even so?
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, cou
You sought this fatal interview!

SIEGENDORF.

I did:
Let it not be more fatal still:—Begone!

GABOR.

By the same path I enter'd?

SIEGENDORF.

... know too well—
... yourself, unhappy sire!
! [*Exit* GABOR.

SIEGENDORF (*solus and listening*).

He hath clear'd the staircase. Ah! I hear
: sound loud behind him! He is safe!
)h, my father 's spirit!—I am faint——
'e leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall
of the Tower, in a drooping posture.

ULRIC, *with others armed, and with weapons drawn.*

ULRIC.

-he 's there!

LUDWIG.

The count, my lord!

ULRIC (*recognizing*

SIEGENDORF.

There are *two*, sir; wh
Are you in quest of?

ULRIC.

Let us hear no more
Of this: he must be found. You have not
Escape?

SIEGENDORF.

He 's gone.

ULRIC.

With your connivance?

SIEGENDORF.

My fullest, freest aid.

ULRIC.

Then fare you well!
[U

SIEGENDORF.

Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh
Will you then leave me?

ULRIC.

What! remain to
Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity
Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,
That sacrifices your whole race to save
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, cou
Henceforth you have no son!

SIEGENDORF.

...usand, ay, ten thousand
..., nearts, and hands, are mine.

SIEGENDORF.

The foresters!
whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort?

ULRIC.

nen—who are worthy of the name! Go tell
enators that they look well to Prague;
east of peace was early for the times;
re more spirits abroad than have been laid
allenstein!

Enter JOSEPHINE *and* IDA.

JOSEPHINE.

What is 't we hear? My Siegendorf!
aven, I see you safe!

IDA (*taking* ULRIC's *hand*).

Who shall dare say this of Ulric?

SIEGENDORF.

Ida, beware! there 's blood upon that hand.

IDA (*stooping to kiss it*).

I 'd kiss it off, though it were mine!

SIEGENDORF.

It is so!

ULRIC.

Away! it is your father's! [*Exit* U.

IDA.

Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

IDA *falls senseless*—JOSEPHINE *stands speechless with horror.*

SIEGENDORF.

The wretch hath slain
Them both!—my Josephine! we are now alone!
Would we had ever been so!—All is over
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.

THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

PRINTED BY JULES DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI, N° 6

THE

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LORD BYRON,

COMPRISING THE SUPPRESSED POEMS.

VOL. IX.

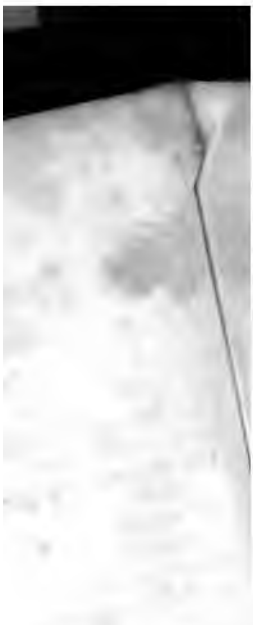
PARIS:
PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
N° 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1826.

CONTENTS.

VOL. IX.

	Page.
THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED	5
HEAVEN AND EARTH	83
THE PROPHECY OF DANTE	141
Notes	167
THE ISLAND	177
Appendix	233
THE AGE OF BRONZE	253
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT	283



THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED,

A DRAMA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This production is founded partly on the story of a Novel, called « The Three Brothers,» published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's « Wood Demon» was also taken—and partly on the « Faust » of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the first two Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

STRANGER, *afterwards* CÆSAR.
ARNOLD.
BOURBON.
PHILIBERT.
CELLINI.

WOMEN.

BERTHA.
OLIMPIA.

Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, e

THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

PART I.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter ARNOLD *and his mother* BERTHA

BERTHA.

Out, hunchback!

ARNOLD.

I was born so, mother!

BERTHA.

Out

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sc
The sole abortion!

ARNOLD.

It *bears* its burthen;—but, my heart! Will it
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?
I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.
You nursed me—do not kill me.

BERTHA.

Yes—I nursed thee
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

ARNOLD.

I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

BERTHA.

As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[*Exit* BERTHA.

ARNOLD (*solus*).

I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD *begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.*

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home.—What home? I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness? If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD *goes to a spring and stoops to wash his hand: he starts back.*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein. [*He pauses*

Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD *places the knife in the ground, with the point upwards.*

Now 't is set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun, which warm'd me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[*As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain which seems in motion.*

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall

with air, but by some subterrane
ocking power of the internal world.
s here? A mist! No more?—

[*A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall black man comes towards him.*

ARNOLD.

What would you? Speak!
or man?

STRANGER.

As man is both, why not
oth in one?

ARNOLD.

Your form is man's, and yet
nay be devil.

STRANGER.

So many men are that
h is so called or thought, that you may add me
nich you please, without much wrong to either.
ome: you wish to kill yourself;—pursue
purpose.

ARNOLD.

You have interrupted me.

STRANGER.

: is that resolution which can e'er
terrupted? If I be the devil
deem, a single moment would have made you

And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Look likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

ARNOLD.

Do you—dare *you*
To taunt me with my born deformity?

STRANGER.

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind

ARNOLD (*with surprise*).
Thou *canst?*

STRANGER.
Perhaps. Would you aught else
u mockest me.

ARNOLD.

STRANGER.
Not I. Why should I mock
: all are mocking? That 's poor sport, methinks.
lk to thee in human language (for
canst not yet speak mine), the forester
not the wretched coney, but the boar,
f, or lion, leaving paltry game
:y burghers, who leave once a-year
valls, to fill their household caldrons with
ullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee,—
:an mock the mightiest.

ARNOLD.

On what [illegible]

STRANGER.

There 's a questio

An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.

ARNOLD.

No; I will not.

I must not compromise my soul.

STRANGER.

What soul,

Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcas

ARNOLD.

'T is an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement
In which it is mislodged. But name your com
Must it be sign'd in blood?

STRANGER.

Not in your own.

ARNOLD.

blood then?

STRANGER.

We will talk of that hereafter.
be moderate with you, for I see
ıings within you. You shall have no bond
ır own will, no contract save your deeds.
ı content?

ARNOLD.

I take thee at thy word.

STRANGER.

ɜn!—

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to* ARNOLD.

A little of your blood.

ARNOLD.

For what?

STRANGER.

ʒle with the magic of the waters,
ıke the charm effective.

ARNOLD (*holding out his wounded arm*).

Take it all.

STRANGER.

ɾ. A few drops will suffice for this.

The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD'S *blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

Shadows of beauty!

[redacted]

As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain.'
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spann'd;—
Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to* ARNOLD.
Such my command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each victor,
From Macedon's boy
To each high Roman's picture,
Who breathed to destroy—

STRANGER.

The black-eyed Roman, with
's beak between those eyes which ne'er
conqueror, or look'd along
he made not Rome's, while Rome became
all theirs who heir'd his very name.

ARNOLD.

ıtom 's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I
ut his fame with his defects!

STRANGER.

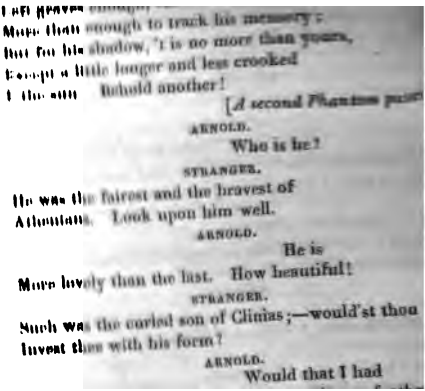
was girt with laurels more than hairs.
is aspect—choose it or reject.
›romise you his form; his fame
ag sought and fought for.

ARNOLD.

I will fight too,
mock Cæsar. Let him pass;
ıay be fair, but suits me not.

STRANGER.

[illegible]



I left Heaven [illegible]
More than enough to track his memory:
But for his shadow, 't is no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crooked
And [illegible] behold another!

[*A second Phantom pass*

ARNOLD.

Who is he?

STRANGER.

He was the fairest and the bravest of
Athenians. Look upon him well.

ARNOLD.

He is
More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

STRANGER.

Such was the curled son of Clinias;—would'st thou
Invest thee with his form?

ARNOLD.

Would that I had

STRANGER.

And yet he was
's perfection of all mental beauty,
)nification of all virtue.
eject him?

ARNOLD.

If his form could bring me
:h redeem'd it—no.

STRANGER.

I have no power
se that; but you may try, and find it
such a form, or in your own.

ARNOLD.

as not born for philosophy.
have that about me which has need on't.
leet on.

STRANGER.

Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!
Shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.

ARNOLD.

ere? whose broad brow and whose curly beard
ly aspect look like Hercules,
his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
sad purger of the infernal world,
lejected on his club of conquest,
new the worthlessness of those
n he had fought.

STRANGER.

It was the man who lost

ARNOLD.

I cannot blame him,
Since I have risk'd my soul because I find not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

STRANGER.

Since so far
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

ARNOLD.

No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us.

STRANGER.

Hence, Triumvi
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The Shade of Anthony disappears: another s*

ARNOLD.

Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and statur
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a something
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashin
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was *he e'er human only*?

STRANGER.

Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that form'd his pre

ARNOLD.

...s this glory of mankind?

STRANGER.

The shame
:ece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
:rius the Macedonian, and
of cities.

ARNOLD.

Yet one shadow more.

STRANGER (*addressing the Shadow*).

ee to Lamia's lap!

The Shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes: another rises.

STRANGER.

I 'll fit you still,
ıot, my hunchback. If the shadow of
which existed please not your nice taste,
ıimate the ideal marble, till
soul be reconciled to her new garment.

ARNOLD.

ut! I will fix here.

STRANGER.

I must commend
choice. The god-like son of the sea-goddess,
nshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
ıutiful and clear as the amber waves
h Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,
ed by intervening crystal, and

I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall s
Envelop mine.

STRANGER.

You have done well. Th
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb 's tr
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

ARNOLD.

Come!
I am impatient.

STRANGER.

As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. *You both* see what is
But dream it is what must be.

ARNOLD.

Must I wa

STRANGER.

No; that were pity. But a word or two
His stature is twelve cubits: would you
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? O

STRANGER.

Glorious ambition!
ve thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
ilistine stature would have gladly pared
own Goliath down to a slight David;
t thou, my manikin, would'st soar a show
ther than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
uch be thy desire; and yet, by being
ittle less removed from present men
igure, thou canst sway them more; for all
ld rise against thee now, as if to hunt
w found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
culverins and so forth, would find way
ugh our friend's armour there, with greater ea
the adulterer's arrow through his heel
h Thetis had forgotten to baptise
x.

ARNOLD.

Then let it be as thou

Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, wir

STRANGER.

Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt re
Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the m
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to e
This daring soul, which could achieve no l
Without it?

ARNOLD.

Had no power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which spirit may, to m
Its way, with all deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mou
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulder
A hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have l
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sig
Not of love but despair; nor sought to wi
Though to a heart all love, what could no
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could h
It all, had not my mother spurn'd me fr
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort

.pe;—my dam beheld my sha
she exposed me, like the Spart
iew the passionate part of life, I
en a clod of the valley,—happier
han what I am. But even thus, t
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, v
And perseverance could have done,
Had made me something—as it ha
Of the same mould as mine. You
Master of my own life, and quick t
And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

STRANGER.

Decide bet
What you have been, or will be.

ARNOLD.

I h
You have open'd brighter prospect
And sweeter to my heart. As I an
I might be fear'd, admired, respect
Of all save those next to me, of wh
Would be beloved. As thou showe
A choice of forms, I take the one I
Haste! haste!

STRANGER.

And what shall *I* wea

ARNOLD.

Who can command all forms, will
Something superior even to that
Pelides now before us. Perhaps

Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—
The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a poetry.

STRANGER.

Less will content me;
For I too love a change.

ARNOLD.

Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.

STRANGER.

If I chose,
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
For black—it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear:
But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I 'll take your figure.

ARNOLD.

Mine!

STRANGER.

Yes.
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
Your mother's offspring. People have their tas
You have yours—I mine.

ARNOLD.

Dispatch! dispatch!

STRANGER.

[*The Stranger takes some earth and*
it along the turf; and then a
the Phantom of Achilles.

[illegible] boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,[1]
Thy likeness I shape,
As the Being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak!
Ye violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes!
And thou sunshiny water,
Of blood take the guise!
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long, flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows,
As thou wavest in air!
Let his heart [illegible]

Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound!
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirr'd,
Know me and hear me,
And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in creation!

ARNOLD *falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.*

ARNOLD (*in his new form*).

I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!
At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

STRANGER.

Stop!
What shall become of your abandon'd garment,
Your hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
Which late you wore, or were?

ARNOLD.

Who cares! Let wolves
And vultures take it, if they will.

STRANGER.

And if

'e not scared by it, you 'll say
:e-time, and no better fare
elds.

ARNOLD.

Let us but leave it there,
t becomes on 't.

STRANGER.

That 's ungracious,
ul. Whatsoe'er it be,
l your soul full many a day.

ARNOLD.

;hill may conceal a gem
et in gold, as jewels should be.

STRANGER.

other form, it must be
;e, not robbery. For they
o without women's aid, have long
· the same, and do not love
:s. The devil may take men,
ı,—though he reap the benefit
workmanship:—and therefore
t be found to assume the shape
ed.

ARNOLD.

Who would do so?

STRANGER.

That I know ı
I must.

ɔu inhabited your present dome of beauty.

ARNOLD.

ne. I forget all things in the new joy
' this immortal change.

STRANGER.

In a few moments
rill be as you were, and you shall see
ɔurself for ever by you, as your shadow.

ARNOLD.

would be spared this.

STRANGER.

But it cannot be.
hat! shrink already, being what you are,
ɔin seeing what you were?

ARNOLD,

Do as thou wilt.

RANGER (to *the late form of* ARNOLD, *extende earth*).

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!
Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less
Designs not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;
Fire! but *in* which nought can live,
Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
[redacted]

Burning in a quenc
Fire! the only element
Where nor fish, beast
Save the worm whi
Can preserve a mom
But must with thyself l
Fire! man's safeguard a
Fire! creation's first-bo
And destruction's thi
When Heaven with t
Fire! assist me to rene
Life in what lies in my
Stiff and cold!
His resurrection rests
One little, marshy spa
And he again shall see
But I his spirit's pla

[*An ignis-fatuus flit*
on the brow of th
appears: the bod

ARNOLD (*in*

horrible!

STRANGER (*in A*
What! tren

but let us thread the present. Whither wilt

ARNOLD.

Must thou be my companion?

STRANGER.

Wherefore not?
Your betters keep worse company.

ARNOLD.

My betters!

STRANGER.

Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:
I 'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That 's well
You improve apace:—two changes in an instant,
And you are old in the world's ways already.
But bear with me: indeed you 'll find me useful
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce
Where shall we now be errant?

ARNOLD.

Where the world
Is thickest, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

STRANGER.

That 's to say, where there is war
And woman in activity. Let 's see!
Spain Italy—the new Atlantic world—
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice: the whole race are just now
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

ARNOLD.

I have heard great things of Rome.

STRANGER.

A goodly choice—

And scarce a better to be found on earth,
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion
Of the old Vandals are at play along
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

ARNOLD.

How
Shall we proceed?

STRANGER.

Like gallants on good coursers.
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.
Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.

ARNOLD.

A noble sight!

STRANGER.

And of
A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
Or your Kochlani race of Araby,
With these!

ARNOLD.

The mighty stream, which volumes hig
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

STRANGER.

ARNOLD.

And these,
l pages—what may be their names?

STRANGER.

ptise them.

ARNOLD.

What! in holy water!

STRANGER.

The deeper sinner, better saint.

ARNOLD.

e beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons!

STRANGER.

he devil 's always ugly; and your beauty
er diabolical.

ARNOLD.

I 'll call him
o bears the golden horn, and wears such bright
l blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks
ke to the lovely boy lost in the forest,
nd never found till now. And for the other
nd darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,
ut looks as serious though serene as night,
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a-day.
And you?

STRANGER.

I have ten thousand names, and twice
As many attributes; but as I wear
shape, will take a human name.

A
More human than the sh
I trust.

ST
Then call me Cæ

A
Belongs to empires, and
By the world's lords.

ST
A
The devil in disguise—si
Unless you call me pope

Cæsar thou shalt be. F
Shall be plain Arnold sti

«Count Arnold:» it hat
And will look well upo

Or in an order for a ba

CÆ
To horse! to horse! my
Paws the ground

In the marsh he will not slacken,
On the plain be overtaken;
In the wave he will not sink,
Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;
In the race he will not pant,
In the combat he 'll not faint;
On the stones he will not stumble,
Time nor toil shall make him humble:
In the stall he will not stiffen,
But be winged as a griffin,
Only flying with his feet:
And will not such a voyage be sweet?
Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
Shall our bonny black horses skim over the gro
From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly
For we 'll leave them behind in the glance of a

[*They mount their horses, and disapp*

SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

You are well enter'd now.

ARNOLD.

Ay; but my path
Has been o'er carcases: mine eyes are full

CÆSAR.

Then wipe them, and see clearly.
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late constable of France; and now to be
Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord
Under its emperors, and—changing sex,
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—
Lady of the old world.

ARNOLD.

How *old*? What! are
New worlds?

CÆSAR.

To *you*. You 'll find there are such
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
From one *half* of the world named a *whole* ne
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

ARNOLD.

I 'll trust them.

CÆSAR.

Do! They will deceive you sw
And that is better than the bitter truth!

ARNOLD.

Do[illegible]!

And where is that which is so? From the sta
To the winding worm, all life is motion, and
In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its
Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the subj
Of something which has made it live and die.
You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fixed necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.

ARNOLD.

And when it prospers-

CÆSAR.

T is no rebellion.

ARNOLD.

...y yield? I see the giant Alas!
Abode of the true God, and his true saint,
Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
Which his blood made a badge of glory and
Of joy (as once of torture unto him
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

CÆSAR.

Tis there, and shall be.

ARNOLD.

What?

CÆSAR.

The crucifix
bove, and many altar shrines below.
so some culverins upon the walls,
d harquebusses, and what not, besides
e men who are to kindle them to death
other men.

ARNOLD.

Life to their amphitheatre, as well
As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a sole instant's pastime, and « Pass on
To a new gladiator!»—Must it fall?

CÆSAR.

The city or the amphitheatre?
The church, or one, or all! for you confound
Both them and me.

ARNOLD.

To-morrow sounds the assault
With the first cock-crow.

CÆSAR.

Which, if it end with
The evening's first nightingale, will be
Something new in the annals of great sieges:
For men must have their prey after long toil.

ARNOLD.

The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

CÆSAR.

I saw him.

ARNOLD.

You.

CÆSAR.

Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
Spirit till I took up with your cast shape
And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back
Now. Well, the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,

: world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
.w your Romulus (simple as I am)
y his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,
ause he leapt a ditch ('t was then no wall,
ıate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement
:s brother's blood; and if its native blood
spilt till the choked Tiber be as red
e'er 't was yellow, it will never wear
: deep hue of the ocean and the earth,
ıich the great robber sons of Fratricide
ve made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
: ages.

ARNOLD.

But what have these done, their far
note descendants, who have lived in peace,
: peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
ty?

CÆSAR.

And what had *they* done, whom the old
nans o'erswept?—Hark!

ARNOLD.

They are soldiers singing
kless roundelay, upon the eve
any deaths, it may be of their own.

CÆSAR.

why should they not sing as well as swans?
are black ones, to be sure.

ARNOLD.

as educated for a monk of a...
nd once I was well versed in the forgot...
Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded— ...
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

ARNOLD.

And wherefore do you not?

CÆSAR.

It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels, without new dispersion, than
The clamouring young ones of the flood's dull ones,
Who laid and fled each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
Cabala, their best brick-work wherewithal
They build more—

ARNOLD (*interrupting him*).

Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!
Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
Soften'd by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
Listen!

CÆSAR.

Yes. I have heard the angels sing,

ARNOLD.

howl.

CÆSAR.

And man too. L
all music.

Song of the Soldiers wi

The Black Bands came over
The Alps and their snow,
With Bourbon, the rover,
They past the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king
We have turned back on nc
And so let us sing!
Here's the Bourbon for eve
Though penniless all,
We'll have one more endeav
At yonder old wall.
With the Bourbon we'll gat
At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
Or break or climb o'er
The wall: on the ladder,
As mounts each firm foo
Our shout shall grow gladd
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mc
The walls of old Rome,

Up! up! with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease:
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burthen!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couch'd at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warr'd with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We 'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

CÆSAR.

An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

ARNOLD.

Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here co

ıter the Constable BOURBON, «*cum suis,*» *etc. etc. etc.*

PHILIBERT.

How now, noble prince,
ɔu are not cheerful?

BOURBON.

Why should I be so?

PHILIBERT.

pon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
ost men would be so.

BOURBON.

If I were secure!

PHILIBERT.

oubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,
hey'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

BOURBON.

hat they will falter is my least of fears.
hat they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
heir chief, and all their kindled appetites
o marshal them on—were those hoary walls
ountains, and those who guard them like the gods
f the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
ut now—

PHILIBERT.

They are but men who war with mortals.

BOURBON.

rue: but those walls have girded in great ages,
nd sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
nd present phantom of imperious Rome

along the eternal city's rampart,
tch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
kon me away!

PHILIBERT.

So let them! Wilt thou
ack from shadowy menaces of shadows?

BOURBON.

do not menace me. I could have faced,
inks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp
raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
inate mine. Look there!

PHILIBERT.

I look upon
lofty battlement.

BOURBON.

And there!

PHILIBERT.

Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Shelter'd by the gray parapet, from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

BOURBON.

You are blind.

PHILIBERT.

If seeing nothing more than may be seen

BOURBON.

...n'd the walls

all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
ears his bowels, rather than survive
berty of that I would enslave.
he first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
battlement to battlement.

PHILIBERT.

Then conquer
alls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

BOURBON.

so I will, or perish.

PHILIBERT.

You can *not*.
:h an enterprise to die is rather
awn of an eternal day, than death.

Count ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR *advance.*

CÆSAR.

he mere men—do they too sweat beneath
ioon of this same ever-scorching glory?

BOURBON.

Ah!
)me the bitter hunchback! and his master,
eauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
enerous as lovely. We shall find
. for you both ere morning.

CÆSAR.

You will find,
ase your highness, no less for yourself.

BOURBON.

CÆSAR.

You may well say so,
For *you* have seen that back—as general,
Placed in the rear in action—but your foes
Have never seen it.

BOURBON.

That's a fair retort,
For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the *devil*.

CÆSAR.

And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.

PHILIBERT.

Why so?

CÆSAR.

One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

BOURBON.

Arnold, your
Slight crooked friend 's as snake-like in his words
As his deeds.

CÆSAR.

Your highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

BOURBON.

... but bad company, your high
worse even for their friends than foes, as b
re permanent acquaintance.

PHILIBERT.

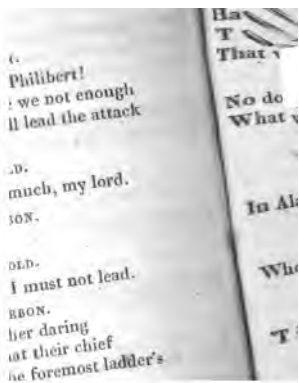
How now, fellow
ou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
a buffoon.

CÆSAR.

You mean, I speak the truth.
lie—it is as easy: then you 'll praise me
calling you a hero.

BOURBON.

Philibert!
im alone; he 's brave, and ever has
first with that swart face and mountain shoul
ld or storm; and patient in starvation;
or his tongue, the camp is full of licence,
ie sharp stinging of a lively rogue
ny mind, far preferable to



Philibert!
we not enough
ll lead the attack

much, my lord.

I must not lead.

her daring
at their chief
he foremost ladder's

Ha
T
That

No do
What

In Al

Wh

T

ner sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars
ielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,
he world's masters! Civilized, barbarian,
intly, still the walls of Romulus
been the circus of an empire. Well!
s *their* turn—now 't is ours; and let us hope
we will fight as well, and rule much better.

CÆSAR.

ubt, the camp 's the school of civic rights.
would you make of Rome?

BOURBON.

That which it was.

CÆSAR.

ric's time?

CÆSAR.

On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. 'T is for the general
To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

BOURBON.

You may sneer, since
'T is lucky for you that you fight no worse for 't.

CÆSAR.

I thank you for the freedom; 't is the only
Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

BOURBON.

Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury.
But, Philibert, we 'll in to council. Arnold!
We would request your presence.

ARNOLD.

Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

BOURBON.

In both, we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at day-break.

CÆSAR.

And mine?

BOURBON.

ARNOLD (*to* CÆSAR).

Prepare our armour for the assault,
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, *etc.*

CÆSAR (*solus*).

Within thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?
Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!
This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.
Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 't is
The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.
When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem
Were made for them to look at. 'T were a jest now
To bring one down amongst them, and set fire
Unto their ant hill: how the pismires then
Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing
From tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth
One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit* CÆSAR.

PART II.

SCENE I.

fore the Walls of Rome. The assault; the an motion, with ladders to scale the walls; Bot *with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

1.

'T is the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy;
But without there is a din
Should arouse the saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mix'd with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locust's crew.
Shade of Remus! 't is a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
Must its lot be like to thine?

Then with ... —
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! Eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!!

5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
... then ...!

,! Rather give the porch
.hy own hand to thy torch,
. behold such hosts pollute
.r worst dwelling with their foot.

6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
Ilion's children find no Hector;
Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Roma's sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When he first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes;
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,

icker grows the strife: thy ditches
rope's mingling gore enriches.
ome! Although thy wall may perish,
ich manure thy fields will cherish,
laking gay the harvest-home;
but thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quench'd hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neroes!
Though the son who slew his mother,
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'T was the Roman curb'd the Roman:—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise, for yours are holier charters.
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
[illegible] one wide tomb,

..., Arnold! I am first.

ARNOLD.

Not so, my lord.

BOURBON.

old, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud
f such a follower, but will brook no leader.
[BOURBON *plants his ladder, and begins to m*
ow, boys! On! on!

[*A shot strikes him, and* BOURBON *f*

CÆSAR.

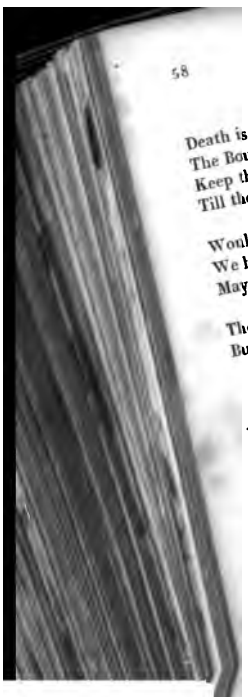
And off!

ARNOLD.

Eternal powers
host will be appall'd.—But vengeance! venge.

BOURBON.

nothing—lend me your hand.
OURBON *takes* ARNOLD *by the hand and rises:*
as he puts his foot on



BOURBON.

No, my gallant boy;
Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
Till they are conquerors—then do as you may

CÆSAR.

Would not your highness choose to kiss the
We have no priest here, but the hilt of swo
May serve instead:—it did the same for Be

BOURBON.

Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this tim
But I deserve it.

ARNOLD (*to* CÆSAR).

Villain, hold your pea

CÆSAR.

What, when a christian dies? Shall I
A christian "Vade in pace?"

ARNOLD.

Silence!
Those eyes are glazing, which o'erloo
And saw no equal.

BOURBON.

Arnold, should
France—But hark! hark! the ass
Oh!
For but an hour, a minute more
To die within the wall! Hence
You lose time—they will conqu

ARNOL

BOURBON.

Not so; I 'll lead them still
A spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious!

ARNOLD.

But I must not leave thee thus.

BOURBON.

You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is winning.
[BOURBON *dies.*

CÆSAR (*to* ARNOLD).

Come, count, to business.

ARNOLD.

True. I 'll weep hereafter.
[ARNOLD *covers* BOURBON'S *body with a mantle, and mounts the ladder, crying.*
The Bourbon! Bourbon! On boys! Rome is ours!

CÆSAR.

Good night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.
[CÆSAR *follows* ARNOLD; *they reach the battlement;* ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR *are struck down.*
A precious somerset! Is your countship injured?

ARNOLD.

No. [*Remounts the ladder.*

CÆSAR.

A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!
And 't is no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!
His hand *is on the* battlement—he grasps it
As though it were an altar; now his foot
Is on it, and——What have we here, a Roman?
[*A man falls.*

The first bird of the covey! he has fall'n
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow!

THE WOUNDED MAN.

A drop of water!

CÆSAR.

Blood's the only liquid
Nearer than Tiber.

WOUNDED MAN.

I have died for Rome. [Di

CÆSAR.

And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!
But I must after my young charge. He is
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!
[CÆSAR *mounts the ladder; the scene clos*

SCENE II.

The City.—Combats between the Besiegers and Besieg
in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

I cannot find my hero; he is mix'd
With the heroic crowd that now pursue
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.
What have we here? A cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
[illegible] Could they doff

essing, as a mark the less for plunder.
let them fly, the crimson kennels now
not much stain their stockings, since the mire
the self-same purple hue.

*r a party fighting—*ARNOLD *at the head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,
d in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory.
a! hold, count!

ARNOLD.

Away! they must not rally.

CÆSAR.

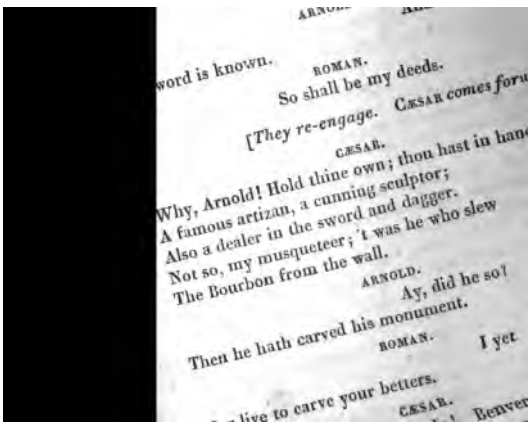
ll thee, be not rash; a golden bridge
or a flying enemy. I gave thee
rm of beauty, and an
mption from some maladies of body,
not of mind, which is not mine to give.
though I gave the form of Thetis' son,
pt thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe
ould not warrant thy chivalric heart
e than Pelides' heel; why then, be cautious,
know thyself a mortal still.

ARNOLD.

And who
th aught of soul would combat if he were
ulnerable? That were pretty sport.
nk'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

[ARNOLD rushes into the combat.

CÆSAR.



word is known.

ROMAN.

So shall be my deeds.

[*They re-engage.* CÆSAR *comes forw*

CÆSAR.

Why, Arnold! Hold thine own; thou hast in han
A famous artizan, a cunning sculptor;
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
Not so, my musqueteer; 't was he who slew
The Bourbon from the wall.

ARNOLD.

Ay, did he so?
Then he hath carved his monument.

ROMAN. I yet

live to carve your betters.

CÆSAR. Renver

slays Cellini, will have work'd as hard
r thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.
OLD *disarms and wounds* CELLINI, *but slightly; the latter draws a pistol and fires; then retires and disappears through the portico.*

CÆSAR.

farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
i Bellona 's banquet.

ARNOLD (*staggers*).

'T is a scratch.
me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

CÆSAR.

e is it?

ARNOLD.

In the shoulder, not the sword arm—
hat 's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
m of water!

CÆSAR.

That 's a liquid now
uisition, but by no means easiest
me at.

ARNOLD.

And my thirst increases;—but
nd a way to quench it.

CÆSAR.

Or be quench'd
lf?

ARNOLD.

The chance is even; we will throw
ice thereon. But I lose time in prating:

And what dost thou st
: not strike?

CÆSAR.

Your old philosopl
ankind, as mere spectators of
pic games. When I behold a
restling for, I may be found a l

ARNOLD.

t an oak.

CÆSAR.

A forest, when it su
with a mass, or not at all.
, pursue thy sport as I do min
just now to gaze, since all thes
my harvest gratis.

ARNOLD.

Thou art st

CÆSAR.

And thou—a man.

ARNOLD.

h I fain would show me.

CÆSAR.

True

ARNOLD.

t is that?

CÆSAR.

Thou feelest and thou

t ARNOLD, *joining in the con*

SCENE III.

St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church. The Pope at the Altar. Priests, etc. crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.

Enter CÆSAR.

A SPANISH SOLDIER.

Down with them, comrades! seize upon those lamps!
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary 's of gold!

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

Revenge! Revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

CÆSAR (*interposing*).

How now, schismatic!
What would'st thou?

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

CÆSAR.

Yea, a disciple that would make the founder
Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

I say he is the devil.

CÆSAR.

Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognize you for his own.

And that 's the reason, would you m
With your best friends? You had far
His hour is not yet come.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER
That shall

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forw*
him from one of the Pope's Gua
the foot of the Altar.

CÆSAR (*to the* LUTHER
I told you so.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER
And will you not aven

CÆSAR.
Not I! You know that « vengeance is
You see he loves no interlopers.

LUTHERAN (*dying*)
Oh!
Had I but slain him, I had gone on h
Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaver
My feebleness of arm that reach'd hi
And take thy servant to thy mercy.
A glorious triumph still; proud Baby
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hi
Hath changed her scarlet raiment fo
And ashes! [

... Vatican and the Castle of St Angelo.

CÆSAR.

Ha! right nobly battled!
Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great profes
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best thei
Now they must take their turn.

SOLDIERS.

He hath escaped
'ollow!

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

They have barr'd the narrow passage u
nd it is clogg'd with dead even to the door.

And *you* too, catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

SOLDIERS.

By holy Peter!
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best way.

CÆSAR.

And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church, others enter.*

CÆSAR.

They are gone,
And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

Enter OLIMPIA, *flying from the pursuit—She springs upon the Altar.*

SOLDIER.

She 's mine.

ANOTHER SOLDIER (*opposing the former*).

You lie, I track'd her first; and, were she
to pope's niece, I 'll not yield her. [They fight.

THIRD SOLDIER (*advancing towards* OLIMPIA).

You may settle
Your claims; I 'll make mine good.

OLIMPIA.

Infernal slave!
You touch me not alive.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Alive or dead!

OLIMPIA (*embracing a massive crucifix*).

Respect your God!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Yes, when he shines in gold.
Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances,* OLIMPIA, *with a strong and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix; it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*

THIRD SOLDIER.

Oh, great God!

OLIMPIA.

Ah! now you recognize him.

THIRD SOLDIER.

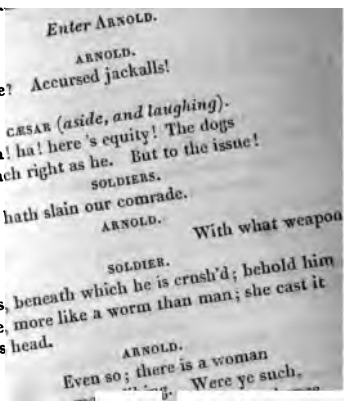
My brain 's crush'd!
Comrades, help, ho! All 's darkness! [*He dies.*

OTHER SOLDIERS (*coming up*).

Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:
She hath kill'd our comrade.

OLIMPIA.

Welcome such a death!
You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming S



Enter ARNOLD.

ARNOLD.

Accursed jackalls!

CÆSAR (*aside, and laughing*).

Ha! ha! here 's equity! The dogs
Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

SOLDIERS.

ARNOLD.

With what weapon

SOLDIER.

ARNOLD.

Even so; there is a woman
Were ye such,

...y on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault A*

ARNOLD.

Come on! I 'm glad on 't! I will show you, slaves,
How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the wall you were as shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[ARNOLD *mows down the foremost; the rest throw down their arms.*

SOLDIERS.

Mercy! mercy!

ARNOLD.

...n learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*
you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

SOLDIERS.

such: the city 's render'd. And mark well
ou keep your hands clean, or I 'll find out a stream,
red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

SOLDIERS (*deposing their arms and departing*).

e obey!

ARNOLD (*to* OLIMPIA).

Lady! you are safe.

OLIMPIA.

I should be so,
ad I a knife even; but it matters not—
ath hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
en at the altar foot, whence I look down
pon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
e thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

ARNOLD.

wish to merit his forgiveness, and
hine own, although I have not injured thee.

OLIMPIA.

o! Thou hast only sack'd my native land,—
o injury!—and made my father's house
den of thieves—No injury!—this temple—
ippery with Roman and holy gore.
o injury! And now thou would preserve me,
o be—but that shall never be!

She raises her eyes to heaven, folds her robe round her, and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the Altar opposite to that where ARNOLD *stands.*

ARNOLD.

OLIMPIA.

Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.
I know thee.

ARNOLD.

No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

OLIMPIA.

I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 't is all thou e'er shalt have of me!
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeem'd infant) than the holy water
The saints have sanctified!

[OLIMPIA *waves her hand to* ARNOLD *with disdain, and dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.*

ARNOLD.

Eternal God!
I feel thee now! Help! help! She 's gone.

CÆSAR (*approaches*).

I am here.

ARNOLD.

Thou! but ho, save her!

CÆSAR (*assisting him to raise* OLIMPIA).

She hath done it well.

ARNOLD.

Oh! she is lifeless!

CÆSAR.

If
She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.

ARNOLD.

Slave!

CÆSAR.

Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks
Good words however are as well at times.

ARNOLD.

Words!—Canst thou aid her?

CÆSAR.

I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*

ARNOLD.

'T is mix'd with blood.

CÆSAR.

There is no cleaner now
In Rome.

ARNOLD.

How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

CÆSAR.

Even so Achilles loved

ARNOLD.

She breathes! But no, 't was nothing, or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

CÆSAR.

She breathes.

ARNOLD.

Thou say'st it? Then 't is truth.

CÆSAR.

You do me right—
The devil speaks truth much oftener than he 's deem'd:
He hath an ignorant audience.

ARNOLD (*without attending to him*).

Yes! her heart beats.
Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine, should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse.

CÆSAR.

A sage reflexion,
But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we bear her?
I say she lives.

ARNOLD.

And will she live?

CÆSAR.

As much
As dust can.

ARNOLD.

Then she is dead!

CÆSAR.

Bah! bah! You are so.

Where I have placed my ——

CÆSAR.

Come then! raise her up!

ARNOLD.

Softly!

CÆSAR.

As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolti

ARNOLD.

But doth she live indeed?

CÆSAR.

Nay, never fear!
But if you rue it after, blame not me.

ARNOLD.

Let her but live!

CÆSAR.

The spirit of her life
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.
Count! count! I am your servant in all th

CÆSAR.

I could be one right formidable;
t since I slew the seven husbands of
ɔia's future bride (and after all
vas suck'd out but by some incense) I have laid
le intrigue : 't is rarely worth the trouble
;aining, or—what is more difficult—
ing rid of your prize again; for there 's
rub! at least to mortals.

ARNOLD.

Prithee, peace!
y! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

CÆSAR.

stars, no doubt; for that 's a metaphor
ucifer and Venus.

Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice,
Let their hearts have an echo in every v

2.

The spring is come; the violet 's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hu

3

And when the spring comes with her h
Of flowers, that flower beloved the mo
Shrinks from the crowd that may co
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues

Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter CÆSAR.

CÆSAR (*singing*).

The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle,
The casque 's on the wall.
There 's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks—but what 's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes h[illegible]

But the chase hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder,
And quake for their race.
When the lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 't was sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of Nature,
And, like her, sublime!

HEAVEN AND EARTH,

A MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass..... that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

"And woman wailing for her demon lover."—COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANGELS.

SAMIASA.
AZAZIEL.
RAPHAEL, *the Archangel.*

MEN.

NOAH, *and his Sons.*
IRAD.

WOMEN.

ANAH.
MA[illegible]

HEAVEN

A woody and mou
Ararat.-

Enter ANA

OUR father sleeps: it is
Who love us are accust
Through the deep cloud
How my heart beats!

AHO
L
Our invocation.

A
But the
I tremble.

AHOL
So do I, but
Of aught save their delay.

AN

OLIBAMAH.
y of loving

ANAH.
Aholibamah,
his angel loved me:
and though I know not
a thousand fears
of right.

OLIBAMAH.
Then wed thee
and toil and spin!
ee well, hath loved thee long:
dust!

ANAH.
I should have loved
mortal: yet
cannot outlive him.
his immortal wings
r the sepulchre
ay which so adored him,
st, death becomes
pity him;
s, or at least
r him, were I the seraph,

HOLIBAMAH.
Rather say,
rth some other daughter
er as he or

ANAH.

And if it should be so, and she so loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me,

AHOLIBAMAH.

If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All seraph as he is, I 'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! 'T is the hour.

ANAH.

Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with « the seven,»
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes:
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er went beneath the skies

Ang
A war unworth
Forgive, my seraph! that
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions ble
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandon'd quit
Appear! appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

ANOLIBAMAR.

Samiasa!
Wheresoe'er
Thou rulest in the upper air—
Or warring with the spirits who w
Dispute with Him
Who made all empires, empire,
wandering star which she

Whose tenants, dying while th
Share the dim destiny of clay i
Or joining with the inferior ch
Thou deignest to partake their l
Samiasa!
I call thee, I await thee, and I love
Many worship thee, that will I n
If that thy spirit down to mine ma
Descend and share my lot!
Though I be form'd of clay,
And thou of beams
More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet
I feel was lighted at thy God's and th
It may be hidden long: death and deca
Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but
Defies it: though this life must pass aw
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to par
Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
To my ears this truth—« thou livest for
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would

Change us He may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With Him if He will war with us; with thee
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with me,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As——but descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

ANAH.

Sister! sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.

AHOLIBAMAH.

The clouds from off their pinions flinging
As though they bore to-morrow's light.

ANAH.

But if our father see the sight!

AHOLIBAMAH.

He would but deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.

ANAH.

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!

ANAH.

Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return'd to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

AHOLIBAMAH.

They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

ANAH.

My Azaziel!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD *and* JAPHET.

IRAD.

Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus

Perhaps she looks upon them as i
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on t
The eternal beauty of undying thi
Oh, Anah!

IRAD.

But she loves thee not.

JAPHET.

IRAD.

And proud Aholibamah spurns m

JAPHET.

I feel for thee too.

IRAD.

Let her keep h
Mine hath enabled me to bear her
It may be, time too will avenge it.

JAPHET.

IRAD.

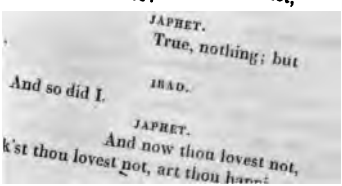
That I know not; but her air,
not her words, tells me she loves another.

JAPHET.

but not Anah: she but loves her God.

IRAD.

ıte'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
:t can it profit thee?



JAPHET.

True, nothing; but

And so did I.

IRAD.

JAPHET.

And now thou lovest not,
k'st thou lovest not, art thou happi

IRAD.

I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,
And would not feel as thou dost, for more sh
Than all our father's herds would bring if we
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and
Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhe
Sigh to the stars as wolves howl to the moon-
I must back to my rest.

JAPHET.

And so would I
If I could rest.

IRAD.

Thou wilt not to our tents ther

JAPHET.

No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
Mouth, they say, opens from the internal wo
To let the inner spirits of the earth
Forth when they walk its surface.

IRAD.

Wherefore
What wouldst thou there?

JAPHET.

Soothe further my
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
And I am hopeless.

unds and sights have peopled it with
with thee.

JAPHET.

Irad, no; believe me
l thought, and fear no evil.

IRAD.

gs will be thy foe the more
of them: turn thy steps aside,
e with thine.

JAPHET.

No; neither, Irad;
l alone.

IRAD.

Then peace be with thee!

[*Exit* IR

JAPHET (*solus*).

ught it where it should be found,
ve too, which perhaps deserved it:
, a heaviness of heart—
ıe spirit—listless days,
rable to sweet sleep—
me. Peace! what peace? the calm
the stillness of
'est, only broken by
)est through its groaning boughs;
)r the fitful state
)rn. The earth 's grown wicked,
l portents have proclaim'd
nd an o'erwhelming doom
. Oh, my Anah!

While time——Oh, God! ...
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the faili
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quei
Although they obscure it for an hour. M
How would I have adored thee, but thou
And still would I redeem thee—see thee li
When ocean is earth's grave, and, unoppo
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery wor
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of reali

Enter NOAH *and* SHEM.

NOAH.

Where is thy brother Japhet?

SHEM.

He went fo
According to his wont, to meet with Irad
He said: but, as I fear, to bend his steps

Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
Although he could not wed her if she loved him,
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
The destiny and evil of these days,
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
He must be sought for!

SHEM.

Go not forward, father:
I will seek Japhet.

NOAH.

Do not fear for me:
All evil things are powerless on the man
Selected by Jehovah—let us on.

SHEM.

To the tents of the father of the sisters?

NOAH.

No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt* NOAH *and* SHEM.

SCENE III.

The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

JAPHET (*solus*).

Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,

Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break fo
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to hav
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at eve
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars? And can those words: « no
He meant for thee, for all things, save for m
And the predestined creeping things reserv
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I* not have the po

... the shine, whose ooze
l slumber o'er the wreck of this until
salt morass subside into a sphere
ath the sun, and be the monument,
sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
t quick myriads of all life? How much
h will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
ung, so mark'd out for destruction, I
a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
night by night, thy number'd days and nights.
ot save thee, cannot save even her
love had made me love thee more; but as
ion of thy dust, I cannot think
hy coming doom without a feeling
s—Oh God! and canst thou——

[*He pauses*

—y the approaching delug
Which will be strangled b
The deep which will lay o
The heaven which will con
And the Omnipotent who
Thou unknown, terrible, a
Yet awful thing of shadows,
Why dost thou laugh that h

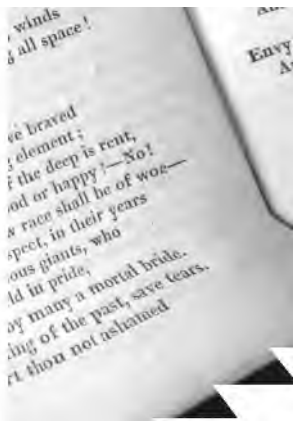
SPI

JAPH
For earth and all her childre

SPIRI
Ha!

JAPHE
How the fiend mocks the tort
The coming desolation of an o
On which the sun shall rise an
How the earth sleep

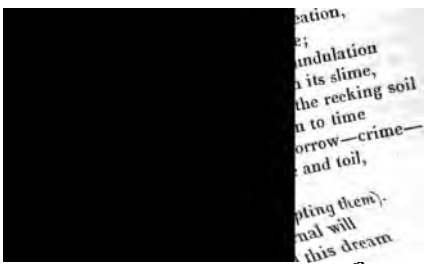
...ge, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sap
motion,
they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
s shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
en a rock from out the liquid grave
hall lift its point to save,
v the place where strong Despair hath died,
long looking o'er the ocean wide
the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroy'd!
lement shall be the lord


winds
all space!
ee braved
element;
the deep is rent,
od or happy!—No!
race shall be of woe—
pect, in their years
ous giants, who
ld in pride,
by many a mortal bride.
ing of the past, save fears,
rt thou not ashamed
Envy

Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches—live!
And when the annihilating waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

Rejoice!
No more the human voice

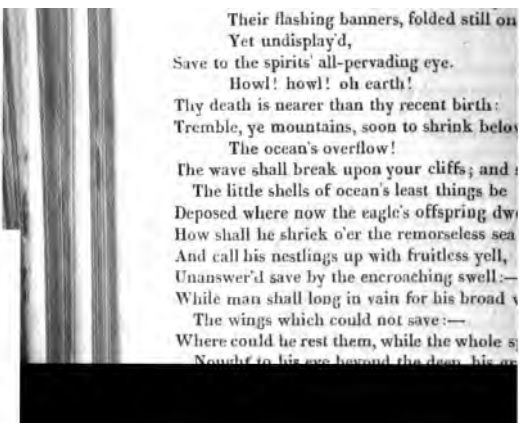


Unto him
And, gather'd
Abo
And to the
Restore the
Her Eden
Where man n
And even the

And when shall

When the Rede
An

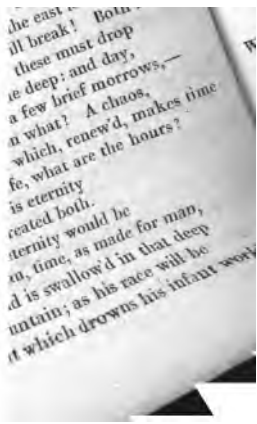
Meantime still
Till ear



Their flashing banners, folded still on
Yet undisplay'd,
Save to the spirits' all-pervading eye.
Howl! howl! oh earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink belo
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and
The little shells of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dw
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswer'd save by the encroaching swell:—
While man shall long in vain for his broad
The wings which could not save:—
Where could he rest them, while the whole s
Nought to his eye beyond the deep his ge

...neath the desolating waters;
loating upward with their long hair laid
g the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,
Which would not spare
Beings even in death so fair.
It is decreed,
All die!
o the universal human cry
niversal silence shall succeed!
Fly, brethren, fly!
But still rejoice!
We fell!
They fall!
So perish all
etty foes of Heaven who shrink from H...

[*The Spirit...*


ll break! Both
these must drop
e deep; and day,
a few brief morrows,—
n what? A chaos,
which, renew'd, makes time
fe, what are the hours?
is eternity
reated both.
ternity would be
n, time, as made for man,
d is swallow'd in that deep
ntain; as his race will be
t which drowns his infant

...e side
...y mountain, scattering its mist!
after the swart savage spirits, whose
nal immortality pour'd forth
r impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
ome as Eden. It may be they come
ll me the reprieve of our young world,
vhich I have so often pray'd—They come!
! oh God! and with her——

er SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

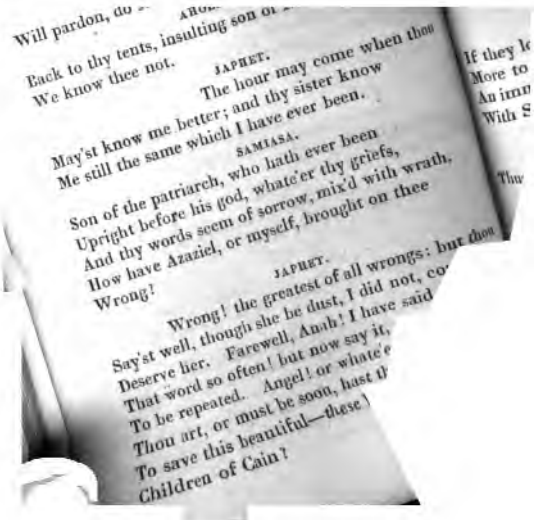
ANAH.

Japhet!

SAMIASA.

Lo!

Adam!



Will pardon, do ...

Back to thy tents, insulting son of ...
We know thee not.

JAPHET.

The hour may come when thou
May'st know me better; and thy sister know
Me still the same which I have ever been.

SAMIASA.

Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his god, whate'er thy griefs,
And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?

JAPHET.

Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs: but thou
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, co...
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
That word so often! but now say it,
To be repeated. Angel! or whate'e...
Thou art, or must be soon, hast th...
To save this beautiful—these ...
Children of Cain?

If they l...
More to
An imm...
With S...

Thu...

-gels: angels! ye
ared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
e his punishment: or at the least
row.

SAMIASA.

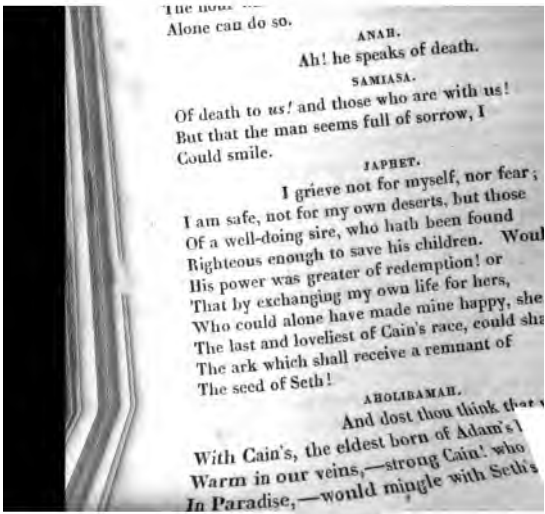
Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
r an Adamite speak riddles to me.

JAPHET.

th not the Most High expounded them?
are lost, as they are lost.

AHOLIBAMAH.

So be it!
ove as they are loved, they will not shrink
be mortal, than I would to dare
rtality of agonies
iasa!



The flow[illegible]
Alone can do so.

ANAH.

Ah! he speaks of death.

SAMIASA.

Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.

JAPHET.

I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children. Woul
His power was greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could sha
The ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!

AHOLIBAMAH.

And dost thou think that
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's!
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who
In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's

ffspring of old Adam's dotage?
all earth, were earth in peril!
always dwelt apart from thine
ining, and shall do so ever.

JAPHET.

to thee, Aholibamah!
he forefather, whom thou vauntest,
n in that haughty blood which springs
shed the first, and that a brother's!
Anah! let me call thee mine,
t not; 't is a word I cannot
ough I must from thee. My Anah!
t rather make me dream that Abel
ghter, whose pure pious race
ee, so much unlike thou art
stern Cainites, save in beauty,
n are fairest in their favour——

OLIBAMAH (*interrupting him*).

hou have her like our father's foe
ul? If *I* partook thy thought,
that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*—
e, son of Noah; thou mak'st strife.

JAPHET.

ain, thy father did so!

AHOLIBAMAH.

But
eth; and what hast thou to do
eds between his God and him?

Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.

ANOLIBAMAH.

He was our father—
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him,
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days——

JAPHET.

They are number'd—

ANOLIBAMAH.

Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

JAPHET.

My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?——

ANAH.

Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey:
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future without the sweet past—
Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,

Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
I abhor death, because that thou must die.

AHOLIBAMAH.

What? hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
Shaken *my* sister? Are we not the loved
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
Rather than thus———But the enthusiast dreams
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
Distinct from that which we and all our sires
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
Who shall do this?

JAPHET.

He, whose one word produced them.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Who *heard* that word?

JAPHET.

The universe, which leap'd
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?
Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,
They are none.

SAMIASA.

Aholibamah, own thy God!

AHOLIBAMAH.

it cannot be a sin to seek
an earth-born being; and behold,
are not of the sinful, since they have
llowship of angels.

NOAH.

These are they, then
leave the throne of God, to take them w
out the race of Cain: the sons of Heave
seek earth's daughters for their beauty

AZAZIEL.

ou last said it.

NOAH.

Woe, woe, woe to such
s not God made a barrier between ear
l heaven, and limited each, kind to

SAMIASA.

Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

NOAH.

I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God; but as our God
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
Cannot be good.

AZAZIEL.

What! though it were to save?

NOAH.

Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What He who made you glorious hath condemn'd
Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
Be general, not for two, though beautiful,
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemn'd.

JAPHET.

Oh father! say it not.

NOAH.

Son! son!

JAPHET.

Let me die with *this*, and *them!*

NOAH.

'st for such a thought, but shalt not; He
:deems thee.

SAMIASA.

And why him and thee,
:hat he, thy son, prefers to both?

NOAH.

10 made thee greater than myself
)ut not less subject to his own
:s. And lo! his mildest and
tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL *the Archangel.*

RAPHAEL.

Spirits!
ise seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
a seraph's duty to be shown
Now that the hour is near
n earth must be alone?
Return!
Adore and burn
is homage with the elected « seven.»
Your place is heaven.

SAMIASA.

Raphael!
and fairest of the sons of God,
ow long hath this been law,

...have we obey'd
...equent mission with delighted pinions.
Adoring Him in his least works display'd;
tching this youngest star of His dominions:
And as the latest birth of His great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.
Why is thy brow severe?
l wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

RAPHAEL.

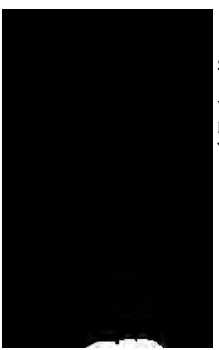
Had Samiasa and Azaziel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
ot inquired their Maker's breath of me.
But ignorance must ever be
A part...

...to us until this moment hid
Dost thou not err
In being here?

RAPHAEL.

I came to call ye back to your fit
In the great name and at the w
Dear, dearest in themselves, and s
That which I came to do: till n
Together the eternal space, togeth
Let us still walk the stars. Tr
Her race, return'd into her womb,
And much which she inherits; b
Cannot this earth be made, or be d
Without involving ever some vast
In the immortal ranks? immortal s
In their immeasurable forfeiture
Our brother Satan fell, his burning
Rather than longer worship da
But ye who still are pure!

I loved him—beautiful he was: oh Heaven!
Save *His* who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!
The wish is impious: but oh ye!
Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further snares exempt;
But man hath listen'd to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss,
The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break Heaven 's law.
Yet, yet, oh fly!
Ye cannot die,
But they
Shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence differeth from theirs
In all but suffering! Why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
Still they are evil's prey and sorrow's spoil.



If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
And wailing less for us than those who s
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd
Weep for the myriads who can weep no
Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever:
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great G
Obey him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine

An hour beyond His will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of His grace,
For all the mercy which Seth's race
Find still.
Fly!
And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,
Samiasa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'T is that an angel's bride disdains to weep—
Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!

ANAH.

And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azaziel?
Oh, my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true,
And yet thou wert so happy too!
The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new;
But yet depart!
Ah, why?
Yet let me not retain thee—fly!
My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from Heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deign'd
To one of Adam's race!
Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

...ay: nor weep!
Thou canst not weep; but
May'st suffer more, not we
Her whom the surges of the a
Can bring no pang like this
Being gone, 't will be less diffi

JAPHET.

Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, archa
Surely celestial mercy lurks i
That pure severe serenity of br
Let them not meet this sea w
Save in our ark, or let me be n

NOAH.

Peace, child of passion, peace
If not within thy heart yet with
Do God no wrong!
Live as he wills it—die, when he
A righteous death, unlike the ...

Floating upon the azure desert, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Buried in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
Oh, God! be thou a God, and spare
Yet while 't is time!
Renew not Adam's fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

NOAH.

Silence, vain boy! each word of thine 's a crime!
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

RAPHAEL.

Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye,
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

SAMIASA.

It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.

RAPHAEL.

Say'st thou?

AZAZIEL.

He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

nd aliens from your God,
Farewell!

JAPHET.

Alas! where shall they dwell?
rk! hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
ere 's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
rth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

NOAH.

Hark! hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky
nd hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
on it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!

JAPHET.

The sun! the sun!
riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,
oclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!
The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

NOAH.

And lo! yon flash of light,
distant thunder's harbinger, appears!

Leave to the eleme
Hence to where ou
Its saf

Oh,
Leave not my Ass

Must we not leave

No

With ther
How darest thou
And seek to save
In overwl
Witl

Can rage and ju

Blasphemer! dar

Patriarch, be sti
Thy son, desr

Where thou and Adam came [illegible]
And if thou dost not weep for thy los
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

ANAH.

Oh, my dear father's tents, my place of
And mountains, land, and woods, when
Who shall dry up my tears?

AZAZIEL.

Thy spirit-
Fear not, though we are shut from hea
Yet much is ours, whence we can not h

RAPHAEL.

Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy de
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flam
Which chased the first-born out of par
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

AZAZIEL.

It cannot slay us: threaten dust with d
And talk of weapons unto that which l

... earth are mingling—Go
... what have we done? Yet spare!
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth th
The dragon crawls from out his den,
To herd in terror innocent with men;
And the birds scream their agony through
Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despai
Hear not man only but all nature plead!

RAPHAEL.

arewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons of cla
cannot, must not aid you. 'T is decreed!
[*Exit*

JAPHET.

ne clouds sweep on, as vultures for their p
ile others, fix'd as rocks, await
which their

These darken'd [illegible]

[AZAZIEL *and* SAMIASA *fly off.* *with* ANAH *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

JAPHET.

They are gone! They have disappear'd, and
Of the forsaken world; and never more
Whether they live, or die with all earth's
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What, wilt thou leave us all—all—all
While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sit'st within thy guarded ark?

A MOTHER (*offering her infant*

Oh let this child embark!
I brought him forth in woe,
I brought it joy

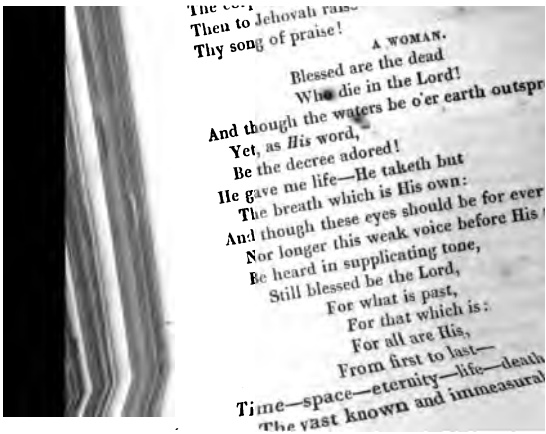
the waters o'er his placid breath?
n, thou seed of Seth!
ıd be—with Him who made
d thy race, for which we are betray'd!

JAPHET.

t is no hour for curses, but for prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
he swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
shing oceans every barrier rend,
the very deserts know no thirst?
Accursed
who made thee and thy sires!
m our curses vain; we must expire;
as we know the worst,
ıould our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
the implacable Omnipotent,
're must fall the same?
ath made earth, let it be His shame,
ake a world for torture:—Lo! they come,
oathsome waters in their rage!
th their roar make wholesome nature dumb!
forest's trees (coeval with the hour
paradise upsprung,



The co[illegible]
Then to Jehovah rais[illegible]
Thy song of praise!

A WOMAN.

Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!
And though the waters be o'er earth outspr
Yet, as *His* word,
Be the decree adored!
He gave me life—He taketh but
The breath which is His own:
And though these eyes should be for ever
Nor longer this weak voice before His
Be heard in supplicating tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is:
For all are His,
From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death
The vast known and immeasural

made, and can unmake;
And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
ıspheme and groan?
No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
r quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?
Not to the mountains high;
r now their torrents rush with double roar,
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
ready grasps each drowning hill,
Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

WOMAN.

ı, save me, save!
ır valley is no more:
y father and my father's tent,
y brethren and my brethren's herds,
ıe pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
ıd sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
ıe little rivulet which freshen'd all
Our pastures green,
No more are to be seen.
'hen to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
I turn'd to bless the spot,
nd not a leaf appear'd about to fall:

Which I
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain
Why, when all perish, why must I remain

[*The Waters rise: Men fly in eve*
many are overtaken by the wave
of Mortals disperses in search
the Mountains; JAPHET *remains*
while the Ark floats towards h
tance.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION.

ADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great poet-sire of Italy
lare to build the imitative rhyme,
rsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause; and, howsoever I
'all short of his immortal harmony,
· gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
u, in the pride of beauty and of youth,
)akest; and for thee to speak —

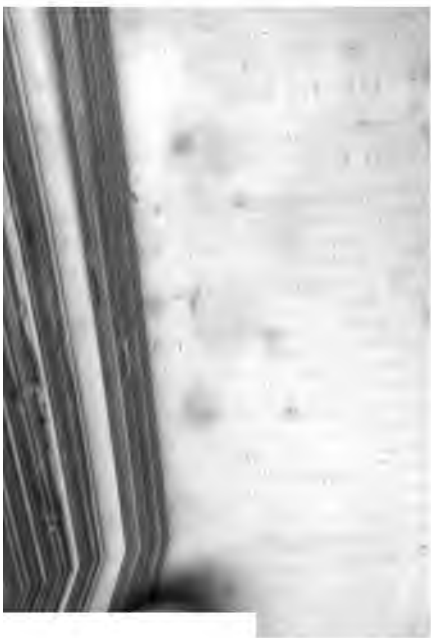
PREFACE.

the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna, in
ner of 1819, it was suggested to the author th
g composed something on the subject of Tass
ement, he should do the same on Dante's exile-
mb of the poet forming one of the principa
of interest in that city, both to the native an
stranger.

this hint I spake," and the result has been the
g four cantos, in terza rima, now offer
er. If they are understood and
ose to continue

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childe Harold translated into Italian versi sciolti—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza, or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember, that when I have failed in the imitation of his great «Padre Alighier,» I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto

[illegible] the rising generatio
[illegible] for their future poetical essays. But I pe
I am deviating into an address to the Italian r
[illegible] my business is with the English one, and be
[illegible]r many, I must take my leave of both.

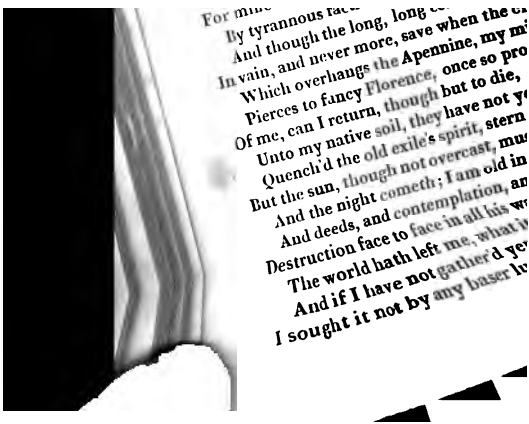


THE

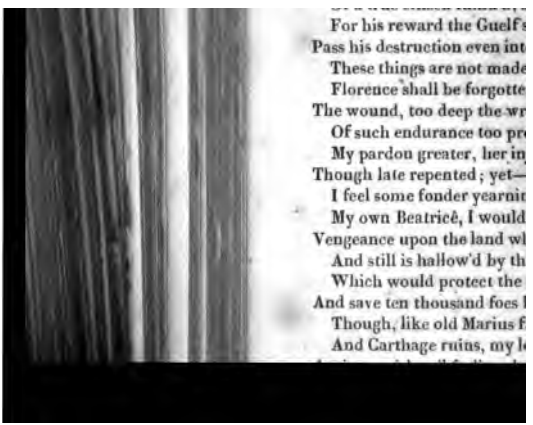
ROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO I.

e in man's frail world! which I had left
that 't was forgotten; and I feel
ight of clay again,—too soon bereft
nortal vision which could heal
hly sorrows, and to God's own skies
from that deep gulf without repeal,
my ears rung with the damned cries
in hopeless bale; and from that place



Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
And make men's fickle breath the wind that blow
Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
In bloody chronicles of ages past.
I would have had my Florence great and free:
Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou wast
Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
Wept over: « but thou wouldst not; » as the bi
Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
My voice; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stir
Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse
To him who *for* that country would expire,
But did not merit to expire *by* her,
And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
The day may come when she will cease to err,
The day may come she would be proud to hav
The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer
Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.



And yet being mortal still, have no rep
But on the pillow of Revenge—Reve
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst o
When we shall mount again, and th
Be trampled on, while Death and At
O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks
Take these thoughts from me—to t
My many wrongs, and thine almight
Will fall on those who smote me,—be
As thou hast been in peril, and in pa
In turbulent cities, and the tented fi
In toil, and many troubles borne in vai
For Florence.—I appeal from her to
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest
Even in that glorious vision, which to
And live was never granted until no
And yet thou hast permitted this to
Alas! with what a weight upon my bre
The sense of earth and earthly thing
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and
The heart's quick throb upon the men
Long day, and dreary night; the ret
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expe
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to
For I have been too long and deeply
On the lone rock of desolate despair

An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many a
Worthless as they who wrought it s
Of spirits of my order to be rank'd
In life, to wear their hearts out, and co
Their days in endless strife, and die
Then future thousands crowd aroun
And pilgrims come from climes where
The name of him—who now is but
And wasting homage o'er the sullen
Spread his—by him unheard, unheed
And mine at least hath cost me dear
Is nothing; but to wither thus—to t
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little m
A common sight to every common
A wanderer, while even wolves can fin
Ripp'd from all kindred, from all h

ey made an exile—not a slave of me.

THE

PROPHECY OF DAN

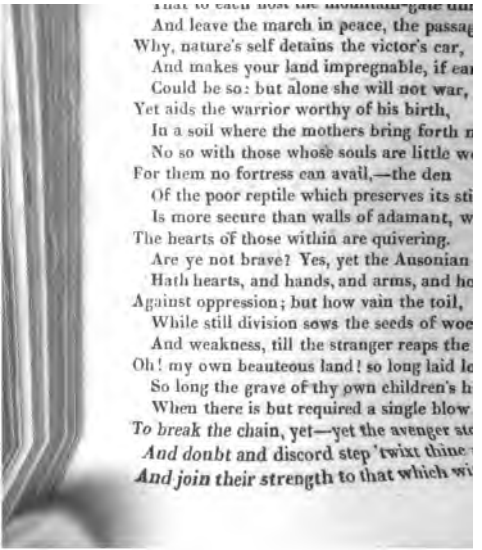
CANTO II.

The spirit of the fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to
thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behol
Their children's children's doom already hiv
Forth from the abyss of time which is to l
The chaos of events, where lie half-wroug
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great seers of Israel wore within
That spirit was on them, and is on me,

We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide west;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which exprest
The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with t
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wr
Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years, which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word,
«Let there be darkness!» and thou grow'st
Yes! thou, so beautiful shall feel the sword,

And finds her prior vision but pourtray'd
In feeble colours, when the eye—from the
Of horrid show, and rock and shaggy shad
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er t
And wistfully implores, as 't were, for help
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were th
Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's wi
The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank
Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hil
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the ne
Throned on the Palatine, while, lost and w
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead: the helpless

Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
Oh! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, whelm them, and for ever!
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves' sway
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,


That to each host the mountain-gate unl
And leave the march in peace, the passag
Why, nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if ea
Could be so: but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth,
In a soil where the mothers bring forth n
No so with those whose souls are little w
For them no fortress can avail,—the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sti
Is more secure than walls of adamant, w
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and ho
Against oppression; but how vain the toil,
While still division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid lo
So long the grave of thy own children's h
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the avenger sle
And doubt and discord step 'twixt thine
And join their strength to that which wi

ye not as the
who dare not a
ho overthrew
ad Xerxes, who
on never knew
Thermopylæ
; to the view
ye
untain-gate unbar
ace, the passage r
e victor's car.

What is there
And show t
To make th
Her sons, may

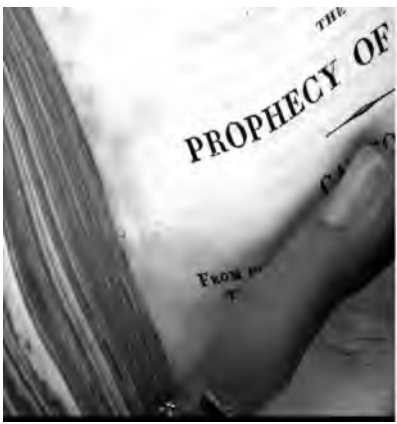
THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO III.

From out the mass of never dying ill,
  The plague, the prince, the stranger, and the sword
  Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
  That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
  And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;
  Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
  There where the farthest suns and stars have birth
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
  The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
  Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
  And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
  Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore;
  Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,

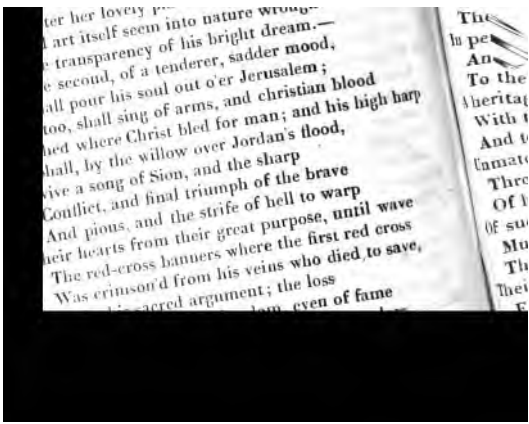
[illegible] though the vain may see
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretel thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer [illegible]


PROPHECY OF

...ly country! whom ...
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyr...
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but foretel thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and
spirit forces me to see and speak,
...on grants not to surv...
...d over thee and b...
...e I must resume
...row, let me take
...lash athwart thy
...me stars shine th...
...and above thy
...hich death
...dless sp...
...earth
...with
...erou...
...thy

Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers: they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty,
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze
All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
But fly more near the earth; how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall

As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty.
And the first day which sees the chain enthral
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone—[10]
The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit; thus the bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—
How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force or forge fit argument of song!
Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flattery's trebles,
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong:
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
But out of the long file of sonnetteers
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers.[11]
And love shall be his torment; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the chief
Of poet lovers, and his higher song
Of freedom wreathe him with as green a leaf.
But in a farther age shall rise along
The banks of Po, two greater still than he;


ter her lovely f...
l art itself seem into nature wrou...
e transparency of his bright dream.—
e second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
all pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;
too, shall sing of arms, and christian blood
hed where Christ bled for man; and his high harp
hall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
ive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
heir hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red cross
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
...acred argument; the loss
...om, even of fame

And, dying in despondency, bequeath
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to their country a redoubled wreath,
Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unrol
Through her olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self-turn'd soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be.
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion; soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die, or are degraded, for the mind

nite the scorched mountain, from whose burn-
breast
mporary torturing flame is wrung,
dues for a night of terror, then repels
s fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

THE

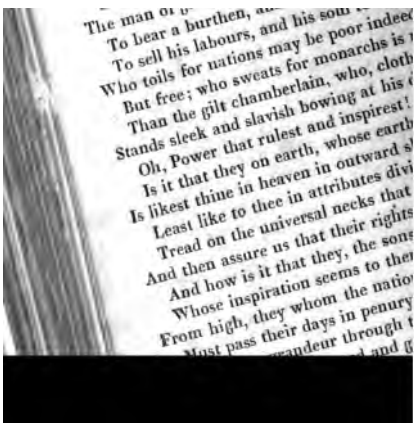
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO IV.

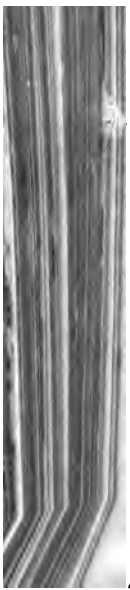
NY are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
eir thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
an those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
ny are poets but without the name;
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
estowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
cling the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,

With thought and beings of our thought reflec
Can do no more, then let the artist share
[illegible] the shares the peril, and dejected
[illegible] the labour unapproved—Alas!
[illegible] genius are too oft connected.
[illegible] which before me pass,
[illegible] resume and equal even the sway
[illegible] with Apelles and old Phidias
[illegible] unforgotten day.
[illegible] taught by ruin to revive
[illegible] forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman work, wrought by Italian hands,
And temples, [illegible] than the old temples, give
New wonders to the world; and while still stand

he austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
dome,[12] its image, while the base expands
a fane surpassing all before,
uch as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
nch sight hath been unfolded by a door
his, to which all nations shall repair
nd lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
nd the bold architect unto whose care
daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Vhom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Vhether into the marble chaos driven
chisel bid the Hebrew,[13] at whose word
srael left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
r hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
the damn'd before the Judgment throne,[14]
ch as I saw them, such as all shall see,
fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
ream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,[15]
Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
ich form the empire of eternity.
t the clash of swords and clang of helms,
age which I anticipate, no less
be the age of beauty, and while whelms
y the nations with distress,
enius of my country shall arise,
ır towering o'er the wilderness.
all its branches to all eyes,
ıt as fair, and recognized afar,
; its native incense through the skies.
shall pause amidst their sport of [redacted]



'I loved thee, but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries, which every year
Makes greater and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demagogues yield to them but in date
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
Yearn'd as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where—whatsoe'er his fate—he still were hers,
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain.—Alas!
'*What have I done to thee, my people?*' Stern



Built up between us, and will di
Beholding, with the dark eye
The evil days to gifted souls f
Foretelling them to those who v
As in the old time, till the ho
When truth shall strike their e
And make them own the proph

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 141, line 11.

Midst whom my own bright Beatricè bless'd.

ader is requested to adopt the Italian pr
f Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Note 2. Page 142, line 9.

My paradise had still been incomplete.

" Chè sol per le belle opre
Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle
Dentro di lui *si crede il Paradiso*,
Così se guardi fiso
Pensar ben dei ch'è ogni terrena piacere."

which Dante describes th

communis pervenerit, *talis perveni sic quod moriatur.*

Second sentence of Florence ag fourteen accused with him.—The L sentence.

Note 5. Page 146, lin

Where yet my boys are, and th

This lady, whose name was *Gemm* of the most powerful Guelf famili Corso Donati was the principal adve lines. She is described as being «. *ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi esse legimus,*» according to Gianno Lionardo Aretino is scandalised with of Dante, for saying that literary men «Quì il Boccaccio non ha pazienza esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ri più nobile filosofo

... years afterwar
... uomo è *animale civile*, secon
tutti i filosofi.» And thence concludes that t
t proof of the *animal's civism* is «la prima co
ne, dalla quale multiplicata nasce la Città.»

Note 6. Page 151, line 11.

Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set.

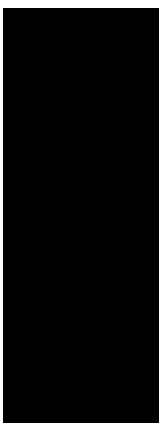
«Sacco di Roma,» generally attributed to Guic-
. There is another written by a Jacopo *Buona-*
ientiluomo Samminiatese che vi si trovò pre-

Note 7. Page 155, line 28.

Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave.

ler of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of
ntecucco.

Note 8. P.



The sta

Di Giovanni Battista

Chi è costui che, in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante; e le più illustri, e conte
Prove dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pront
Le labbra sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest, è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fro
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del mon
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ci sospese a se d'intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba a
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzate?
Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale?
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Note 14. Page 163, line 1

Over the damn'd before the Judgmen

The last Judgment in the Sistine cha

Note 15. Page 163, lin

The stream of his great thoughts sh

somewhere (if I de

Dante was

See the treatment of Michel Angiolo by Julius II. his neglect by Leo X.

Note 17. Page 165, line 30.

« What have I done to thee, my people? »

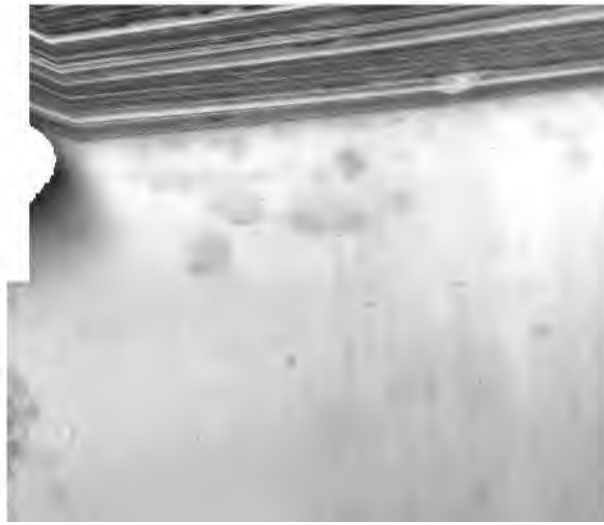
« E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre a epistola assai lunga che comincia :—« '*Populo mi, id feci tibi?*' »

Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.

THE ISLAND;

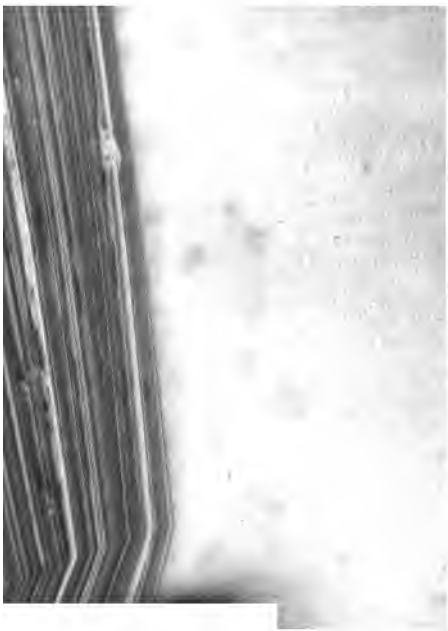
OR,

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.



ADVERTISEMENT.

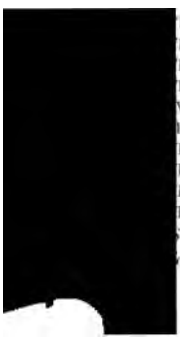
THE foundation of the following story will be found
rtly in the account of the Mutiny of the Bounty, in
e South Seas, in 1789, and partly in « Mariner's Ac-
unt of the Tonga Islands.»



The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately-shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening flight;
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun—
But, ere he break, a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:
His dreams were of old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er;



The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsol
The glowing sun and produce all its gold;
The freedom which can call each grot a hom
The general garden, where all steps may roan
Where nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they
Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the cha
Their strangest sight, an European face:—
Such was *the* country which these strangers y
o see again—a sight they dearly earn'd.

The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest
Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy comman
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand;
That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escape from duty's path,
Glares round thee, in the scarce-believing eyes
Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice;
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breat
They come not; they are few, and, overawed,
Must acquiesce while sterner hearts applaud.
[illegible] thou dost demand the cause; a curse

They would not dip then
But left thee to the mercies of th

V.

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leader's cry;
And who dare answer "Nay" to mutiny,
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
The Saturnalia of unhoped-for power?
The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
With its slight plank between thee and thy fate;
Her only cargo such a scant supply
As promises the death their hands deny;
And just enough of water and of bread
To keep, some days, the dying from the dead:
Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine
But treasures all to hermits of the brine,
Were added after to the earnest prayer
Of those who saw no hope sa[illegible] sea and air;
And last, that trembling vassal of the pole,
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.

VI.

And now the self-elected chief finds time
To stun the first sensation of his crime,
And raise it in his followers—"Ho! the
Lest passion should return to reason's
"Brandy for heroes!" Burke could on
No doubt a liquid path to epic fame
And such the new-born heroes foun
And drain'd the draught with an

The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from nature caugi
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, d
Before the mast by every wind of heaven?
And now, even now prepared with others' woes
To earn mild virtue's vain desire—repose?
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim
To the same end, by pathways not the same;
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
Or fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
Some far more potent o'er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day.
And still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and
Whatever creed

The tender Nautilus who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free!
He, when the lightning-wing'd Tornados sweep
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
Which hail'd her master in the mutineer—
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth:
But, soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.
Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy
His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
Exclaim'd, « Depart at once! delay is death!»
Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all:
In that last moment could a word recal
Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
And, what he hid from many, show'd to one:
When Bligh, in stern reproach, demanded *who*
Was now his grateful sense of former care?—

ıere all his hopes to see his name aspire,
d blazon Britain's thousand glories higher!
; feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
[is that! 't is that! I am in hell! in hell!»
more he said; but, urging to the bark
; chief, commits him to his fragile ark:
ese the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
t volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX.

e arctic sun rose broad above the wave;
e breeze now sunk, now whisper'd from his cave;
on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
)w swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
ith slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
)ughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
hich lifts its peak a cloud above the main:
at boat and ship shall never meet again!
it 't is not mine to tell their tale of grief,
ieir constant peril and their scant relief;
ieir days of danger, and their nights of pain;
ieir manly courage, even when deem'd in vain;
ie sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
)own to his mother in the skeleton;
ie ills that lessen'd still their little store,
ıd starved even hunger till he wrung no more;

Th' incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
A drop to moisten life's all-gasping springs;
The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main;
The ghastly spectres which were doom'd at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
Nor unredress'd! Revenge may have her own:
Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.
Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay;
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
Nature, and nature's goddess—Woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit; [1]

[1] *The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.*

est the fields, the woods, the streams:—
, where gold disturbs no dreams,
bited the shore,
ht them better than before,
toms, and amended theirs,
; also to their heirs.
behold them as they were,
ture, or with nature err.
heite!» was the cry,
the gallant vessel by.
gs up; the lately flapping sail
before the growing gale;
; stream aside the seas,
bow flings off with dashing ease.
h'd the Euxine's virgin foam;
fted still look'd back to home—
r country with their rebel bark,
e raven fled the ark;
k to nestle with the dove,
iery spirits down to love.

THE ISLAND.

CANTO II.

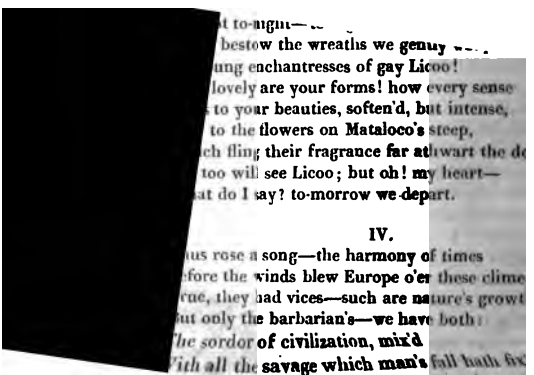
I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,[1]
When summer's sun went down the coral be
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsels s
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We 'll cull the flowers that grow above the
For these most bloom where rests the war
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the too
[illegible] of whose sighing bough

And smoothes ... -

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we 'll gather flo
Then feast like spirits in their promised h
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive t
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And plait our garlands gather'd from the
And wear the wreaths that sprung from
But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us l
The sound of mats is heard along our tr
Anon the torchlight-dance shall fling its
In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;
And we too will be there; we too recal
... with many a festiva


t to-night—
bestow the wreaths we genuy
ung enchantresses of gay Licoo!
lovely are your forms! how every sense
to your beauties, soften'd, but intense,
to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
ch fling their fragrance far athwart the d
too will see Licoo; but oh! my heart—
at do I say? to-morrow we depart.

IV.

us rose a song—the harmony of times
fore the winds blew Europe o'er these clime
rue, they had vices—such are nature's growt
ut only the barbarian's—we have both:
he sordor of civilization, mix'd
ith all the savage which man's fall hath fix
hath not seen dissimulatio's reign,

Who such would see, may from his lattice view
The old world more degraded than the new,—
Now *new* no more, save where Columbia rears
Twin giants, born by freedom to her spheres,
Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

V.

Such was this ditty of tradition's days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound, whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young history all to harmony;
A boy Achilles, with the Centaur's lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
Than all the columns conquest's minions rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages' labours or the student's dream;
Attracts, when history's volumes are a toil,—
The first, the freshest bud of feeling's soil.
Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—

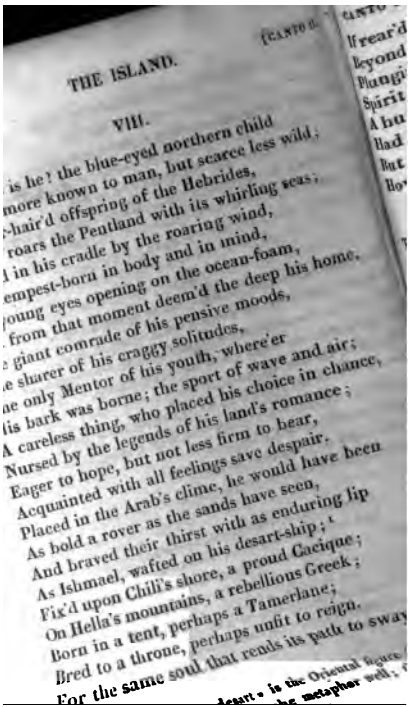
VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
The sweet siesta of a summer day,
The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,
When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm,
The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,
Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but most
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
With such devotion to their ecstasy,
That life knows no such rapture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has nought
Match'd with that burst of nature, even in thought;
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gush of love.

VII.

There sate the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;
The infant of an infant world, as pure

With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell;
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
Herself a billow in her energies,
To bear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:
Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er drew
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,
Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot:
Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds pass
O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
Restore their surface, in itself so still,
Until the earthquake tear the Naïad's cave,
Root up the spring and trample on the wave,
And crush the living waters to a mass,
The amphibious desart of the dank morass!



THE ISLAND. [CANTO II.

VIII.

is he? the blue-eyed northern child
more known to man, but scarce less wild;
-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
l in his cradle by the roaring wind,
empest-born in body and in mind,
young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
from that moment deem'd the deep his home.
from pensive moods,
e giant comrade of his craggy solitudes,
e sharer of his youth, where'er
ne only Mentor of his sport of wave and air;
lis bark was borne; the sport of chance,
A careless thing, who placed his choice in romance;
Nursed by the legends of his land's
Eager to hear, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair,
Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
As Ishmael, wafted on his desart-ship;
Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud Cacique;
On Hella's mountains, a rebellious Greek;
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
For the same soul that reads its path to sway

If rear'd
Beyond
Plungi
Spirit
A hu
Had
But
Ho

heart," is the Oriental figure
the metaphor well;

[illegible]; the same
[illegible] made a Nero, Rome's worst shame.
umbler state and discipline of heart
form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart:
grant his vices, grant them all his own,
small their theatre without a throne!

IX.

1 smilest,—these comparisons seem high
iose who scan all things with dazzled eye;
d with the unknown name of one whose doom
ought to do with glory or with Rome,
Chili, Hellas, or with Araby,
milest?—Smile; 't is better thus than sigh:
h he might have been; he was a man,
ng spirit ever in the van,
t hero or despotic chief

A blooming boy, a
The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as oce
The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neuha's side he sate, and watch'd the waters,—
Neuha, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,
Highborn (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a scutcheon for these secret isles)
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
The naked knights of savage chivalry,
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,
And flame.—I've seen.—Achilles! do no more
She, when the thunder-bearing straugers cam
In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than th
Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm;
But, when the winds awaken'd shot forth w
As the cloud along the horizon flings
free:—

.chor dropp'd, it lay along the deep
.a huge lion in the sun asleep,
.le round it swarm'd the proas' flittin
.e summer-bees that hum around his r

XI.

The white man landed;—need the rest be
The New World stretch'd its dusk hand t
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sa
And kinder still their daughters' gentler fi
Their union grew : the children of the st
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky
While these in turn admired the paler gl
Which seem'd so white in climes that kn
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soil where every cottage show'd a ho
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd c
Which stemm'd the studded Archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isl
The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive t
The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus bro
While eagles scarce build higher than the
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her l
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,

And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves.
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest:—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilized civilization's son!

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:
Both children of the isles, though distant far;
Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;
Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
Loved to the last whatever intervenes
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mi
Adored the Alp and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Joves Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
... all long ages' lore, nor all
... thrall:

apture still survived the boy,
a-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
memories with the Phrygian mount,
d linns with Castalie's clear fount.
Homer's universal shade!
Phœbus! that my fancy stray'd;
nd Nature taught me to adore
sublime from those beloved before.

XIII.

hich maketh all things fond and fair,
which makes one rainbow of the air,
past, that make even man enjoy
n which he ceases to destroy,
beauty, which the sternest feel
eir hearts like lightning to the steel,
alf savage and the whole,
id boy, in one absorbing soul.
e thundering memory of the fight
; wean'd bosom in its dark delight;
e irksome restlessness of rest
m like the eagle in her nest,

young, about eight years of age, after an attack of
er at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into
Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from
late my love of mountainous countries. I can never
t a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing

Whose whetted beak and far-pervading eye
Darts for a victim over all the sky;
His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
At once Elysian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn;—
These wither when for aught save blood they burn;
Yet, when their ashes in their nook are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame
Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame:
The gory sanction of his glory stains
The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.
Though glory, nature, reason, freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single Brutus did,—
Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
From the tall bough where they have perch'd so long,—
Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
When but a word of freedom would dispel
These bugbears, as their terrors show too well.

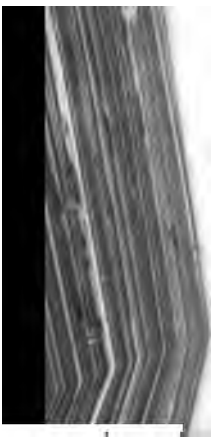
XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Neuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
With no distracting world to call her off
From love; with no society to scoff

Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy;
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of love.

XV.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
What deem'd they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide;
Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tower;
They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour;
The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell;
The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the north he mellows o'er the deep,
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,



Is love
Alike uplifted gloriously
Or link'd to all we know of heaven
The other better self, whose joy or
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing
Which, kindled by another, grows the
Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet fiercer
Where gentle hearts, like Brahmins, sit
How often we forget all time, when lo
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Ar
Without a spirit? Are the dropping
Without a feeling in their silent tear
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay
Its hour, and merge our soul in

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
Echo'd their dim light to the mustering stars.
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
Lovely as love— the spirit! when serene.
The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell, [1]
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries and will not sleep,

[1] If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr Landor, the author of Gebir, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or *Catullus in obscenity*, that the immaculate Mr Southey addresses his *declamation against impurity*!

is little plaint in vain, to rave
broad bosom of his nursing wave:
ods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
pic bird wheel'd rock-ward to his nest,
e blue sky spread round them like a lake
ee, where piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

hrough the palm and plantain, hark, a voice!
such as would have been a lover's choice,
uch an hour, to break the air so still!
dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
iking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
ose best and earliest lyres of harmony,
ith echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
f the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
or the soliloquy of the hermit owl,
Exhaling all his solitary soul,
The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,
Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night;—
But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
As ever startled through a sea-bird's bill;
And then a pause, and then a hoarse «Hillo!
Torquil! my boy! what cheer? Ho, brother, ho!»
«Who hails?» cried Torquil, following with his eye
The sound. «Here's one,» was all the brief reply.

XIX.

Not like
But such
Borne f
Its gen
And p
Had v
Oppo
And
To
Thr
An
Bu
Su
Cl
W
I

e a « bed of violets» on the gale,
:h as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
lle odours over either zone,
ıff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
ıfted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
d its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
ek'd, 'midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
us a constant sacrifice,
h every change of all the varying skies.
ıat was he who bore it?—I may err,
:m him sailor or philosopher.[1]
e tobacco! which from east to west
the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
on the Moslem's ottoman divides
ırs, and rivals opium and his brides;
ıcent in Stamboul, but less grand,
ı not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
ipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
her charmers, wooing the caress
azzlingly when daring in full dress;
; true lovers more admire by far
ked beauties—Give me a cigar!

XX.

gh the approaching darkness of the wood
an figure broke the solitude,

Fantastically, it may be, array'd,
A seaman in a savage masquerade;
Such as appears to rise out from the deep,
When o'er the Line the merry vessels sweep,
And the rough Saturnalia of the Tar
Lock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car;
And, pressed, the God of Ocean sees his name
Revive once more, though but in mimic game
Of his true sons, who riot in a breeze
Untremmt of in his native Cyclades.
Still the old god delights, from out the main,
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
Not over tightly bound, or nicely spread;
And stout of trowsers—ah! too early torn!
For even the mildest woods will have their thorn)
A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
Now served for inexpressibles and hat;
His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
Per fas nec nefas suit alike with either race.
His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
Which two worlds bless for civilizing both;
The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
And somewhat stoop'd by his marine abode,

›rawny as the boar's; and hung beneath,
utlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
›st or worn away; his pistols were
'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
not this metaphor appear a scoff,
igh one miss'd fire, the other would go off);
e, with a bayonet, not so free from rust
hen the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
pleted his accoutrements, as night
ey'd him in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

iat cheer, Ben Bunting?» cried (when in full view
new acquaintance) Torquil; «Aught of new?»
ey,» quoth Ben, «not new, but news enow;
ange sail in the offing.»—«Sail! and how?
t! could you make her out? It cannot be;
seen no rag of canvas on the sea.»
ike,» said Ben, «you might not from the bay,
rom the bluff-head, where I watch'd to-day,
r her in the doldrums; for the wind
light and baffling.»—«When the sun declined
re lay she? had she anchor'd?»—«No, but still
bore down on us, till the wind grew still.»
flag?»—«I had no glass; but fore and aft,
, she seem'd a wicked-looking craft.»
n'd?»—«I expect so;—sent on the look-out;—
time, belike, to put our helm about.»
out?—Whate'er may have us now in chase

We will die at our quarters, like true men.»
« Ey, ey; for that, 'tis all the same to Ben.»
« Does Christian know this?»—« Ay; he has piped
hands
To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted.»—« That's but fi
And if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
But whatsoe'er betide, ah, Neuha! now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear; I 'm thine, whatever intervenes!»
« Right,» quoth Ben, « that will do for the marines.»[1]

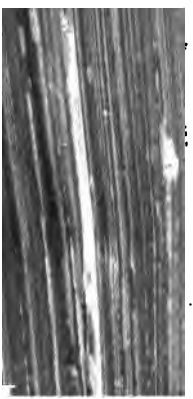
[1] « That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it is an old saying, and one of the few fragments of former jealo which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

THE ISLAND.

CANTO III.

I.

was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
es the cannon as he wings a tomb,
; and sulphury vapours upward driven
: earth, and but polluted heaven:
roar which rung in every volley
echoes to their melancholy;
y shriek'd their horror, boom for boom;
s done, the vanquish'd had their doom;
s were crush'd, dispersed, or ta'en,
em the happiest were the slain.
)ed, and these were hunted o'er
)ved beyond their native shore.
ae was their's, it seem'd, on earth,
to that which gave them birth;
d beasts, like them they sought the wild,
bosom flies the child;
s and lions seek their den,
inly men escape fr



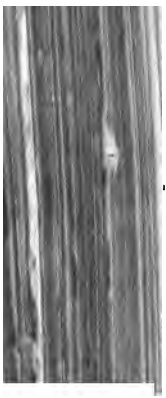
When scaling his enormous c
Is hurl'd down headlong like t
And falls back on the foaming
Which fight beneath the banr
But now at rest, a little remna
Together, bleeding, thirsty, fai
But still their weapons in the
With something of the pride c
As men not all unused to med
And strive much more than w
Their present lot was what the
And dared as what was likely
Yet still the lingering hope, w
Not pardon'd, but unsought f
Or trusted that, if sought, the
Might still be miss'd amidst t
Had wean'd their thoughts in
And felt—the vengeance of t

gic of the thunder, which destroy'd
rrior ere his strength could be employ'd?
ke a spreading pestilence, the grave
of human bravery than the brave!
wn scant numbers acted all the few
t the many oft will dare and do;
ugh the choice seems native to die free,
reece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
, when she has forged her broken chain
a sword, and dies and lives again!

III.

the jutting rock the few appear'd,
e last remnant of the red-deer's herd;
yes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
ll the hunter's blood was on their horn.
stream came tumbling from the height,
aggling into ocean as it might,
nding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
sh'd from cleft to crag with saltless spray;
n the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure
esh as innocence, and more secure,
er torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
far below the vast and sullen swell
an's Alpine azure rose and fell.

idamus, King of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw
ne invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed
The same story has been told of



Cool'd their scorch'd throats
From wounds whose only h
Then, when their drought
round,
As wondering how so many
Alive and fetterless:—but s
Each sought his fellow's ey
On him for language, whic
As though their voices wit

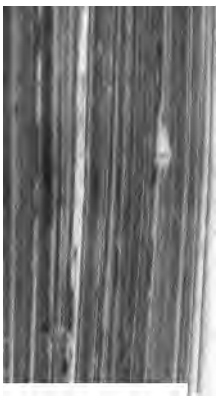
I

Stern, and aloof a little fr
Stood Christian, with his s
The ruddy, reckless, daun
Along his cheek, was livid
His light-brown locks, so
Now rose like startled vip
Still as a statue, with his

And blood-drops sprinkled o'er his yellow hair
Show'd that his faintness came not from despair,
But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essay'd to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe—
A trophy which survived an hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheer'd ten thousand nights.
The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walk'd up and down—at times would stand, then stoop
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes past before the eyes;
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities.

V.

At length Jack Skyscrape, a mercurial man,
Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once than wrestle with despair,
[redacted]



And as he knew nc
Nor swore in vain;
Revived Ben Buntir
He drew it from hi
But merely added t
Thus rendering the
A peroration I need

But Christian, of an
Like an extinct volc
Silent, and sad, and
Of passion reeking f
Till lifting up again
It glanced on Torqui
« And is it thus?» he
And thee too, *thee*—

A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew,
Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew:
Onward it came—and, lo! a second follow'd—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow'd;
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;—
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
Which flings it broad and boiling, sheet on sheet,
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave, of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leap'd like a Nereid from her shell to land,

Her heart
And smiled, and wept, and
As if to be assured 't was *him* she grasp'd;
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and th
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bea
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not d
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could b
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
That rock'd her heart till almost HEARD to
And paradise was breathing in the sigh
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy.

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meet
Were not unmov'd; who are, when hear
Even Christian gazed upon the maid and
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
those bitter thoughts the so
days.

X.

[illegible] their time for good or evil thought;
[illegible]billows round the promontory brought
[illegible]e plash of hostile oars—Alas! who made
[illegible]hat sound a dread? All round them seem'd array'd
Against them, save the bride of Toobonai:
She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay
Of the arm'd boats which hurried to complete
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,
Beckon'd the natives round her to their prows,
Embark'd their guests, and launch'd their light canoes.
In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;
But she and Torquil must not part again.
She fix'd him in her own—Away! away!
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
And towards a group of islets, such as bear
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,
They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.
They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
Again make way and menace o'er the main;
And now the two canoes in chase divide,
And follow different courses o'er the tide,
To baffle the pursuit—Away! away!
As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
And more than life or lives to Neuha: love
Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove—
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment!—Fly, thou light ark, fly!

THE ISLAND.

CANTO IV.

I.

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

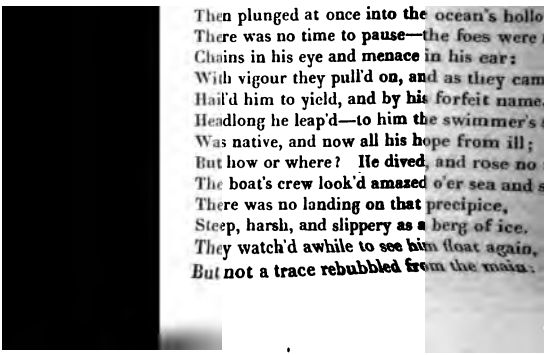
II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desart to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun;

Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes;
But all its secret was not told; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that mann'd what held her Torquil's lot,
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skiff which wafted Christian from the shore.
This he would have opposed: but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him «speed and prosper.» *She* would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake.
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star.



Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollo
There was no time to pause—the foes were
Chains in his eye and menace in his ear:
With vigour they pull'd on, and as they cam
Hail'd him to yield, and by his forfeit name.
Headlong he leap'd—to him the swimmer's
Was native, and now all his hope from ill;
But how or where? He dived, and rose no
The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea and s
There was no landing on that precipice,
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.
They watch'd awhile to see him float again,
But not a trace rebubbled from the main.

he quiet proa, wavering o
Vas all that told of Torquil and his bride;
.nd but for this alone the whole might seem
'he vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream.
They paused and search'd in vain, then pull'
Even superstition now forbade their stay.
Some said he had not plunged into the wav
But vanish'd like a corpse-light from a grav
Others, that something supernatural
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
While all agreed, that in his cheek and eye
There was the dead hue of eternity.
Still as their oars receded from the crag,
Round every weed a moment would they l
Expectant of some token of their prey;
But no—he had melted from them like th

Young Neuha plunged into the deep,
Follow'd: her track beneath her native
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she w
Leaving a streak of light behind her h
Which struck and flash'd like an ampl
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trac
The depths where divers hold the pearl
Torquil, the nursling of the northern se
Pursued her liquid steps with art and e
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soar'd—and, as
Her arms, and flung the foam from off
Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by
They had gain'd a central realm of earth
But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, i
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave
(A hollow archway h[illegible]

Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise;
Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut
And form a something like a Triton's hut;
For all was darkness for a space, till day
Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

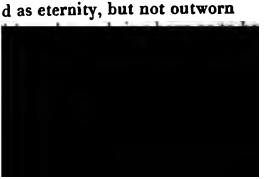
VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo;
A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took,
A few shrunk wither'd twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus array'd
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch uprear'd by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd,
When the poles crash'd and water was the world;
Or harden'd from some earth-absorbing fire
While yet the globe reck'd from its funeral pyre;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,

len with all the golden fruits that
ch eve had seen her gliding throu
th all could cheer or deck their s
d now she spread her little store
e happiest daughter of the loving

IX.

e, as he gazed with grateful wond
r shelter'd love to her impassion'
ıd, suited to her soft caresses, told
ı elden tale of love,—for love is o
d as eternity, but not outworn



Their deep green shadow o'er the ro
Theff dived—it seem'd as if to rise r
His wondering mates, amazed withi
Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the
Row'd round in sorrow the sea-gird
Then paused upon their paddles fro
When, fresh and springing from th
A goddess rise—so deem'd they in t
And their companion, glorious by h
Proud and exulting in his mermaid
And how, when undeceived, the pai
With sounding conchs and joyous s
How they had gladly lived and caln
And why not also Torquil and his h
Not mine to tell the rapturous care
Which follow'd wildly in that wild
This tale; enough that all within th
Was love, though buried strong as i

Within, their hearts made all their ha
Love's broken murmur and more bro

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of th
Which left them exiles of the hollow
Where were they? O'er the sea for li
To seek from heaven the shelter men
Another course had been their choice
The wave which bore them still, their f
Who, disappointed of their former ch
In search of Christian now renew'd th
Eager with anger, their strong arms r
Like vultures bafiled of their previou
They gain'd upon them, all whose saf
In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden
No further chance or choice remain'
For the first further rock which met
They steer'd, to take their latest view
And yield as victims, or die sword in
Dismiss'd the natives and their shallo
Would still have battled for that scar
But Christian bade them seek their sl
Nor add a sacrifice which were in vai
For what were simple bow and sava
Against the arms which must be wie

XI.

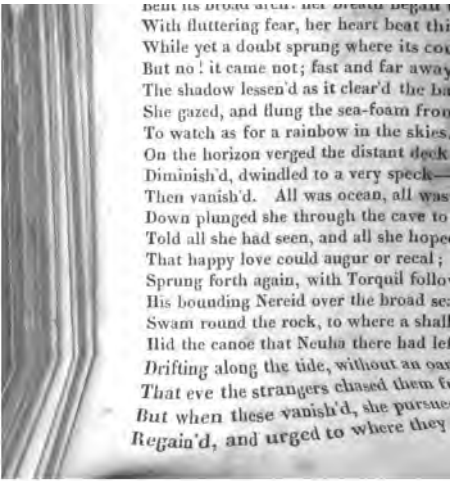
But, ah! how different! 'i
Degrades or hallows cour
O'er them no fame, etern
Blazed through the clouds
No grateful country, smil
Begun the praises of a tho
No nation's eyes would on
No heroes envy them thei
However boldly their war
Their life was shame, thei
And this they knew and fe
The leader of the band he l
Who, born perchance for l
His life upon a cast which l
But now the die was to be t
The chances were in favour
And such a fall! But still l
Obdurate as a portion of th

Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the volleying flame,
And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
While the rock rattled with the bullets' knell,
Which peal'd in vain, and flatten'd as they fell;
Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.
After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd nigher,
They heard the voice of Christian shout, «Now fire!»
And ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell; the rest assail'd the rock's rough side,
And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.
But steep the crag, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath;
While, placed 'midst clefts the least accessible,
Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark full well,
The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet shell;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there, until
Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
Enough for seizure, near enough to die,

en, like a serpent, coil a
ry form, to where the steep
s himself along the deep;

count of Frederic II. of Prussia, there h
young Frenchman, who, with his mistress,
rank. He enlisted and deserted at Sweidn
resistance, was retaken, having killed an
eize him after he was wounded, by the disch
with a *button* of his uniform. Some circ
rtial raised a great interest amongst his jud
his real situation in life, which he offered
ng only, to whom he requested permission
ed, and Frederic was filled with the greatest
d curiosity or some other motive, when he w
had been denied.—See THIEBAULT's work,
ory.)

... below received lit
... crush'd into one gory mass,
With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
A fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd with blood an
Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and deed
Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
As long as hand could hold, he held them fas
Yet glitter'd, but at distance—hurl'd away
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
The rest was nothing—save a life mis-spent,
And soul—but who shall answer where it went
'T is ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
Unless these bullies of eternal pains
re pardon'd their bad hearts for their ...


Bent its broad arch: her breath began
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thi
While yet a doubt sprung where its co
But no! it came not; fast and far away
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the ba
She gazed, and flung the sea-foam fro
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies
On the horizon verged the distant deck
Diminish'd, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was
Down plunged she through the cave to
Told all she had seen, and all she hope
That happy love could augur or recal;
Sprung forth again, with Torquil follo
His bounding Nereid over the broad se
Swam round the rock, to where a shall
Hid the canoe that Neuha there had le
Drifting along the tide, without an oa
That eve the strangers chased them f
But when these vanish'd, she pursue
Regain'd, and urged to where they

Nor ever did more love and joy embark,
Than now was wafted in that slender ark.

XV.

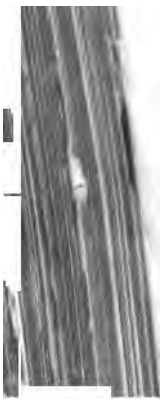
Again their own shore rises on the view,
No more polluted with a hostile hue;
No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
A floating dungeon:—all was hope and home!
A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
The chiefs came down, around the people pour'd,
And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;
The women throng'd, embracing and embraced
By Neuha, asking where they had been chased,
And how escaped? The tale was told; and then
One acclamation rent the sky again;
And from that hour a new tradition gave
Their sanctuary the name of «Neuha's cave.»
An hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
The feast in honour of the guest, return'd
To peace and pleasure, perilously earn'd;
A night succeeded by such happy days
As only the yet infant world displays.

APPENDIX.

T FROM THE VOYAGE BY CAPTAIN BLIGH.

7th of December it blew a severe storm of
n the eastward, in the course of which we suf-
tly. One sea broke away the spare yards and
of the starboard main-chains; another broke
hip and stove all the boats. Several casks of
had been lashed on deck broke loose, and were
verboard; and it was not without great risk and
that we were able to secure the boats from
shed away entirely. A great quantity of our
s also damaged and rendered useless, for the
stove in our stern, and filled the cabin with

5th of January, 1788, we saw the island of
about twelve leagues distant, and next day
nday, came to an anchor in the road of Santa
here we took in the necessary supplies, and
nished our business, sailed on the 10th.
livided the people into three watches, and ap-



butes much towards the ...
but enables them more readily to exert the
cases of sudden emergency.

As I wished to proceed to Otaheite withou
I reduced the allowance of bread to two-
caused the water for drinking to be filter
drip-stones, bought at Teneriffe for that pur
acquainted the ship's company of the object o
and gave assurances of certain promotion
whose endeavours should merit it.

On Tuesday the 26th of February, being
titude 29° 38′, and 44° 44′, west longitude,
sails, and made other necessary preparation
tering the weather that was to be expec
latitude. Our distance from the coast
about 100 leagues.

On the forenoon of Sunday, the 2d o
seeing that every person was clean, divi
... according to my usual custo

On a complaint made to me by the master, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen of lashes, for insolence and mutinous behaviour, which was the first time that there was any occasion for punishment on board.

We were off Cape St Diego, the eastern part of the Terre de Fuego, and, the wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten-land than to attempt passing through Straits le Maire. We passed New Year's Harbour and Cape St John, and on Monday the 31st were in latitude 60° 1′ south. But the wind became variable, and we had bad weather.

Storms, attended with a great sea, prevailed until the 12th of April. The ship began to leak, and required pumping every hour, which was no more than we had reason to expect from such a continuance of gales of wind and high seas. The decks also became so leaky that it was necessary to allot the great cabin, of which I made little use except in fine weather, to those people who had not births to hang their hammocks in, and by this means the space between decks was less crowded.

With all this bad weather, we had the additional mortification to find, at the end of every day, that we were losing ground; for, notwithstanding our utmost exertions, and keeping on the most advantageous tacks, we did little better than drift before the wind. On Tuesday the 22d of April, we had eight down on the sick list, and the rest of the people, though in good health, were

dered the helm to be put a-weathe
the Cape of Good Hope, to the gr
on board.

We came to an anchor on Frida
Simon's Bay, at the Cape, after a
ship required complete caulking, fo
leaky, that we were obliged to pum
sage from Cape Horn. The sails
quired repair, and, on examining t
siderable quantity was found damag

Having remained thirty-eight da
my people having received all the a
be derived from refreshments of ev
be met with, we sailed on the 1st of J

A gale of wind blew on the 20t
it increased after noon with such vi
was driven almost forecastle under
the sails clewed up. The lower y
and the top-gallant-mast got

. . had much bad weather, wit
nail, but nothing was seen to indicate our v
the 13th of August, except a seal, which a
the distance of twenty leagues from it. We a
Adventure Bay on Wednesday the 20th.

In our passage hither from the Cape of Go
the winds were chiefly from the westward,
boisterous weather. The approach of strong
winds is announced by many birds of the alb
peterel tribe; and the abatement of the gale, o
of wind to the northward, by their keeping awa
hermometer also varies five or six degrees in its
hen a change of these winds may be expected.

In the land surrounding Adventure Bay are
rest trees one hundred and fifty feet high; we
ich measured above thirty-

body being coloured with red ocl
were painted black, with a kind o
over their faces and shoulders, t
ascertain what they were like.

On Thursday, the 4th of Septem
Adventure Bay, steering first toward
and then to the northward of east,
we came in sight of a cluster of s
which I named Bounty Isles. Soon
quently observed the sea, in the night
by luminous spots, caused by amazing
blubbers or medusæ, which emit a l
of a candle, from the strings or filamer
them, while the rest of the body c
dark.

We discovered the island of Otaheite
before casting anchor next morning in
numbers of canoes had come off, the
ascertained

lost our surgeon on the 9th of December. had scarcely ever stirred out of the cabin, apprehended to be in a dangerous state. Ne- appearing worse than usual in the evening, oved where he could obtain more air, but ; benefit, for he died in an hour afterwards. inate man drank very hard, and was so averse that he would never be prevailed on to take n turns on deck at a time, during all the ıe voyage. He was buried on shore.

ay, the 5th of January, the small cutter was which I was immediately apprized. The any being mustered, we found three men ab- ıd carried it off. They had taken with them of arms and ammunition; but with regard ı, every one on board seemed to be quite I therefore went on shore, and engaged all o assist in recovering both the boat and the Accordingly, the former was brought back ıe of the day, by five of the natives; but the ot taken until nearly three weeks afterwards. · place where they were, in a different quarter d of Otaheite, I went thither in the cutter, ere would be no great difficulty in securing he assistance of the natives. However, they y arrival; and when I was near a house in were, they came out wanting their fire-arms, ed themselves up. Some of the chiefs had zed and bound these deserters: but had been

release them. But finding an opportunity
possession of their arms, they set the na-
iance.

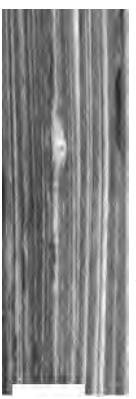
ect of the voyage being now completed, a
-fruit plants, to the number of one thousan
en, were got on board on Tuesday, the 31st
Besides these, we had collected many othe
some of them bearing the finest fruits in th
; and valuable, from affording brilliant dyes, an
rious properties besides. At sunset of the 4th o
, we made sail from Otaheite, bidding farewell to
sland where for twenty-three weeks we had been
ted with the utmost affection and regard, and which
med to increase in proportion to our stay. That we
re not insensible to their kindness, the succeeding cir-
mstances sufficiently proved; for to the friendly and
ndearing behaviour of these people may be ascribed the
motives inciting an event that effected the ruin of an
expedition, which there was every reason to believe would
have been attended with the most favourable issue.

Next morning we got sight of the island Huaheine; and
a double canoe soon coming alongside, containing ten
natives, I saw among them a young man who recollected
me, and called me by my name. I had been here in the
year 1780, with Captain Cook, in the Resolution. A
few days after sailing from this island, the weather be-
came squally, and a thick body of black clouds collected
in the east. A water-spout was in a short time seen at
distance from us, which appeared to great ad-
kness of the clouds behind it. As
pper part was about two

[illegible] in diameter, and the lower about eight inches. Scarcely had I made these remarks, when I observed that it was rapidly advancing towards the ship. We immediately altered our course, and took in all the sails except the foresail; soon after which it passed within ten yards of the stern, with a rustling noise, but without our feeling the least effect from it being so near. It seemed to be travelling at the rate of about ten miles an hour, in the direction of the wind, and it dispersed in a quarter of an hour after passing us. It is impossible to say what injury we should have received, had it passed directly over us. Masts, I imagine, might have been carried away, but I do not apprehend that it would have endangered the loss of the ship.

Passing several islands on the way, we anchored at Tamooka, on the 23d of April; and an old lame man called Tepa, whom I had known here in 1777, and immediately recollected, came on board, along with others, from different islands in the vicinity. They were desirous to see the ship, and, on being taken below, where the bread-fruit plants were arranged, they testified great surprize. A few of these being decayed, we went on shore to procure some in their place.

The natives exhibited numerous marks of the peculiar mourning which they express on losing their relations; such as bloody temples, their heads being deprived of most of the hair, and, what was worse, almost



and bread-fruit. But the yar
dance, and very fine and large
above forty-five pounds. Sailin
which contained not less than
a number of them gradually
islands, that it was impossible
the multitude became so great
of sufficient authority to comm
fore ordered a watering party, t
on board, and sailed on Sunday

We kept near the island of
of Monday, in hopes that some
to the ship, but in this we w
wind being northerly, we steere
evening, to pass south of Tofo
for this course to be continued
master had the first watch, t
watch, and Mr Christian the
was the turn of duty for the ni

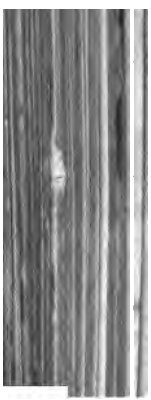
before sunrise, on Tuesda
while I was yet asleep, Mr Christian, with
at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burki
came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied
with a cord behind my back; threatenin
instant death if I spoke or made the leas
nevertheless called out as loud as I could, i
assistance; but the officers not of their
already secured by sentinels at their door
own cabin-door were three men, besides the fo
all except Christian had muskets and bayone
only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, a
on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain in
time from the tightness with which my ha
ied. On demanding the reason of such vio
only answer was abuse for not holding my ton
master, the gunner

Hallett, two of the midshipmen, an
clerk, were ordered into it. I dema
of giving this order, and endeavour
people near me not to persist in su
but it was to no effect; for the co
« Hold your tongue, sir, or you are
The master had by this time sent,
might come on deck, which was per
soon ordered back again to his ca
to turn the tide of affairs were cont
tian, changing the cutlass he held
holding me by the cord about my l
gripe, threatened me with immedia
not be quiet; and the villains are
pieces cocked and bayonets fixed.
Certain individuals were called
boat, and were hurried over the sl
concluded, that along with them I
Another effort to bring about a cl
thing but menaces of having my br
The boatswain and those sear
be put into the boat, were allow
canvass, lines, sails, cordage, an ei
lon cask of water; and Mr Samuel
bread, with a small quantity of ru
quadrant and compass; but he was
of death, to touch any map or
and any instrument, or any of my
ings.

mates. At length he determined for the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, though not without opposition, to take his tool-chest.

Mr Samuel secured my journals and commission, with some important ship-papers; this he did with great resolution, though strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were very [illegible] when he was hurried away with—"Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the transaction of this whole affair. Some swore



he will have a vessel built i
diculed the helpless situatio
deep in the water, and had
were in her. As for Chris
tating destruction on himse

I asked for arms, but th
and said I was well acquai
whom I was going; four cut
into the boat, after we were

The officers and men b
waited for me, of which t
Christian, who then said, «
officers and men are now i
with them; if you attempt
you will instantly be put to d
ceremony, I was forced over
ruffians, where they untie
boat, we were veered aster

Fletcher, and a boy. There remained on board, Fletcher Christian, the master's mate; Peter Haywood, Edward Young, George Stewart, midshipmen; the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, boatswain's mate, gardener, armourer, carpenter's mate, carpenter's crew, and fourteen seamen, being altogether the most able men of the ship's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards the island of Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues distant. The ship while in sight steered west-north-west, but this I considered only as a feint, for when we were sent away, «Huzza for Otaheite!» was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of them, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me. Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some remorse in him. While they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him whether this was a proper return for the many instances he had experienced of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at the question, and answered, with much emotion, «That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell.» His abilities to take charge of the third watch, as I had so divided the ship's company, were fully equal to the task.

Haywood was also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my parti-

mutineers had flattered themselves with the
happier life among the Otaheitans than they
sibly enjoy in England; which, joined to so
connexions, most probably occasioned the wh
action.

The women of Otaheite are handsome,
cheerful in manners and conversation; pos
great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy
them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were
attached to our people, that they rather en
their stay among them than otherwise, and e
them promises of large possessions. Under
many other concomitant circumstances, it ou
to be the subject of surprise that a set of sail

...ception that
...e utmost, however, that a co
ıave expected, was desertions, such a
ıappened more or less in the South
ın act of open mutiny.

But the secrecy of this mutiny surpass
:een of the party who were now with n
ived forward among the seamen; yet nei
he messmates of Christian, Stewart, H
'oung, had ever observed any circumsta
ıspicion of what was plotting; and it is n
I fell a sacrifice to it, my mind being
)m suspicion. Perhaps, had marines be
ientinel at my cabin-door might have p
I constantly slept with the door open, th
he watch might have access to me on a
he munity had been

THE AGE OF BRONZE;

OR,

CARMEN SECULARE

ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

Impar Congressus Achilli.

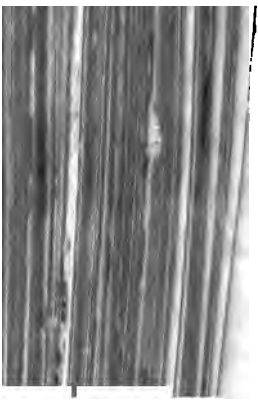
THE AGE OF BRONZE.

I.

« good old times»—all times, when old, are good
gone; the present might be, if they would;
at things have been, and are, and greater still
nt little of mere mortals but their will:
/ider space, a greener field is given
those who play their « tricks before high Heaven.»
iow not if the angels weep, but men
'e wept enough—for what?—to weep again.

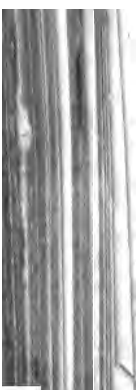
II.

is exploded—be it good or bad.
der! remember when thou wert a lad,
n Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
very rival almost deem'd him such.
, we have seen the intellectual race



How peaceful and how po
Which hushes all! a calm,
Which oversweeps the wor
Of « dust to dust;» but hal
Time tempers not its terror
Winds its cold folds, the to
Varied above, but still alike
The urn may shine, the ash
Though Cleopatra's mummy
O'er which from empire she
Though Alexander's urn a sh
On shores he wept to conque
How vain, how worse than va
The madman's wish, the Mace
He wept for worlds to conque
Knows not his name, or but h
And desolation ; while his nati
Hath all of desolation, save its
He « wept for

Of all that 's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes we
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
Surgeon's statement and an earl's
Just delay'd a



Of that fair Boy his sire shall be or
None stand by his low bed—though
Be wavering, which long awed and a
Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks
And higher worlds than this are his

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retai
A conscious twilight of his blazing r
How must he smile, on looking dow
The little that he was and sought tc
What though his name a wider emj
Than his ambition, though with sca
Though first in glory, deepest in re
He tasted empire's blessings and its
Though kings, rejoicing in their lat
From chains, would gladly be *their*
How must he smile, and turn to yo
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertop

The
ke
ae
aa
nd
o
ut
ou
ma
ou
lik

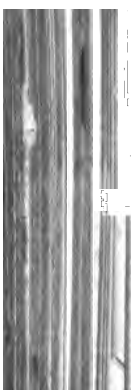
Alas! why pass'd
The Rubicon of r
To herd with vul
Egypt! from who
Forgotten Pharoal
And shook within
A new Cambyses t
While the dark sha
Like startled giants
Or from the pyrami
Beheld the desert pe
With clashing hosts,
To re-manure the un
Spain! which, a mon
Beheld his banner flo
Austria! which saw th
Twice spared, to be th
Ye race of Frederic!—

...usko! on—on—on—the thirst of war
...asps for the gore of serfs and of their czar;
he half barbaric Moscow's minarets
leam in the sun, but 't is a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
or which rude Charles had wept his frozen tea
o see in vain—*he* saw thee—how? with spire
nd palace fuel to one common fire.
o this the soldier lent his kindling match,
o this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
o this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
ie prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!
blimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
es before thine, and quenchless Hecla 's tam...
uvius shows his blaze, an usual ...
gaping tourists, fr...

Of all the trophies gather'd from the w
What shall return? The conqueror's
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart!
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victor
Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not d
Dresden surveys three despots fly once
Before their sovereign,—sovereign, as
But there exhausted Fortune quits the
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanqu
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox
And backward to the den of his despai
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds
Oh ye! and each, and all! oh, France!
Thy long fair fields plough'd up as hos
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill
Look'd down o'er trampled Paris, and

on, half by blunder, half by treachery;
, dull Saint Helen! with thy jailor nigh—
ar! hear! Prometheus! from his rock appeal
earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
s power and glory, all who yet shall hear
name eternal as the rolling year;
teaches them the lesson taught so long
oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!
single step into the right had made
is man the Washington of worlds betray'd;
single step into the wrong has given
s name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
ie reed of fortune and of thrones the rod,
f fame the Moloch or the demi-god;
is country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
'ithout their decent dignity of fall.
et vanity herself had better taught
surer path even to the fame he sought,
pointing out on history's fruitless page
n thousand conquerors for a single sage.
hile Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
lming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
drawing from the no less kindled earth
eedom and peace to that which boasts his birth:
hile Washington 's a watch-word, such as ne'er
all sink while there 's an echo left to air:
hile even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
rgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!

I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the



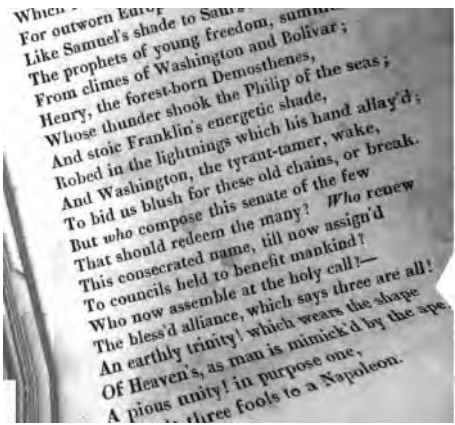
And crush'd the rights of Euro
To flit between a dungeon and

VI.

But 't will not be—the spark 's
The swarthy Spaniard feels his
The same high spirit which be
Through eight long ages of alte
Revives—and where? in that a
Where Spain was once synonyn
Where Cortes' and Pizarro's ba
The infant world redeems her
'T is the *old* aspiration breathe
To kindle souls within degrade
Such as repulsed the Persian fr
Where Greece *was*—No! she st
One common cause makes my
Slaves of the east, or Helots of

Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the
Of Salamis—there, there, the waves a
Not to be lull'd by tyrant victories.
Lone, lost, abandon'd in their utmost
By Christians unto whom they gave th
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The foster'd feud encouraged to beguil
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolong'd but in the hope to make a pr
These, these shall tell the tale, and Gree
The false friend worse than the infuriat
But this is well: Greeks only should free
Not the barbarian, with his mask of pe
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations fr
Better still serve the haughty M

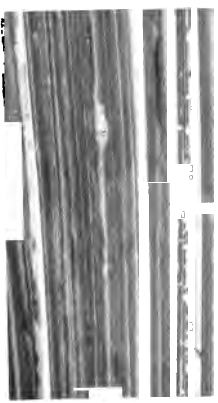
But more degraded; t
The once proud navy
The once impervious
The idle forge that fo
The foreign wealth th
Save her's who earn'd
The very language, w
And once was known
Neglected or forgotte
But such she is not, n
These worst, these *ho*
The new Numantine
Up! up again undau
The bull Phalaris r
Mount, chivalrous Hi
Revive the cry—«Iag
Yes, close her with y
And form the barrier
The exterminating wa
The streets without a
The wild Sierra, with
Of vulture-plumed gu
For their incessant pr
Of Saragossa, mightie
The man nerved to a
Waving her more tha
The knife of


Which
For outworn Europe
Like Samuel's shade to Saul
The prophets of young freedom, summ
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allay'd;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But who compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? Who renew
This consecrated name, till now assign'd
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?—
The bless'd alliance, which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of Heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one,
A three fools to a Napoleon.

... were duly
... these, more hungry, must have
The power to bark and bite, to toss
Ah, how much happier were good A
Than we! for ours are animated log
With ponderous malice swaying to a
And crushing nations with a stupid b
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice bless'd Verona! since the holy t
With their imperial presence shine on
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous sit
The vaunted tomb of «all the Capulets
Thy Scaligers—for what was «Dog the
«Can' Grande» (which I ven...
To thes...

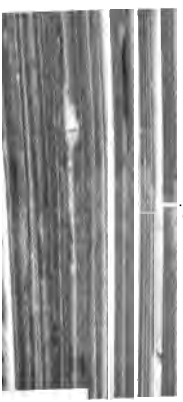


X.

Resplendent sight! behold the cox
The autocrat of waltzes and of war
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the h
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack
And generous spirit, when 't is not
Now half dissolving to a liberal tha
But harden'd back whene'er the m
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nati
How well the imperial dandy prate
How fain, if Greeks would be his sl
How nobly gave he back the Poles t
Then told pugnacious Poland to be
How kindly would he send the mild
With all her pleasant pulks, to lect

... no foe;
... too, were gorged not long ago:
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I 'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the Cynic shall be free;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:

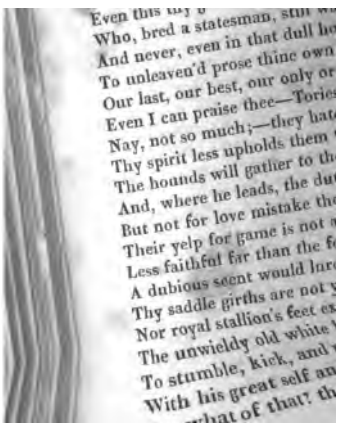
[1] The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy) when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the *river Pruth*.



Of mercenaries? and her nois
And Tribune, which each ora
Before he finds a voice, and, v
Hears « the lie» echo for his a
Our British Commons someti
A Gallic senate hath more tor
Even Constant, their sole mas
Must fight next day, his speecl
But this costs little to true Fra
Combat than listen, were it to
What is the simple standing o
To listening long, and interrup
Though this was not the meth
When Tully fulmined o'er eacl
Demosthenes has sanction'd th
In saying eloquence meant « Ac

XII.

› be the « —
lst thou leave calm ——— s green ...
ole and Horatian ode,
people who will not be ruled,
much rather to be scourg'd than school'd?
: was not the temper or the taste
ıes—the table sees thee better placed:
picurean, form'd, at best,
kind host and as good a guest,
of letters, and to know by heart
f the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
ır always, now and then a wit,
ıtle when digestion may permit—
to govern lands enslaved or free;
ıt was martyrdom enough for thee!

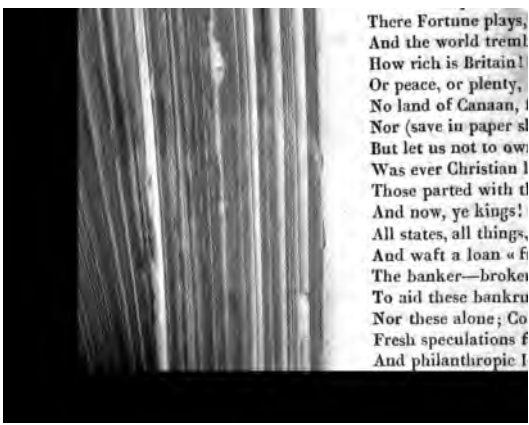

Even this day
Who, bred a statesman, still
And never, even in that dull
To unleaven'd prose thine own
Our last, our best, our only
Even I can praise thee—Tories
Nay, not so much;—they
Thy spirit less upholds them
The hounds will gather to
And, where he leads, the
But not for love mistake
Their yelp for game is not
Less faithful far than the
A dubious scent would
Thy saddle girths are not
Nor royal stallion's feet
The unwieldy old white
To stumble, kick, and
With his great self and
What of that?

The last to bid the ...
T... first to make a malady of peace.
... what were all these country patriots bor
... hunt, and vote, and raise the price of cor
... t corn, like every mortal thing, must fall-
... igs, conquerors, and markets most of all.
... d must ye fall with every ear of grain?
... y would you trouble Bonaparte's reign?
... was your great Triptolemus; his vices
... troy'd but realms, and still maintain'd y
... amplified, to every lord's content,
... grand agrarian alchymy—high *rent*.
... y did the tyrant stumble on the Tartar
... l lower wheat to such desponding qua
... y did you chain him on yon isle so lo
... man was worth much more upon hi
... treasure boundlessly we

glorious time—
war, dictators of the farm t
ghshare was the sword in hire
s manured by gore of other h
eir barns, these Sabine tillers
thren out to battle—why? for
r year they voted cent. per ce
veat, and tear-wrung millions-
ar'd, they dined, they drank,

ant
for England—why then live? f
ace has made one general mal
se high-market patriots; war
love of country, millions all
—concile?—by reconciling

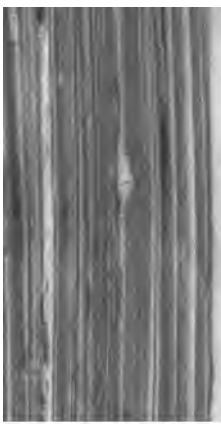
The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction, wrestle in the dark,
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.
And why? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
«Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise;»
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations: pray, who made it high?


There Fortune plays,
And the world trembl
How rich is Britain!
Or peace, or plenty,
No land of Canaan,
Nor (save in paper sl
But let us not to ow
Was ever Christian l
Those parted with t
And now, ye kings!
All states, all things,
And waft a loan « f
The banker—broke
To aid these bankru
Nor these alone; Co
Fresh speculations f
And philanthropic l

...ppiness of earth to t
A congress forms their « New Jerus
Where baronies and orders both inv
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see th
Thy followers mingling with these ro
Who spit not « on their Jewish gaber
But honour them as portion of the sh
(Where now, oh, Pope! is thy forsake
Could it not favour Judah with some k
Or has it ceased to « kick against the p
On Shylock's shore behold them stand
To cut from nations' hearts their « pou

XVI.

Strange sight this congress! destined to u
All that 's incongruous, all that 's opposi
I speak not of the sovere



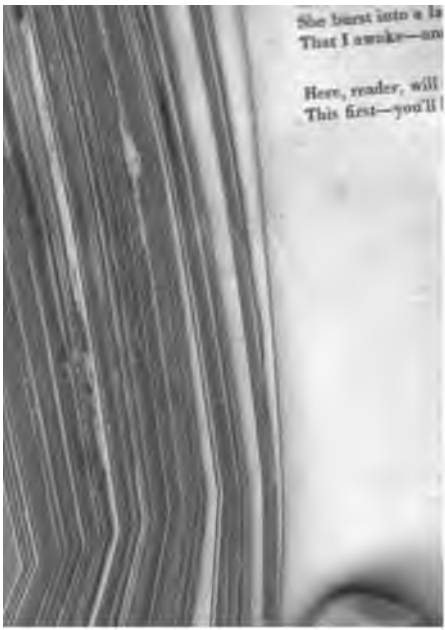
To furnish articles for the
Of war so certain—yet no
As his dismissal in the «
Alas! how could his cabi
Can peace be worth an u
He falls, indeed,—perhap
« Almost as quickly as he

Enough of this—a sight
The averted eye of the re
The imperial daughter, t
The imperial victim—sac
The mother of the hero'
The young Astyanax of n
The still pale shadow of
That earth has yet to see,
She flits amidst the phan
The theme of pity, and t
Oh, cruel mockery! Co

Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre through,
Is offer'd and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new grave!
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
And the *Ex*-empress grows as *Ex* a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the group—the picture's yet to come.
My Muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!


She burst into a la
That I awake—an
Here, reader, will
This first—you'll

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

THE

VISION OF JUDGME.

I.

NT Peter sat by the celestial gate,
'is keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
ittle trouble had been given of late;
ɔt that the place by any means
ince the Galli-

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt
Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,

VI.

This by the way; 't is not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
'T is, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let 's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;
'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!

IX.

He died!—his death made no great stir on earth;
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion;
For these things may be bought at their true worth:
Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners.

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it must far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unvarnished clay—

XII.

'S dead—and upper earth with him has done:
He 's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will;
But where 's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

God save the king!» It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
Hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'T is blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have shamm'd,

God knows, as helpless as the
And not a whit more difficult to
Than is to bring to land a late-
Or to the butcher to purvey the l
Not that I 'm fit for such a nol
As one day will be that immortal
Of almost every body born to die

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial ga
And nodded o'er his keys; whe
A wonderous noise he had not h
A rushing sound of wind, and
In short, a roar of things extrem
Which would have made augh
But he, with first a start and the
Said, «There 's another star gon

, «George the Thir
. ...o is George the Third?» replied
What George? what Third?» «The King of
said
The angel. «Well! he wont find kings to
m on his way; but does he wear his head?
Because the — we saw here had a tussle,
ıd ne'er would have got into heaven's good g
d he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

: was, if I remember, king of—— :
ıat head of his, which could not keep a cro
arth, yet ventured in my face to advance
:laim to those of martyrs—like my own:
ıd had my sword, as I had once
en I cut ears off, I had cut

XXI.

[illegible] had it come up here upon its shoulders.
There would have been a different tale to tel
[illegible] fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
[illegible] this very foolish head Heaven solders
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
[illegible] seems the custom here to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below.»

XXII.

[illegible] angel answered, «Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire
[illegible] never knew much what it was about—
He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
[illegible] will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not to inquire
[illegible] such matters, but to mind our cue—
[illegible] is to act as we are bid to do.»

XXIII.

[illegible] thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
[illegible] the fields of space, as doth the swan
[illegible] silver stream, say Ganges, Nile, or Inde
[illegible] Thames, or Tweed, and midst them an old
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
[illegible] before the gate, and in his shroud

XXIV.

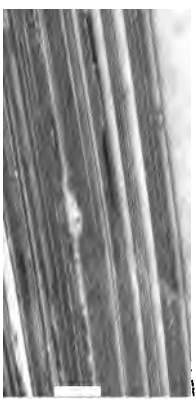
But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate,
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle, like Orion's belt,
Around their poor old charge, who scarce knew whither
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
With royal mace (for, by many stories,



Asunder, and the [illegible]
Flung over space an universal hu
Of many-colour'd flame, until
Reach'd even our speck of earth
Aurora borealis spread its fri
O'er the North Pole; the same s
By Captain Parry's crews, in « I

XXVII

And from the gate thrown op
A beautiful and mighty thi
Radiant with glory, like a ba
Victorious from some worl
My poor comparisons must n
With earthly likenesses, fo
Of clay obscures our best co
Johanna Southcote, or Bob

XX

portal pass'd—he stood;
ɔfore him the young cherubs and saint ho
ıy *young*, begging to be understood
y looks, not years; and should be very sorı
state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.)

XXXI.

cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
at arch-angelic hierarch, the first
ɜences angelical, who wore
aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
hought, save for his Maker's service, durst
, however glorified and high;
ո him but the viceroy of

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
From Job, that Sathan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
And that "the sons of God," like those of clay,
Must keep him company; and we might show,
From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the powers
Of good and evil—but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'T is every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
The place where death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls dispatch'd to that world or to this;
And therefore Michael and the other wore
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness

XXXVI.

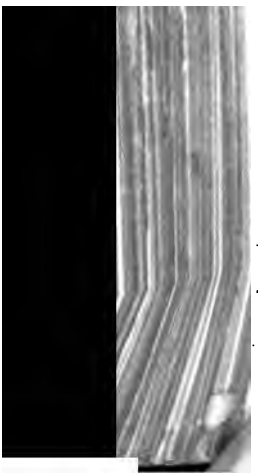
The archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
But with a graceful Oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Sathan met his ancient friend
With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
An instant; and then, raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have « paved hell with their good intentions.»

XXXVIII.

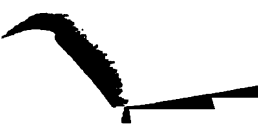
Michael began: « What wouldst thou with this man,
Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
If it be just: if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,



With all the myriads of brigh
In worship round him, he n
Yon weak creation of such pa
I think by worth damnation

XLI.

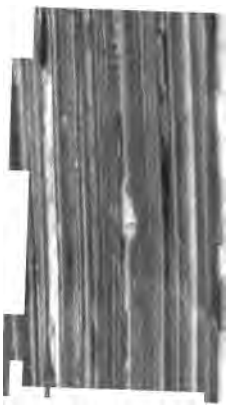
And these but as a kind of
Assert my right as lord; an
I such an inclination, 't were
Well know superfluous; th
That hell has nothing better l
Than leave them to themse
And evil be their own interr
Heaven cannot make them



« He came to his sceptre, young; he leaves it, old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals, too, behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and, for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France!

XLIV.

« 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed! From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
Take the worst pupil, and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the



« He ever warr'd with freedom and
Nations as men, home subjects,
So that they utter'd the word 'Libe
Found George the Third their first
History was ever stain'd as his will
With national and individual wo
I grant his household abstinence; l
His neutral virtues, which most m

XLVI.

« I know he was a constant consor
He was a decent sire, and middl
All this is much, and most upon a
As temperance, if at Apicius' bo
Is more than at an anchorite's sup
I grant him all the kindest can
And this was well for him, but no
Millions who found him what opp

« True! he allow'd them to pray God; but, as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe.»
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, « You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere Heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelf,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

« Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!»
« Saint!» replied Sathan, « you do well to avenge
The *wrongs* he made your satellites endure;
And *if to this* exchange you should be given,
I 'll *try to coax our* Cerberus up to heaven.»

LI.

Here Michael interposed: «Good saint! and devil!
Pray not so fast; you both out-run discretion.
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Sathan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
Have you got more to say?»—«No!»—«If you please,
I 'll trouble you to call your witnesses.»

LII.

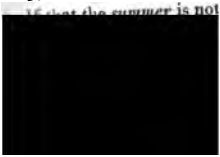
Then Sathan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Sathan's most sublime inventions.

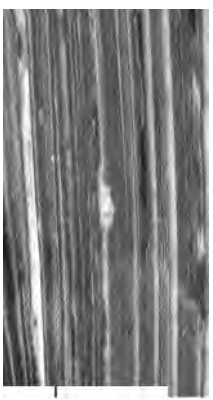
LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assigned; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,

Being clay myself. Let
Offended with such base l
We know their posts are r

When the great signal ran
About ten million time
From our sun to its earth
How much time it take
For every ray that travels
The fogs of London; th
The weathercocks are gil





Upon the verge of space, ar
Of half-a-crown, a little s
(I 've seen a something like
In the Ægean, ere a squa
And, growing bigger, took
Like an aërial ship it tac
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubt
Of the last phrase, which n

LV

But take your choice); and
And so it was—a cloud
But such a cloud! No lan
Of locusts numerous as
They shadow'd with their
And varied cries were lik
(If nations may be liken'd
And realized the phrase of

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Sathan: "Why—
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political*, and I
Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you; and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

Sath...

Indifferent, ...

I can have fifty better souls ...

With far less trouble than we have go...

Already; and I merely argued his

Late Majesty of Britain's case with you

Upon a point of form: you may dispose

Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!»

LXV.

Thus spoke the demon (late call'd «multifaced»

By multo-scribbling Southey). «Then we'll call

One or two persons of the myriads placed

Around our congress, and dispense with all

The rest,» quoth Michael: «Who may be so graced

As to speak first? there's choice enough—who

It be?» Then Sathan answer'd, «There are ma

But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as an

And

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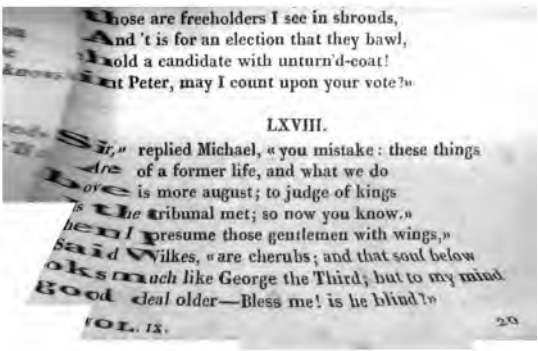
S



Those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 't is for an election that they bawl,
Hold a candidate with unturn'd-coat!
Int Peter, may I count upon your vote?»

LXVIII.

Sir,» replied Michael, «you mistake: these things
are of a former life, and what we do
here is more august; to judge of kings
is the tribunal met; so now you know.»
hen I presume those gentlemen with wings,»
said Wilkes, «are cherubs; and that soul below
oksmuch like George the Third; but to my mind
good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?»

« He is what you behold him, and
Depends upon his deeds,» the angel sai
« If you have aught to arraign in him, th
Gives license to the humblest beggar'
To lift itself against the loftiest.»—« So
Said Wilkes, « don't wait to see them
For such a liberty—and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought bene

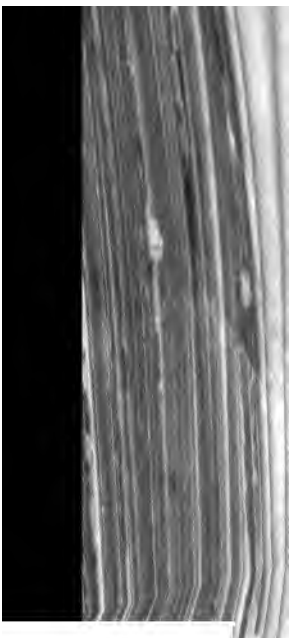
LXX.

« *Above* the sun repeat, then, wha
To urge against him,» said the
Replied the spirit, since old scor
Must I turn evidence? In fai
Besides, I beat him hollow at th
With all his Lords and Comm
.. like ripping up old sto
but natural

« However, I knew what to think
When I beheld you, in your jesting way,
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
I 'll have him *gagg'd*—'t was one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

« Call Junius! » From the crowd a shadow stalk'd.
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
*In com*fort, at their own aërial ease,
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
As we shall see) and jostled hands and knees,
Like wind *com*press'd and pent within a bladder,
Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.



·L

The shadow came! a tall,
That look'd as it had be
Quick in its motions, with
But nought to mark its
Now it wax'd little, then a
With now an air of glo
But as you gazed upon its
Changed every instant—t

L

The more intently the gh
Could they distinguish
The devil himself seem'd
They varied like a drea
And several people swore
They knew him perfec
He was his father; upon
Was sure he was his mot

L

Another, that he was a d
An orator, a lawyer, o
A nabob, a man-midwife
Mysterious changed hi
As oft as they their mind
He stood, the puzzle o
The man was a phanta
Himself—he was so v

ream—now he
ore from out the
erfectly: and one
upon which another
s mother's cousin's

That he was not even *one;* now many
ere flashing round him; and now a thi
Hid him from sight—like fogs on Lon
ow Burke, now Tooke, he grew to peop
nd certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXVII.

is a duke, or knight,
er, or a priest,
lwife: but the wight
d his countenance at is
ninds: though in full
only was increased;
magoria in
le and thin!

LXXX.

've an hypothesis—'t is quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer
On whom the stigma might perhaps be l
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear
'Tis, *that* what Junius we are wont to c
Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

« And who and what
« For *that*, you may consult
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
« If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now.»—« Canst thou upbraid,»
Continued Michael, « George Rex, or allege
Aught further?» Junius answer'd, « You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter.

LXXXIII.

« My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.»
« Repent'st thou not,» said Michael, « of some
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter—is it not so?» in thy gloom
Of passion?» « Passion!» cried the phantom
« I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

ıve written, I have written: let
be on his head or mine!» So spoke
ıis umbra;» and while speaking yet,
melted in celestial smoke.
ın said to Michael, «Don't forget
:eorge Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
lin:»—but at this time there was heard
oom, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
ıbim appointed to that post,
\smodeus to the circle made
, and look'd as if his journey cost
ble. When his burden down he laid,
s this?» cried Michael; «why, 'tis not a ghost!»
t,» quoth the incubus; «but he
ıe, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

d the renegado! I have sprain'd
wing, he's so heavy; one would think
is works about his neck were chain'd.
he point: while hovering o'er the brink
w (where, as usual, it still rain'd),
taper, far below me, wink,

LXXXVII.

« The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea.»

LXXXVIII.

Here Sathan said, « I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear!
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

« But since he 's here, let 's see what he has done.»
« Done!» cried Asmodeus, « he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?»
« Let 's hear,» quoth Michael, « what he has to say.

XC.

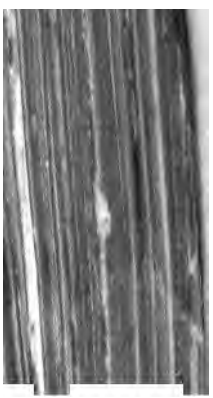
Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme 's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried, « For God's sake stop, my friend! 't were best—
'*Non Di, non homines*—' you know the rest.»

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion;



The tumult grew, an uni
Convulsed the skies, a
When Castlereagh has be
(Before he was first m
I mean—the *slaves hear*
As at a farce; till, gro
The bard Saint Peter pr
(Himself an author) onl

The varlet was not an il
A good deal like a vu
With a hook nose and
A smart and sharper
To his whole aspect, w
Was by no means so
But that indeed was ho
Quite a poetic felony «

XCVI.

ıd—(I only give the heads)—he said,
e meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
on all topics; 't was, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 't would delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever:
He had written for republics, far and wide,
And then against them, bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 't was clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing[1] "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows.

[1] *See* "*Life* of H. Kirke White."

In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that m
The pious purchaser; and there's no
For fear, for I can choose my own
So let me have the proper documents
That I may add you to my other sain

C.

Sathan bow'd, and was silent. « Well
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There a
Whose memoirs could be render'd
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make y
Like your own trumpet; by the way,
Has more of brass in it, and is as well

CI.

« But talking about trumpets, here 's
Now you shall judge, all people; ye
Judge with my judgment! and by my

CII.

eased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
rsuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
ngels, now could stop the torrent; so
read the first three lines of the contents;
at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
id vanish'd with variety of scents,
rosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
lightning, off from his «melodious twang.» [3]

CIII.

e grand heroics acted as a spell:
ie angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinion
devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
ie ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominion
't is not yet decided where they dwell,
id I leave every man to his opinions);
iael took refuge in his trump—but lo!
eeth were set on edge,—he could not blow!

CIV.

t Peter, who has hitherto been known
)r an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
at the fifth line knock'd the poet down;
ho fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
his lake, for there he did not drown,
different web being by the destinies
en for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
rn shall happen either here or there.

For all corrupted things are
By their own rottenness,
Or wisp that flits o'er a mo
It may be, still, like dull
In his own den, to scrawl s
As Wellborn says—« the d

C

As for the rest, to come to
Of this true dream, the t
Which kept my optics free
And show'd me what I ir
All I saw further in the las
Was, that King George s
And when the tumult dwin
I left him practising the hu

' A drowned body lies at the b
most people knew.

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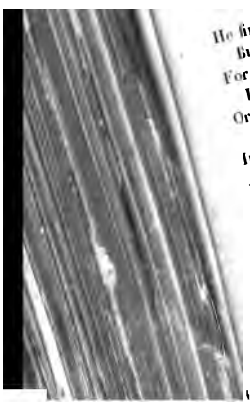
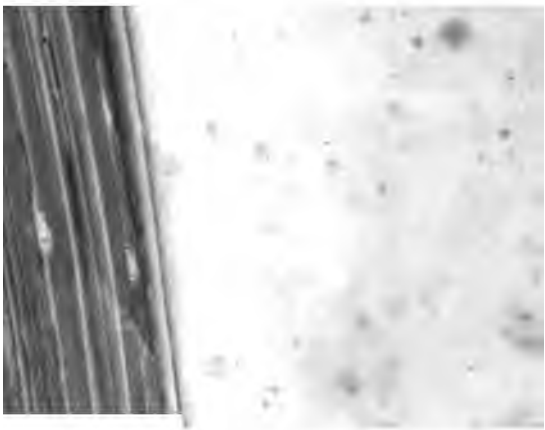


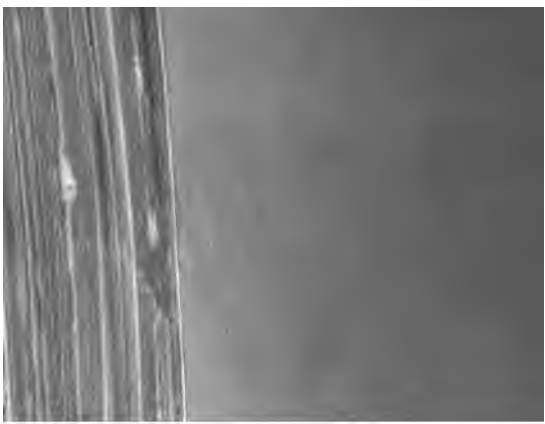
He first sunk to [illegible]
but soon rose to the sur[illegible]
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, li[illegible]
By their own rottenness, light as an e[illegible]
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurk[illegible]
It may be, still, like dull books on a[illegible]
In his own den, to scrawl some « Life[illegible]
As Wellborn says—« the devil turn'd

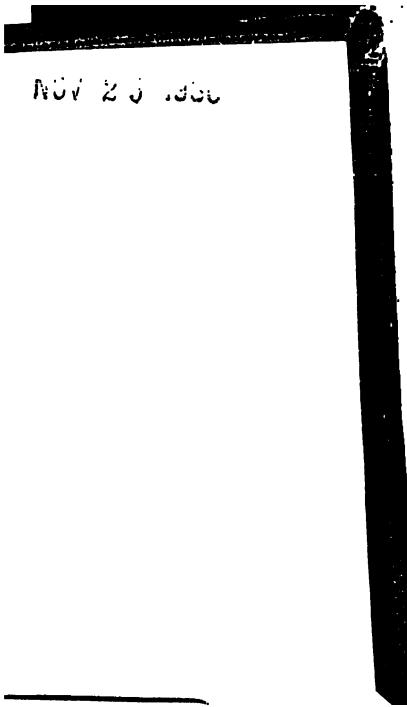
CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the con[illegible]
Of this true dream, the telescope[illegible]
Which kept my optics free from [illegible]
And show'd me what I in my t[illegible]
All I saw further in the last con[illegible]
Was, that King George slipp'[illegible]
And when the tumult dwindled[illegible]
I left him practising the hund[illegible]

[illegible]ody lies at the bot[illegible]



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